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SWITZERLAND



THE WETTERHORN FROM GRINDELWALD

# SWITZERLAND

THE COUNTRY AND ITS PEOPLE

WRITTEN BY CLARENCE

ROOK : PAINTED BY

EFFIE JARDINE



LONDON

CHATTO & WINDUS

MCMVII



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# SWITZERLAND

## CHAPTER I

### SWISS PATRIOTISM

By the ordinary visitor Switzerland is regarded merely as the playground of Europe. To him it is a country that by some mysterious means has made itself a delightful place for sojourn, whether for the mountain climber, for the lover of winter sports, for the seeker after salubrious climate, or for the mere holiday-maker in search of amusement. After spending his allotted time in Switzerland, he returns home with a vague impression that he has been in a well-organised country, a country where the food is good, travelling is cheap, hotels are comfortable, the scenery is splendid, and only one man here and there is vile, probably an over-tasked waiter in August. For he has looked upon the country with eyes that turn neither to the right nor to the left, nor does he turn his head to look behind ; there are the railways, the hotel-keepers, the waiters ; there are the guides, the porters, and the beckoning mountains ; there are the swift and clean



and comfortable little steamers, and the *funiculaires* that twist the idler to the snowy summits ; there is the country that has smoothed the rough paths, that breathes out no threatenings and slaughters, an ideal holiday resort, a country with the best hotels—and our ordinary visitor is apt enough to bring back only one general impression, that the hotel and the country are both well managed.

Possibly it may be an unconscious compliment that the traveller pays when he obtains his receipted bill and returns homewards without a thought of the government that has enabled him to enjoy a holiday in peace and comfort ; for one may safely assert that not one holiday-maker in a thousand has any but the most nebulous idea of the powers that have combined to render his path secure and his rest easy. If the best government is that which veils its activity with most success, if the art of government is to conceal its art, then Switzerland has achieved a triumph. For so soon as you have passed the frontier and the Customs, you are in a land which seems to have no government at all, as government is understood in countries of monarchs, titles, trusts, and military show. There is scarcely even a policeman to be seen. The machinery runs taut and true, and there is never encountered that terrible waste product, that clog in the wheels, the beggar. In Switzerland there may be here and there the extortionist and the unjust. But

not the beggar. No man demands money without offering a return, even though the return may not be an obvious equivalent. He is under a government—a free man under a government he chooses for himself. But that government is the least personal in the world, and the best concealed. It would be easy enough for the most casual reader of newspapers to name three leading statesmen of the American Republic, three of the French Republic; few children of fifteen would fail to give the name of the head of the German Empire, or of the Tsar of Russia, or of the King of Spain. But when one comes to Switzerland the case is very different. There is no parade of personal authority, no advertised individual pre-eminence, nor can the ordinary visitor recall the name of any single Swiss statesman who is greasing the wheels that turn so smoothly.

This curious concealment of the governing hand was brought home to me when I was dining at a Swiss restaurant in a mixed company of many nations, among whom were several of the leading men of the town, stout burghers, sure of themselves, firm on their feet. The talk turned on some dispute between the canton and the Federal Government, and the stout burghers were insistent upon the claims of the canton. It was a small matter, and I have quite forgotten its import. But after the argument had proceeded for some time, one of the foreign guests suggested an appeal

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to the President. Surely the President could settle such a question—the President of the Swiss Republic—for a widespread belief in a President of the Swiss Republic exists among those who cannot conceive of a State without a responsible Head that may be chopped off as a last resort for freedom ! An Englishman, taking his courage in both hands and proclaiming his ignorance, asked the name of that President, and the question ran round the table ; for no one could tell the name of the Head of the Government. Finally the stout burgher was appealed to, and he did not know the name ! But, with admirable tact, he called a waiter and put the question. The waiter knew. He was the only man in the room who knew the name of the Head of the State.

It must be confessed that the average English visitor is not only entirely ignorant both of the past history and of the present conditions of the Swiss nation, but he has no particular liking for the individual Swiss. He is apt to divide the Swiss into grasping hotel-keepers and churlish peasants. It is true enough that the hotel-keeper prospers amazingly, and the tourist has the uneasy feeling that he has himself contributed an undue share to that wealth ; moreover, the peasant has little of the gaiety and courtesy that mark the dwellers in the Tyrolese highlands, where the veriest boor will play you a tune on the zither and dance as lightly as a fairy in his hob-

nailed boots. On the other hand, a people which has worked out its own salvation and stands now safe, foursquare to the nations that have battered at its ramparts, must have some splendid qualities. In the preface to his "Seven Letters Concerning the Politics of Switzerland" Grote set forth the case thus, and the passage expresses admirably the attraction of Switzerland for the student of history: "The inhabitants of the twenty-two cantons are interesting, on every ground, to the general intelligent public of Europe. But to one whose studies lie in the contemplation and interpretation of historical phenomena they are especially instructive, partly from the many specialities and differences of race, language, religion, civilisation, wealth, habits, &c., which distinguish one part of the population from another, comprising between the Rhine and the Alps a miniature of all Europe, and exhibiting the fifteenth century in immediate juxtaposition with the nineteenth, partly from the free and unrepressed action of the people, which brings out such distinctive attributes in full relief and contrast. To myself in particular they present an additional ground of interest from a certain political analogy (nowhere else to be found in Europe) with those who prominently occupy my thoughts, and on the history of whom I am engaged—the ancient Greeks."

It is in this extraordinary mixture of races, religions, and languages that the interest of this little nation lies,

so soon as the visitor begins to reflect upon something other than the food, the weather, the capacity of his guide. The most casual observer must notice that as he passes from canton to canton the prevalent language changes, the type changes, the dominant religion changes. Nevertheless he is still the guest of the same nation. How is it that these jarring notes have come together in harmony? how is it that Switzerland is the point of tranquillity in the centre of the cyclone of European contentions?—peaceful, for Geneva is the home of Conventions that minimise the horrors of War and her Red Cross is the flag of humanity—inviolable, for no enemy dare lay a finger upon the Republic—patriotic, too, for this little people has fought and struggled and suffered in order to reach its secure position as the typically democratic State of Europe.

It is true that Europe possesses other democracies; and really those that come nearest in spirit to the Swiss ideal are not democracies in name, but monarchies—such as the “little nations” of Scandinavia. France, the one great Republic of Europe, though democratic enough according to the strict letter of the law, yielding no statutory privilege to birth, is nevertheless in its social structure a compromise between the old order of privilege and the new order of universal suffrage. There is still a French aristocracy which holds itself aloof from the political conflicts, a whole section of society to which entrance cannot be gained by what

Lord Melbourne called, referring to our own Order of the Garter, "damned merit." Watch the members in the Chamber of Deputies, as they stroll about in the Salle des Pas Perdus, and it will be evident enough that these, though they represent political France, have no claim to represent social France. Even in the great Republic that has its political centre at Washington, and is carrying out the most thrilling experiment in democracy, there remains persistently that aristocracy of birth which views with a certain contempt the persons whom it votes into office. The Faubourg St. Germain in Paris and the Four Hundred in New York still stand as typical expressions of a section of society that stands apart—above—with an air of rigid exclusiveness, the drooping eyelid of contempt for the democracy in which it is fated to take a part. In Switzerland the case is otherwise. The members of the Federal Assembly in Bern represent Switzerland not only politically but socially.

There is no aristocracy of birth in Switzerland, though the memorials of feudalism remain, firmly planted, seeming the very outcrop of the crags on which they are founded. Throughout the country the traveller encounters those grim castles, such as appear in triple form at Sion—"Tourbillon," "Valeria," and "Majoria," frowning with empty menace from their heights upon the houses and burghers below, for "Valeria" is now the peaceful home of a Historical

Museum. Again and again those castles of Switzerland, as indeed the castles on the Rhine and throughout Mid-Europe, tower, reminiscent of the days when they were the abodes of feudal lords who possessed the bodies and souls of their vassals. But the feudal castles of Switzerland have nothing but memories to console them—stirring memories of the struggles of the Middle Ages—yet nothing but memories. Their former occupants have left no lordly offspring to carry on the aristocratic tradition. You will find perhaps the most pathetic memorial of the past in the old Habsburg Castle which still dominates the Aargau standing clear, grim, firm against the sky, dreaming of the days when the Habsburgs had their grip upon the country which was not yet Switzerland, dreaming of the fierce struggles of centuries among the mountains which have brought final, and we may hope, lasting peace. There are no Habsburgs in Switzerland now. Not one of those threatening, dominant castles, gripping the crags and built for eternity, has left a single Swiss man to claim any privilege of birth, beyond that of having been born a man. Not even in Bern, Zürich, Geneva, Basel, centres of European civilisation, will you find the man who advances any claim to distinction but the claim that he bases on his own muscle, brain, character. You will find legislators, philosophers, manufacturers; you will find scholars, mountaineers, and physicians; you will find men “whose talk is

of bullocks" and men whose talk is of the eternal verities; you will find the prosperous innkeeper, the rich trader, the assiduous workman, and the hardy peasant prodding the steep of a hill for a living. There is wealth and there is poverty. But you will not find either a beggar or an aristocrat. You will find neither the man who announces that he has failed to earn his food and lodging, nor the man who announces himself—and thereby places himself in a separate class—as a "gentleman."

After the turmoil and strife of centuries this little country hangs together—composite of many races and languages it is patriotic. There are few more interesting problems in European history than the evolution of Swiss patriotism, and the man who loiters about the Lake of Geneva, the tourist who spends a week in Lucerne, the skater who mounts in winter to St. Moritz or Davos Platz, the climber who sets out to conquer a new peak and place the record on his alpenstock, might wonder why his waiter, his guide, his host, and all who serve him have that abiding love of country. Why is it that the men of this little country, though they cannot agree upon the language in which to express its name, love it, will die for it if the need comes? For your Swiss waiter, who can balance a dozen dishes on one hand, has been trained to lie behind a rock and shoot!

Patriotism! That is the word which suggests the



mystery and gives the clue. The love of country ingrained in the Swiss is proverbial ; and not entirely legendary. Everybody has heard of the Ranz des Vaches, which draws the Swiss back to his Alpine valley. Most visitors to Switzerland have heard it, in one form or another, though it is probable that many have not recognised it, thinking that the Ranz des Vaches is a sort of National Anthem. It is indeed a National Anthem in many movements, that vary in nearly every Alpine valley. It is no single air ; it is the "cow-call" which herdsmen of many generations have developed into the melodies, wild and haunting, that grip the heart of the exiled Swiss. But the common property of all the melodies is the shrill, falsetto intonation of the chorus—the curious twist of the throat that results in the "jodel." And you may hear the cry and the melody to perfection in the Appenzell and the Gruyère country. Yet that cow-call that "calls the cattle home" at milking time is heard throughout the Alpine region, and the Tyrolese villages have their special "jodel." Indeed in all countries where it is necessary to project the human voice a long distance, that falsetto note has been discovered and used. Lost in the Bush, the Australian, taught by the aborigines, pitched his voice high and called "cooo-ee !" and the Kaffirs who send the news from kopje to kopje pitch the voice in the same key. The Ranz des Vaches rests on the "jodel" which is

SUMMER PASTURES —COL DE BALME.





the invariable refrain, and is the call of height unto height. Those who have heard the "jodel" when the cows come home, slowly, in single file, down the mountain path as the sun sinks behind the cleft in the hills, will come into some contact with that call of the mountain, and all that it means to the dweller among the hill-tops. They will believe the stories of the Swiss soldiers in France (for the Swiss are always business-like, in war as in commerce, and will sell their swords but not their freedom) who deserted and made for home when the "cow-call" was played by the band. And yet they may wonder why and how these warring tongues and faiths settled down together in the inviolable Sanctuary of Europe.

For Switzerland, now one and indivisible to the outside world, is a strange blend of incongruities. Her intense patriotism is a contradiction to all theories of Panslavism, Pan-Germanism, or any theory whatsoever that groups men in pens according to their breed, or talk, or religion.

Consider for a moment the statistics of the population of Switzerland, with the object of finding the root of Swiss patriotism. In 1850 the total permanent population was just under 2,500,000. During the following half-century the population reached the figure 3,313,817, less than the population of Scotland and very much less than that of London. The proportion of Protestants and Roman Catholics has

remained stationary for half a century ; the Protestants lead by about half a million, and the Jews have gained ground ; in fifty years they have quadrupled from, roughly, 3000 to 12,000.

It is a country of divergent religions—religions that warred furiously in the sixteenth century, and warred nowhere more furiously than in the country that is now Switzerland. Calvin was master of Geneva in the days when Henry VIII. defended the Faith. In those days the ecclesiastical leaders of the Genevan Republic punished unbelief as they punished vice and crime—for unbelief in the doctrine of Calvin was equivalent to murder, and must be equally atoned for. Pierre Amieaux, a man of substance and a Councillor, spoke of Calvin as a bad man ; and Calvin refused to preach again until Amieaux had been led in his shirt through the city with a lighted torch in his hand, and confessed his error in three of those public Squares that still adorn Geneva. Servetus was imprisoned and burned at Geneva for denying the doctrine of the Trinity, and Calvin reigned as a Protestant Pope in the new Rome at Geneva, whither French and Italians flocked as those who sought and found a New Jerusalem.

In the sixteenth century the nations of Europe set to partners, and sorted themselves out according to their profession of faith. The men of Europe—political Europe—were either Protestants or Roman

Catholics, and grouped themselves with their fellows, fighting valiantly for the faith that was in them. But that ground of classification broke under foot as time passed. The religious partition still remains, but it has lost its national significance; for amid all the changes of frontier, government, and dynasty, neither section of the Christian Church has made any appreciable inroad upon the other. Certainly, in the case of Switzerland, no question of community of religious belief can be detected in the careful analysis of its patriotism, which is as strong among the proud wearers of the uniform of the famous Swiss Guard at the Vatican as among those whose ancestors were convinced that the Pope was the Great Whore of "Revelations." Religious fights have raged among the mid-Europe mountains; but Switzerland came together as a nation long after men used the thumb-screw and the rack for the glory of the Lord, and there is no common religion to knit the nation together, and teach it the National Anthem. Swiss patriotism is not based on any other world than this. Its fulcrum is in this transitory life.

There are those who, over-rating the sentimentalism of the human race—always a force to be allowed for, as the personal equation in a scientific observation of a star—aim at the grouping of peoples according to the language they speak. One may find traces of that belief in the coming together of the German-speaking

peoples who compose the present German Empire, as well as in the obvious trend of the German-speaking members of the Austro-Hungarian Empire to link their fortunes with the men who understand their speech, and in the splendid vision of enthusiasts who dream of an English-speaking confederation that shall put a girdle of common speech round the world. These are interesting theories, but the practical experience of Switzerland is their contradiction. It is true enough that the Swiss nation, in its earliest inception, was a gathering and uniting of German-speaking men, all of them sternly determined to attain one common object. In the Switzerland as we know it to-day, it would be impossible to fix on the language that gives it cohesion. Those who speak German as their native tongue number, roughly, 2,500,000, and they still form the majority so far as words are concerned. The French-speaking population comes next, with about 800,000. Then there are the Swiss who are cradled in Italian, and they supply nearly 250,000. Finally, in the highlands of the Valais you may encounter men and women who speak a language which is not German, not French, not Italian, but yet is oddly reminiscent of Latin. Those men's ancestors have held the mountain fastnesses of the Grisons for twenty centuries, and for all that time they have handed down, with personal emendations, the language in which Cæsar wrote his "Commen-

taries." They are the Rhætians, upon whom the Romans succeeded in imposing their speech, and in the higher and remoter valleys of the Grisons you may often meet a man whose words will remind you of Virgil. These butt-ends of the Roman speech linger in several corners of Europe, but in Switzerland some 40,000 speak as their mother tongue the corrupt Latin language that is called Romansh, Romance, or more officially, Romonsch.

It should be clear therefore that Swiss patriotism does not depend upon the Swiss language. There is no community of speech between the Italian of the South, the French of the West, and the German of the East and North, while the Rhætian still speaks his mind in the words he has inherited from his Roman conquerors. Nor can it depend upon race. In another chapter I hope to indicate briefly the coming together of this very patriotic little nation ; but at the moment we are concerned only with the root of its patriotism. We must negative the call of racial unity. Many peoples have been linked by the poetic imagination of a common ancestor. Abraham fathers every Jew upon earth, and the Jews, no longer a nation—or shall one say, not yet again a nation—hang together throughout the world as the Seed of Abraham. This is not patriotism, but a racial instinct unequalled in the world's history. You may see the same tendency in the trend of the Slavs towards unity, and Pan-



slavism has an engaging and almost convincing appeal to the imagination. Japanese and Chinese approach each other, and the Confederation of the Almond Eyes is simmering in many Eastern brains. British dreamers are dreaming of a Confederation of Men of British Race, which on closer inspection becomes a curiously mongrel reproduction of a mongrel ancestry. But Switzerland, this little triumph of national unity, depends in no way for its unity on any common racial antecedents. It is German, French, Italian, and Romonsch. It speaks in many languages, and calls by different names the country of its love. It draws its strength from races that have fought each other, conquered each other, suffered oppression and imposed tribute. A little people squeezed among the mountains, and welded together by the very pressure of the outside world.

One hesitates to reduce to its ultimate analysis a passion so praised as patriotism; for next to the enthusiasm for humanity, it is probably the most altruistic-looking passion of which a man is capable. Nevertheless the passion which burns so brightly in the Swiss heart was lighted and fanned by very practical longings. There is the final touch of sentiment, it is true, and that is the "love of the country"—the worship of the Spirit of Place. At the very root of the patriotism of the Swiss people lies the fact that they have been squeezed into unity by the primæval



THE FIGER



tumult that made the mountains and the valleys of their country, and the resultant longing for freedom—freedom from outside interference—which comes upon men who dwell apart, shut off by natural barriers from the rest of mankind. Even in ancient Rome, the Plebeians, rising against their oppressors and striking for freedom, seceded, by an inherent instinct, to a mountain. The mountains have made the patriotism of the Swiss. Nor need we hesitate to denote Swiss patriotism as a “geographical expression,” for patriotism, in spite of the gibe flung at Italy, is usually more or less a geographical expression, and after the manner of all alliances finds its root—if one may steal the Thucydidean phrase—in “community of interests.”

It would scarcely become an English writer to underrate the influence of the geographical expression in the evolution of the purest form of patriotism ; for among the many analogies between Great Britain and Switzerland is this common property in national history ; that in either case nature and circumstance have shut together behind barriers men of various speech and various creed and various race, and forced them to face the world together in pursuit of a common object—to be let alone—to work out their own salvation—in a word, freedom.

And the struggle for freedom, the right to live their own lives according to the light God had vouchsafed

to them, you will find as the basis of the patriotism of the Swiss, as it is the basis of that of the British. With us in the United Kingdom the barrier that has cut us off from the outside world is the sea, which even now is a highway to only a small proportion of our people, and for centuries kept us practically enclosed in a few small islands. Switzerland's barrier was made by the mountains, and not even the road that Napoleon built, not even the burrowings of the Simplon engineers a century later, have surmounted or undermined that isolation of the men whose history is a struggle for freedom to live their lives after their own will. Let us cast no stone wrapped in the phrase "geographical expression" which we throw across the sea. Remove, in imagination, that sea, and leave our strange constituents—Celt, Saxon, Norman, Catholic, Anglican, Nonconformist—to sort themselves out according to race, creed, or speech. Can any one suppose that, if there were no barrier of the sea, the Englishman would have any special affection for the Scot, or that the Welshman and the Irishman would combine with the Englishman in that magnificent alliance of isolation?

As the sea is to Great Britain, the mountains are to Switzerland; for they have compelled within the barriers they set the men who are sworn to work out their own destiny, and they have been thrown into each others' arms by the mere force of nature and the



THE WETTERHORN FROM THE ENGSTEIN ALP



common desire for the one great object of every man who craves for the unfettered expansion of his own personality. For the Swiss man, as such, the Swiss man, it is certain enough, has no affection that is not founded upon that rock of the common interest. One cannot imagine any racial, linguistic, or religious sympathy between the German and Protestant guide of the north, the French and Catholic priest of the south-west, the Italian who greets you in the south, and the cosmopolitan professor who lectures at Zürich. The sympathy—which really has an existence, and has made a nation—is based upon the necessity forced upon man by nature. These contentions, religions, tongues, and breeds have combined—professors, waiters, guides, innkeepers, traders, watch-makers, cow-herds, dwellers in the fastnesses, vine-tenders—all of them, for the very practical purpose of living in peace with their fellow-men and following out their own ideas of what life ought to be. They have come within sight of their end, and the very root of Swiss patriotism is the combination of men of many faiths, but one single faith in common—the cool and calm assurance that all men are better when the sole responsibility for mistakes is placed upon their own shoulders, and the most business-like adaptation of means to the end.

In the last resort, the patriotism of the Swiss—which upon all ethnological grounds is a word that



should not exist, though it expresses a patent reality—is a matter of business. We find in this crinkled corner of Europe the little nation that has no ambitions about expansion—it craves no other nation's frontier lands. It asks but to live quietly behind its mountains, secure from aggression, and taking toll from those who come to see and wonder. It is a business-firm, composed of partners who have banded together to buy freedom at a price, and now, in these latter days, are willing to sell you a holiday at a price, though it will present you with other things, such as education, for next to nothing.

Behind all, however, is the sentiment—the call of the mountains, and in talking of the patriotism of the Swiss, one must not neglect that passion for place which has played so large a part in the history of every combination of the members of the human race. Practical as was the combination of German, Italian, and French with the descendants of the Rhætians, there remains the sentimental element to cast a glamour about the love of the Swiss man for his country. It is patriotism, simply. The love of the place—the country he knows—the mountain, the valley, the Alp (that mountain meadow of such wondrous beauty), and it is that love of the place which has glorified the very waiters who swarm into London with the object of learning a fourth language and building a new hotel in their native land. “I want to see the lights, and



WAKING THE ECHOES



hear the row," said a half-reformed woman in an early and haunting story by Mr. G. R. Sims. She was a Londoner, and yearned for London. So do these Swiss men, be they German, French, or Italian by race, or speech, yearn for the mountains. And though one may coldly state that the Swiss nation has come together and developed the most triumphant patriotism on a business basis—the syndicate of many races and creeds and languages pledged to buy freedom—one cannot ignore the sentiment that gives a halo to the business arrangement, the passionate love of country. Indeed the passion for country and the passion for freedom may be, in the case of the dwellers among the hills, one and the same.

Among themselves the Swiss people have still their small disputes, though one hears scarcely an echo of them unless one takes up the Swiss papers in search for the news of the world. Then one realises, if some event of world-wide interest has occurred, that the Swiss nation is one and indivisible, secure behind its barrier of mountains. When the first news of the San Francisco earthquake arrived in Switzerland I happened to be staying in a hotel at Lausanne. An Englishman brought me the first news at breakfast; it had arrived through a Paris newspaper. Immediately after breakfast I rushed down to the nearest café, where all the Swiss morning newspapers are stuck upon those sticks which infuriate the Englishman, used to

folding his newspaper comfortably. Through the Swiss papers I plunged, reading French, German, Italian ; but not a word could I find about the San Francisco earthquake. The small quarrels that even now stir the surface of the earth that the primæval tumult upheaved — disputes between Canton and Federal Government, the doings of shooting clubs — but nothing whatever of the earthquake. It was necessary to wait for the English newspapers in order to get some clear notice of what had happened to our friends in San Francisco.

Sentiment and the commercial instinct have curiously combined in the making of this little nation, which at the first glance appears merely a fortuitous congeries of opposing elements. Sentiment was the root of the matter, the passion for the untrammelled life which grips the heart of the man who dwells among the hills. This it was that first brought together the ancestors of the Swiss of to-day to drive the oppressor from the castle upon the crag and to leave the ruin as part of the landscape, or a museum of the national history. On the top of sentiment — the commercial instinct — the discovery that union was commercial strength. For the wave of prosperity that has flowed over Switzerland during the last seven decades is based upon the coming of the foreigner, the holiday-maker, the seeker after health ; and a large section of the Swiss has laid aside the rifle and the

sword (though these weapons are always kept handy and polished) to receive toll from those who come as guests. Yet Switzerland was a nation of men who had won their freedom by deserving it before it became liable to the taunt of being a nation of innkeepers. The sentiment—the love of freedom—brought them together, and made them a people ; it was the commercial instinct that brought them the full reward which they enjoy.

Surely, therefore, the visitor who can spare time to wonder why those frowning castles look about upon a land where no man is lord, why a cohesive people differ in language, race, and religion, why the hotel-keeper who greets him is possibly a Member of Parliament, surely that visitor can spare time to watch the devious steps whereby Switzerland attained to its present unity, its triumphant isolation, and the general prosperity which implies neither a millionaire nor a mendicant.

## CHAPTER II

### THE BIRTH OF A REPUBLIC

IN writing of the birth of a nation the difficulty is to know where to begin. It is possible that in every man there is some dim echo of a prehistoric past, and that many obscure and forgotten influences go to make a national character. The historian of the Swiss nation would probably begin with the discoveries of lake-dwellings which have been made within the past half-century or so on the shores of the Swiss Lakes. It was in 1853 that the people of Meilen, some twelve miles from Zürich, found, during a period of low water, a large number of piles that obstructed the workmen's tools. Digging into the mud the searchers found antlers, bones, weapons, implements of many kinds, and the specialists who came to diagnose the case decided that here was one of the lake-settlements. Many others were found in the following years ; and traces of the early settlers—the pile-builders—have been discovered, to the number of about two hundred, on the shores of the lakes of Constance, Geneva, Zürich, and many

other smaller, swampier sites. But there are no lake-settlements in the high Alpine lakes.

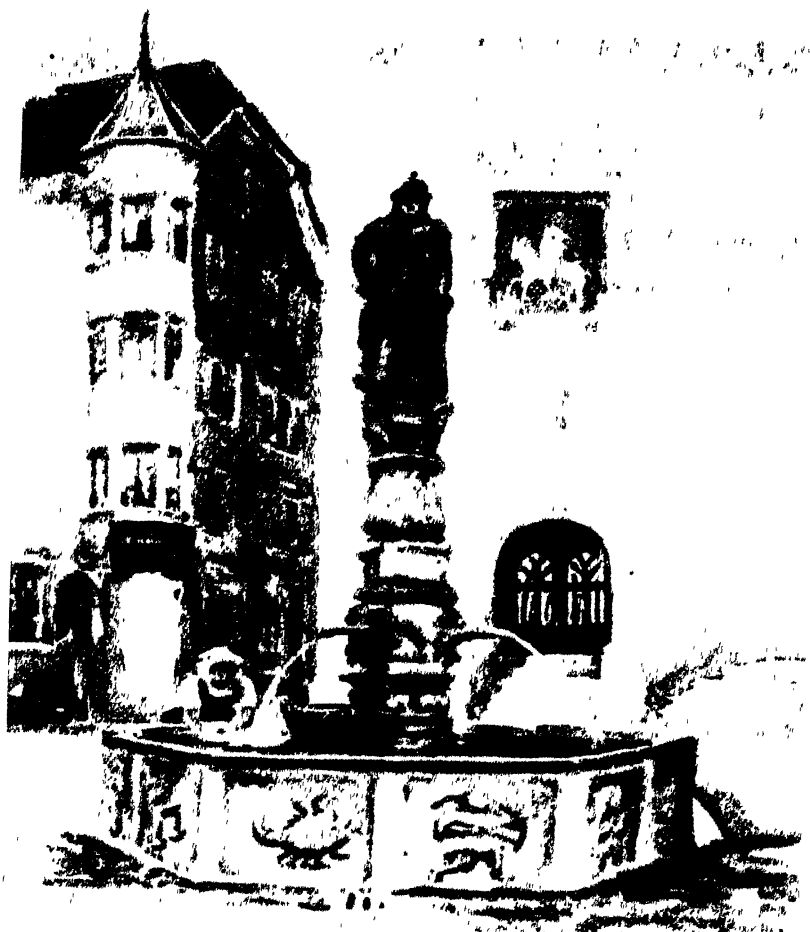
My present purpose is only to trace in outline the course by which this curious congeries of peoples became a united nation. Thousands of years must be taken for granted—long years during which the tribes seethed in the melting-pot. There was a moment—as moments are reckoned in the history of this tiny globule of earth in an infinity of space—when Helvetia seemed to have reached rest as a settled community. Rome had obtained the undergrip of those mountain folk; the settled order of things seemed, for that historical moment, to have arrived, for Rome ruled the world as it was known at the moment when Christianity and barbarism were preparing to throw the world—as known—into the melting-pot once more. You have stepped out, perhaps, at the little station of Avenches, the village which now contains but a couple of thousand inhabitants, and wondered at the remains of walls, in many places still fifteen feet high, and to be traced for nearly four miles. This was the Roman capital of Helvetia—Aventicum; it was a town important enough to be destroyed before the Helvetii marched southwards to crush Julius Cæsar, important enough to be rebuilt when the enterprise failed. In the day of Vespasian it had reached the bulk of our own Canterbury of to-day, and with its



30,000 inhabitants, its walls, its theatre, its aqueduct (you may still see their traces), could condemn the straggling village called Londinium. Avenches !

Augst, too, the tourist knows, and may learn even from his guide-book that the name and the place have both shrunk from the barbarous washings of time. Once it was called Augusta Rauracorum, and here too the visitor may see the dim remains—in walls and amphitheatre—that may remind him of the temporary grip of Rome, which brought for a historical moment the Pax Romana to the world. The peace that was the calm before the storm. But I think Windisch, with its neighbouring Brugg, and the quiet villages that nestle in the valley, make the most pathetic picture of the attempt at a world's empire—that failed. Vindonissa was the name of those scattered settlements that were once a fine city, set as a fortress by the Romans against all assailants. These tiny towns and villages occupy the site of a splendid Roman town, full of luxurious embellishments, which spread itself once along the peaceful valley, and stood as one of the sentinels of the North. At Brugg one may still see, by the bridge over the Aar, that Schwarzer Thurm—the Black Tower—and the stones the Roman builders set so well, so well as to defy the swirl of the Middle Ages.

But the real beginning of a national history such



ST. MARTIN'S FOUNTAIN CHUR



as that of Switzerland comes with the dawning consciousness of a national unity; and in the case of Switzerland one has to look to legend as the truest exponent of fact. England has her Alfred the Great, who let the cakes burn while thinking of more important questions; Switzerland has her William Tell. In spite of all disprovals as to details, one may regard the legend as true—solidly true—in fancy if not in fact. It was at the turn of the thirteenth century that one must date the beginnings of the Swiss Republic. Most people know the legend that makes the three Forest cantons the nucleus of Swiss independence, the cantons that gather about the Lake of Lucerne—Unterwalden, Schwyz, Uri—which combine the pastoral beauty and the beetling mountains that make up the sum of Switzerland. Most people know of the meetings on the Rütli of the three “Eidgenossene”—the Companions of the Oath—Walter Fürst von Attinghausen, Werner Stauffacher, and Arnold von Melchthal—who swore the oath to save their country from tyrants. Let the legend be quoted from the volume on “Switzerland” in the “Story of the Nations” series. Tradition reports that King Albrecht, son of Rudolf (1298–1308), greatly oppressed the three Waldstätten (or Forest cantons), doing his best to reduce the people to the condition of bondsmen. To the various stewards or bailiffs whom he set over them he gave

strict orders to keep well in check the people of the Forest cantons. These overseers grew into covetous and cruel tyrants, who taxed, fined, imprisoned, and reviled the unfortunate inhabitants. To complain to the monarch was useless, as he refused to listen. One of these stewards, or lieutenant-governors, was Gessler, and a particularly haughty and spiteful governor he was. Passing on one occasion through Steinen (Schwyz) he was struck by the sight of a fine, stone-built house, and, filled with envy, he inquired of Werner Stauffacher, who happened to be the owner, whose it was. Fearing the governor's anger, the wealthy proprietor replied cautiously: "The holding is the King's, your Grace's, and mine." "Can we suffer the peasantry to live in such fine houses?" exclaimed Gessler scornfully, as he rode away. Landenberg, another of these "unjust stewards," at Sarnen, being informed that a rich farmer in the Melchi (Unterwalden) had a fine pair of oxen, sent his man for them. Young Arnold von Melchthal, the son of the farmer, was standing by when the animals were being unyoked, and, enraged at the sight, raised his stick and struck the governor's servant a blow, breaking one of his fingers. But, being afraid of the governor's wrath, young Arnold fled. So Landenberg seized the old father, brought him to his castle, and had his eyes put out.

Werner Stauffacher was consumed by secret grief,

and his wife, guessing what was on his mind, gave him such counsel that, nerving himself to action, he went over to Uri and Unterwalden to look for kindred spirits and fellow-sufferers. At the house of Walter Fürst he met with the young man from the Melchi, to whom he was able to tell the sad news that the old father had been blinded by Landenberg. Here the three patriots unburdened to each other their sorrowing hearts, and vowed a vow to free their country from oppressors and restore its ancient liberties. Gradually opening their plans to their kindred and friends, they arranged nightly meetings on the Rütli, a secluded Alpine mead above the Mytenstein, on Uri Lake. Meeting in small bands, so as not to excite suspicion, they deliberated as to how best their deliverance might be effected. On the night of November 17, 1307, Walter Fürst, Arnold of Melchthal, and Werner Stauffacher met on the Rütli, each taking with him ten intimate associates; their hearts swelling with love for their country and hatred against tyranny, these three-and-thirty men solemnly pledged their lives for each other and for their fatherland.

Raising their right hands towards heaven, the three leaders took God and the saints to witness that their solemn alliance was made in the spirit, "One for all, and All for one." At that moment the sun shot his first rays across the mountain tops,

kindling in the hearts of these earnest men the hopes of success.

In the meantime a very remarkable event had happened at the town of Altdorf, in Uri. Gessler had placed a hat on a pole in the market-place, with strict orders that passers-by should do it reverence, for he wished to test their obedience. William Tell scorned this piece of overbearing tyranny, and proudly marched past without making obeisance to the hat. He was seized, and Gessler, riding up, demanded why he had disobeyed the order. "From thoughtlessness," he replied, "for if I were witty my name were not Tell."

The governor, in a fury, ordered Tell to shoot an apple from the head of his son, for Gessler knew Tell to be a most skilful archer, and, moreover, to have five children. Tell's entreaties that some other form of punishment should be substituted for this were of no avail. Pierced to the heart, the archer took two arrows, and placing one in his quiver, took aim with the other, and cleft the apple. Foiled in his design, Gessler inquired the meaning of the second arrow. Tell hesitated, but on being assured that his life would be spared, instantly replied :

"Had I injured my child this second shaft should not have missed thy heart." "Good!" exclaimed the enraged governor. "I have promised thee thy life, but I will throw thee into a dungeon where

neither sun nor moon shall shine on thee." Tell was chained and placed in a barge, his bow and arrow being put at his back. As they rowed towards Axenstein, one of those storms that descend with startling suddenness on the inland lake swept down upon the party. The crew called upon Tell to save them, for he was an expert boatman. Gessler had him unbound, and Tell steered for the Axenberg, where there is a natural landing-stage formed by a flat rock. It is now called Tells-platte, and any holiday-maker at Lucerne makes his duty-call at Tell's Chapel, which stands on the shelf at the foot of the Axenberg. Seizing his bow and arrows, Tell flung the boat against the rock and leaped ashore, leaving the occupants to their fate. Woe betide him, however, should the governor escape death! Tell hurried on to Schwyz, and thence to the "hollow way" near Kussnacht, through which Gessler must come if he returned to his castle. Hiding in the thicket lining the road, Tell waited, and presently, seeing the tyrant riding past, took aim and shot him through the heart. Gessler's last words were, "This is Tell's shaft!"

That is the legend of the birth of Switzerland as a nation—a legend that has caught the universal imagination, and, in spite of the riddling criticism of the diggers into archives, remains absolutely true in all the essentials. The shooting of the apple from



the child's head is a legend that has gone about the world. We have it in the "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," in the story of "Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesley," three famous outlaws whose skill in archery rendered them as famous in the forest of Englewood, near Carlisle, as Robin Hood and his merry men were in the forest of Sherwood. The story is a long one, but William of Cloudesley had to shoot for his own life and that of his son:—

"I have a sonne is seven year olde,  
He is to me full deare ;  
I wyll hym tye to a stake ;  
All shall se, that be here ;

And lay an apple upon hys head,  
And go syxe score paces hym fro,  
And I my selfe with a brode arow  
Shall cleve the apple in two.

Now haste the, then, said the Kyng,  
By hym that dyed on a tre,  
But if thou do not, as thou has sayde,  
Hanged shalt thou be.

An thou touche his head or gowne,  
In syght that men may se,  
By all the sayntes that be in heaven  
I shall hange you all thre.

That have promised, said William,  
That I wyll never forsake.  
And ther even before the Kyng  
In the earth he drove a stake :

And bound thereto his eldest sonne,  
And bad hym stand styll thereat ;  
And turned the childes face him fro,  
Because he should not start.

But Cloudesle cleft the apple in two,  
His sonne he did not see.  
Over Gods forbode, sayde the Kynge,  
That thou shold shote at me."

Curiously similar are these legends, Swiss and English. But you will note one little differential touch, an intimate light flashed into the father's mind by the legendist. William of Cloudesley set his son, apple on head, back turned to the coming shaft, "because he should not start." That hint of paternal care reinforcing the marksman's instinct is missed from the Swiss rendering of the legend, for William Tell's son stands for all ages facing his father's bow and arrow.

William Tell has been banished from authentic history by the investigators. They have discovered that the Tell legend, as applied to Switzerland, makes its first appearance in the MS. preserved at Sarnen, and known, from the colour of its binding, as the "Weisses Buch," written between 1467 and 1476, while the poem, the "Tellenlied," was written about 1474. In the next century Tschudi of Glarus improved upon the story ; and though Müller the historian, in the eighteenth century, made a gallant

endeavour to harmonise fancy with ascertained fact, and Schiller at the opening of the nineteenth century enshrined the legend in the play which generations of English schoolboys have puzzled over—and even in this twentieth century “Guillaume Tell” gives his name to an opera—the historians shake their heads at his name. They know that the story is a very old one, having found it as far back as the tenth century in the legends and sagas of all the Northern countries, from Iceland to the Rhine. One may even suspect that Homer knew well enough that Odysseus split an apple on the head of Telemachus, but knew also that the story was an old one.

Nevertheless the Swiss are perfectly justified in holding to that picturesque beginning of their national history, and the tourist who takes the steamer from Lucerne need feel no shame in paying his respects to the rocky shelf at the foot of the Axenberg—called the Tells-platte—upon which William Tell landed. Tell’s Chapel has a dim history which stretches back to 1388, though the stickler for authenticity cannot see further than 1504; and the chapel was rebuilt (with its original form preserved) in 1879. Year by year, on the morrow of the Ascension, Mass is said in that chapel, and a sermon is preached, heard by the lake-dwellers, whose boats form an aquatic procession. Both the Swiss and their visitors have the right to land at the Rütli,



THE STAUBBACH, LAUTERBRUNNEN



now a recognised landing-place, and pay their respects to the three men who founded the Swiss Republic. The ledge, formed by fallen earth, and sloping to the water, the walnut and chestnut trees that have taken root and flourished, the small meadow of wondrous green—here is the centre, the hub of Switzerland, though the historians would blast the trees and wither the grass and turn the legend into outer darkness. Let us rather accept the story of those three patriots who met at night's high noon on that gracious meadow, the little clearing in the forest, and planned the liberation of their country. Let us believe in the miracle that followed the triple oath of the Rütli, go humbly to the little hut that is built over the three miraculous springs—springs that spurted with the joy of a new-born Switzerland—and drink pure water to the memory of the founders of Swiss freedom.

For it is a fact that somewhere about the time to which the Tell legend is assigned, the three Forest cantons came together, solidly set against the tyranny of the Habsburgs.

That which we now know as Switzerland had been part of the Empire of Charles the Great (or Charlemagne). When that Empire broke up, it suffered an even more thorough disintegration than that of Alexander the Great. This is not the place to describe the turmoil of petty strife in which

central Europe was involved during the interval between the death of Charles the Great and the dim beginnings of the Swiss Republic. Over the whole was the loose-hung rein of the Holy Roman Empire. But the period was one of disintegration first, and then the laborious and often bloody ceremony of setting to partners. Europe had to find itself and sort itself. Petty nobles stretched grasping hands over the districts they could cover in a few days' march; here and there some proud ecclesiastic fastened the clutch of the Church, and the Counts of Züringen loom large as the chief wielders of mace and might in that central spot of the European strife, until the last of the race was gathered to Abraham's bosom at the beginning of the thirteenth century. Yet even then there were towns and cities that could afford to flout the petty tyrant. Zürich, Basel, and Bern were already endowed with the title of free imperial cities, and the "Reichsfreiheit" was something to be thankful for in those days. For Bern was strong enough to offer an asylum to any man who fled from the oppression of the great neighbouring nobles.

Then there arose the house of Habsburg. Rudolf, grandson of Rudolf der Alte, inherited at one-and-twenty the family estate on the Aare, together with the Habsburg Castle, which you may still see standing—remembering! He inherited many other titles







and privileges ; but that ruined castle (into which the tourist may penetrate) is reminiscent of the Swiss struggle against the tyrant, though Rudolf of Habsburg was a kindly enough person, popular with the peasantry, affable, good-natured, and of such simple habits that his tall and slender figure might be seen bending over and mending the old grey coat he wore on his campaign. By seizures of lands, by marriage-broking, and other gentle arts, Rudolf, the junior member of the Habsburg house, was determined to raise his family to greatness. It was when, in pursuit of his gentle design to fasten his grip about the middle of Europe, he was engaged in storming Basel, whose bishop had been encroaching upon Alsatia, that news was brought to Rudolf, on the 1st of October 1273, that he had been elected to the imperial throne. He left the bishop alone, and went off to be crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle.

We are now, for the moment, in the region of such history as can be ascertained, and the ascertainment is that the story of William Tell and his fellows is but a poetical and proper rendering of what happened. Put aside the question of dates so far as Tell is concerned. There was a dramatic moment in the birth of Switzerland. Rights, privileges, claims, struggles, all the turmoil of that age—we can never know completely, as we can never know the troubles and triumphs of our next-door neigh-

bour. There was a moment when Switzerland was conceived in the brain of some one, and she did not spring in full panoply from that brain.

It was, one must admit, a Local Government scheme in the beginning, inspired by the fury for freedom that fires all men who live in places apart. Uri and Schwyz had acquired the right—the “Reichsfreiheit”—of immediate dependence on the Empire many years ago, which is to say that they acknowledged only a chief who was a long distance away, not to be reached by telegraph or telephone. A fortnight after the death of Rudolf, on August 1, 1291, Uri and Schwyz linked hands as two little communities to maintain their rights and privileges, and formed a perpetual alliance, with Unterwalden as companion.

There was, as evidence shows, some kind of federal communion even earlier, when war raged in the Forest cantons, and the overseer was driven out of the Habsburg Castle. And it is possible that it is to this period of the insurrection that the stories of Tell and the oath on the Rütli refer. It is also more than probable that Schwyz took the lead in the coming together of those Forest cantons, for the men of Schwyz seem to have been, politically speaking, the best organised in the district, and the famous oath that the Companions swore on the Rütli was merely a poetical rendering of a poet made in 1246, with Schwyz in the leading part of William Tell.

Moreover, the very name of Switzerland points to the fact that the men of Schwyz were the motive power, and when the decisive battle of Morgarten had given the newly-formed state its independence of Austria, it was this little corner of the country that stood godfather to the whole.

Rudolf, who died in 1291, had not been dead a fortnight when the men of the forest, dreading new governors, new impositions, new restrictions, new dangers, determined to take precautions. It is quite possible that meetings may have been held on the sacred green of the Rütli, and that some vague memory of them should have congealed into a legend which finally united with the fine old story of Tell—the tyrant—the hat—the boy—and the apple. But it is clear that within a fortnight of Rudolf's death the three districts of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden had made a compact, a perpetual league—an "Ewiger Bund"—for defence against outside aggression. The document was drawn up in Latin, and you may still see and read that document, the Magna Carta of Switzerland. It has a common-sense point of view, witnessing the foresight of those men who were banded to work out their own salvation. Among other things it enjoins that every one shall obey and serve his master according to his standing; that no judge shall be appointed who has bought his office with gold, nor unless he be a native; that

if quarrels shall arise between the Eidgenossen (*inter aliquos conspiratos*) the more sensible shall settle the differences, and if the one party does not submit, the opposition shall decide on the matter. To the document were affixed the seals of the three countries as guarantee of its authenticity. That document is preserved in the very heart of Switzerland, at Schwyz. On the great square, close by the Rathhaus, stands the "Archiv" or Record Office, a tower of rough masonry, whose thick walls suggest that it was once part of a stronghold; the dungeons it contains strengthen the impression. Here you may see not only the banners taken by the Schwyzers at Morgarten, but the original compact that laid the foundation of the Swiss Republic.

Within a few weeks the imperial city of Zürich had thrown in its lot with the Forest cantons. Then came one of those picturesque incidents that shed their glamour about the mountains and valleys of Switzerland. The Zürich forces attacked Winterthur, which was a Habsburg town, and were driven back. Then came Duke Albrecht with an army to lay siege to the city. On the Lindenhof he saw, drawn up in battle array, a most formidable force. From the eminence within the city, helmets, shields, and lances glittered in the sun that rose over Switzerland. The Duke, reflecting that he had not slain or disabled so many warriors as he had supposed,





made his peace with this remarkable city, and the city welcomed the recognition of its rights. For the wit of women had saved the situation. The wearers of those helmets, the bearers of those shields, were the women of Zürich, and thus Switzerland owes its independence to women's wiles as well as to masculine daring.

Even before the historic conflict of Morgarten one is reminded of another picturesque touch by the sight of the remains of the Convent of Königsfelden, close to Brugg. Against these recalcitrant peasants came the Emperor Albrecht, and with a brilliant retinue of kinsmen and nobles he marched into the territory of Aargau. Among his immediate attendants was his nephew and ward, John, Duke of Swabia, whose paternal inheritance had been long withheld. The wrong had festered into deadly rancour. As the Reuss was being crossed during the march from Baden, the opportunity came to John of Swabia. With a deadly thrust he plunged his spear into the neck of his kinsman, exclaiming, "Such are the wages of injustice!" The blow was followed by others from those in league with him, and Walter von Eschenbach gave the finishing touch by cleaving the Emperor's skull. The others of the imperial retinue, struck motionless and horrified at the spectacle, could neither apprehend nor punish the assassin. When they recovered their presence of



mind they thought only of their personal safety, and fled precipitately from the scene, leaving their sovereign to expire in the arms of a poor woman who happened to be on the spot. Such was the horror with which the minds even of his friends were struck at the knowledge of this atrocious crime, that the parricide and his associates were suffered to wander about and perish without assistance, as if the curse of every human being followed their steps. The gates of Zürich were shut against them, and even the Forest cantons, against whom the murdered sovereign had denounced heavy vengeance, magnanimously shrank from harbouring his assassins. Nevertheless, in the end John obtained absolution from the Pope, and entered on a saintly course of mortification in a monastery.

The once splendid Convent of Königsfelden was suppressed in 1528. It is now a group of rather gloomy buildings; part of it is now used as a farmhouse, part as a hospital and madhouse. But the circumstances of its foundation, just at the moment of the birth of modern Switzerland, make a curious illustration of the combined savagery and religious fervour that marked the age. The Empress Elizabeth, and Agnes, Queen of Hungary, offered fearful sacrifices to the husband and father who had been so foully slain, making no distinction between the innocent and the guilty, and converting the slightest

suspicion to a sentence of death. Agnes, as if fired by the very demon of revenge, caused many castles to be burned to the ground; and tradition has it that on one occasion, while the blood of sixty-three knights flowed about her feet, she exclaimed in ecstasy: "Now I am bathing in May-dew!" Two years afterwards, these two women, having slain their enemies upon earth, turned piously to the task of making a friend of Heaven. Agnes and her mother built the splendid convent; and shortly afterwards, Agnes, Queen of Hungary, retired to end her days in penitence and devotion. Assuming the garb of meekness and humility, she endeavoured to attract pilgrims to the shrine. But one Berthold Strebel, friar of Oftringen, had his doubts as to the reality of repentance and the means taken to express it. Thus he is said to have addressed her: "Hearken to this, O woman, as to the voice of Heaven! No devotion can be pure in one who imbrues her hands in the blood of innocence, and founds convents with the plunder of orphans!"

Within a year or two, on November 15, 1315, that little handful of mountaineers and peasants had set the seal on their freedom by the victory of Morgarten. It has been called the Swiss Thermopylæ. But the heroes of Thermopylæ failed through a tactical error—and died. The heroes of Morgarten succeeded—and lived.

Friedrich, son of Albrecht, determined to crush those rebellious Forest cantons. Duke Leopold, younger brother of Friedrich, was in command of the campaign, and gathered his troops, the Austrian horsemen, and infantry from all quarters. Lucerne and Winterthur, and even Zürich contributed troops to smoke out the hornet's nest of freedom, while the nobility and gentry espoused his cause to a man. It was a splendid army that marched against those dwellers in mountains and forests, an army led with gay assurance of success. The numbers have been calculated at four-and-twenty thousand. Duke Leopold, commanding the main force, directed his principal attack upon Schwyz. Two roads led from Zug to Schwyz, and he chose the one that was, strategically, the most dangerous. On November 15 he brought his cavalry to Aegeri, and thence started, with a force of noble horsemen, and carrying a cartload of ropes for the lassoing of the cattle he should seize, along the eastern bank of the lake, taking no precautions to reconnoitre. He was at warfare with mere peasants, and it was regarded as a pleasant hunting excursion.

But the men of the Forest were serious.

The men of Schwyz had foreseen the mistake, and taken their measures. They had gathered above the point where the upland slope from the lake-side to Schwyz begins. At the village of Haselmatt the

Austrian troops began to ascend the slopes of Morgarten, and were hemmed in by lake and mountain. Then, without a moment's warning, there came down upon the masses of horsemen a cannonade of stones, rocks, trunks of trees. A mere handful of men had started the avalanche that threw the chivalry of Austria into confusion. Then came the main body of the men from the Forest, pouring down upon the foe caught in the narrow pass as in a net, fighting with swords and clubs the horsemen who had no room in which to turn or charge or manœuvre. The Austrian force fell into hopeless confusion, and dropped before the rude weapons of their assailants. Many rushed into the lake and were drowned. On that wintry field lay the flower of Austrian knight-hood, and Leopold himself narrowly escaped to Winterthur, looking, as Friar John of Winterthur records, "like death, and quite distracted." The victory of thirteen hundred peasants over an organised force of something like four-and-twenty thousand—a victory that set the seal on the independence of a nation which had never before met an army in the field—must surely rank among the decisive victories of the world.

Those peasants must have had some foresight of the significance of their achievement, when, in thankfulness for the victory, they fell upon their knees upon the field of Morgarten and thanked the

God of battles for their deliverance. Moreover they instituted a day of thanksgiving for that victory, to be observed especially on the spot upon which the victory was won.

You may see it now, after a perfectly easy journey from Zug to Morgarten landing-stage. The Swiss have erected a chapel, dedicated to St. James, in the Schornen Gorge that leads up towards Sattel. That chapel is not on the precise site of the battle-field, which lay in the territory of Zug, then belonging to the Habsburgs. But though not marking the exact spot, it records the consciousness that here was the triumphant claim made that Switzerland should work out its own destiny. Still stands the old chapel with its quaint paintings, stands amid the forests that gave their name to the makings of the Swiss Republic. And still, year by year, on the anniversary of that great fight, go the Swiss men and women in pilgrimage to the sacred spot where freedom was won by a little band of peasants from the lords of Europe. A solemn Mass is said—heard—remembered.

Within a month of that victory the Eidgenossen—the three Forest States—met by delegation at Brunnen, and completed the league of 1291. This agreement stood firm for nearly five centuries, and has always remained the basis of agreement between the three states. Federal Union was an idea that

gradually took root and flourished. But it was that peasant fight and victory at Morgarten which was the real, historical, fist-to-fist assertion of the man of the mountain and the Alp of the claim to work out his own salvation. After that fight the Waldstätten—the Forest cantons—never looked back.

## CHAPTER III

### THE GROWTH OF THE REPUBLIC

THE great victory of Morgarten had set the seal on the freedom of those three Forest cantons ; but they made only the nucleus of the Swiss Republic. Nevertheless, the surrounding cities and districts were inspired by the success of these mountaineers and peasants. In the fourteenth century this centre of Europe was, in its political aspect, loosely organised, ruled by all kinds of authorities, nobles, abbots, petty potentates, with the claims of the greater rulers, and more particularly the Habsburgs, hammering at the gates. Yet within six decades from the triumphant success of the three Forest cantons, the Swiss Confederation had grown to comprise eight states. There was no notion at the time of any submission by one state to another ; each preserved its individual life. The central idea was the creation of a body politic strong enough to assert its independence against the encroachments of Austria, and the history of the time is one of bravery and patience.

Lucerne was the first to cast in its lot definitely

with the Forest cantons. Placed on the north-western point of the lake, where the Reuss makes its entrance, it was the general mart of the district. You may still walk across the quaint old covered bridge—the Kapellbrücke—which was built before the victory of Morgarten, and see the pictures suspended from the roof, many of which represent scenes from the life of St. Leger, a patron saint. Some say, indeed, that by one of those mysterious phonetic processes, Lucerne derives its sweet name from St. Leodegar. Others prefer the more obvious derivation suggested by the watch-tower, called the Wasserthurm, which stands near the end of the bridge. It is said once to have served as a lighthouse to boats, and the Latin “Lucerna” gives an easier jump to Lucerne than Leodegar!

This first adherence of a new community to the infant Confederation illustrates the manner in which this little people came together, in spite of conflicting interests, by submitting the lesser interest to the greater—the desire for independence. Lucerne had been happy enough under the rule of Murbach Abbey, being one of the many cities that had attained an ill-defined independence of its own. But there came a time—in 1291—when the Abbey, falling into financial difficulties, sold its rights to the Habsburgs, who were then engaged in buying up all the property and options available. Forty years’ experience proved

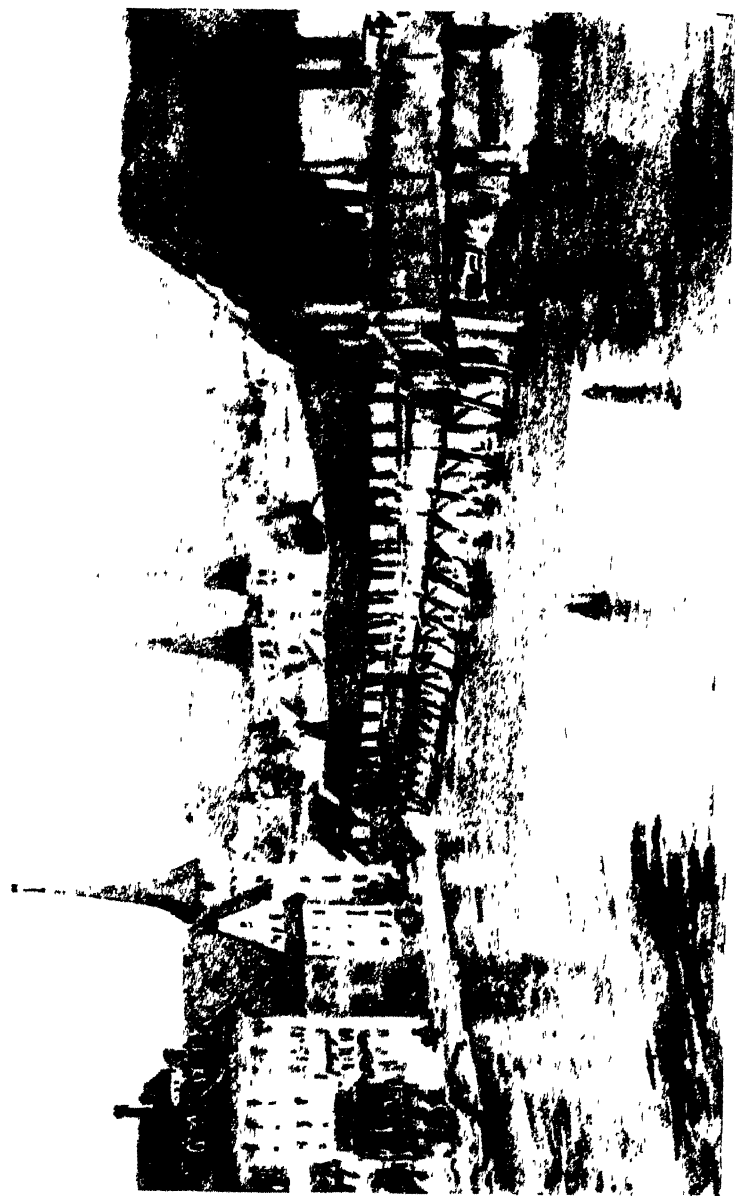


to the men of Lucerne that they had been left out of the bargain.

There was the moral of Morgarten. And in 1332 they joined with the Three as a Fourth in the Union of the Forest cantons, sworn to shake off the Austrian yoke, and binding themselves not to make alliance with any outsiders without the consent of the Three.

This alliance of Lucerne with her neighbours of the Forest and the Lake has its commemoration in the name, appropriate but cumbrous, that remains to the Lake which is the nucleus of Swiss freedom. We call it the Lake of Lucerne. The Swiss call it the Vierwaldstättersee—the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons.

Zürich was the next to join the Eidgenossenschaft. In the middle of the fourteenth century Zürich was a fine example of a municipality with a loose dependence upon a distant overlord. The real lord was Rudolf Brun, the prince of burgomasters. He upset the oligarchy that had ruled Zürich, and gained election as an official in whom all power was to centre. In 1336 he submitted and had accepted, even by the distant Emperor, a new constitution. It was an odd mixture of democratic, oligarchic, and monarchical elements. Craftsmen, who had hitherto had no political power or even recognition, were formed into guilds. Nobility, patricians, wealthy burghers, formed a Council. But Burgomaster Brun





was elected for life, had absolute power within the walls, and the man who disobeyed him was deprived of his citizenship. However, internal quarrels ensued, and having embroiled the city in a dispute with Austria, who threatened to level it with the ground, Brun found it necessary to seek safe alliance. And though Albrecht sent his forces once and again to conquer Zürich, the new alliance held firm, and the little Swiss nation received another member, by no means in sympathy with the men of the mountain and the forest, but sworn to hold its own against Austrian aggression.

Of great importance was the coming of Bern into the ranks of the Eidgenossenschaft, for the city was the corner-stone of the Burgundian states, and brought them finally into the pale of the Swiss Confederation. Bern had already reached great prosperity and influence, had vigorously opposed Habsburg impositions, and was at this time extending its power over the Bernese Oberland. The Burgundian nobles, who still clung to their prerogatives without the power to enforce them individually, and with only the sympathy of the Habsburgs on their side, united their forces. The Counts of Greyerz, Valangin, Aarberg, Nidan, Neuchâtel, Vaud, Kyburg, headed by Fribourg, brought in 1339 an army of fifteen thousand foot and three thousand horse against Laupen, which had recently fallen under the influ-

ence of Bern. Then stepped forth Hans von Buben-berg, formerly chief magistrate, with one of those dramatic announcements that none but the born leader of men can make. "Laupen," said he, "shall not fall, if true arms and trusty followers can effect its safety. The enemy, it is true, beleaguer its walls ; but they may find ere long that the sword of a free citizen of Bern cuts as sheer as the noblest steel of Burgundy." With four hundred Bernese, Von Buben-berg rode out ; but it is not clear who was the real commander-in-chief in the battle ; for Rudolf von Erlach, son of Ulric von Erlach, after Von Buben-berg's departure, offered his services, and the Senate, remembering his father's triumph at Donner-büchel, appointed him General of the Bernese. But the crucial matter was the swift reply to the call for assistance from the Forest cantons. Six thousand men of the Eidgenossenschaft collected and came to the point of conflict, wearing the cross that afterwards became the Federal coat-of-arms. Within a couple of hours the enemy was routed, and the men sworn to freedom found as their spoils seventy full suits of armour and seven-and-twenty banners.

The conflict, even after this victory, degenerated into a campaign of devastation, with a subsequent truce, and a league which lasted for ten years between Bern and Austria. This was organised by Agnes, the Lady of Königsfelden. Then, however, Bern



SPRING—FLOWERS BY THE LAKE OF LUCERNE



definitely entered the league of the seven states (for Glarus and Zug were by that time already members), and made up the tale of eight.

The picturesque history of the young Republic finds its next scene in the battles of Sempach (1386) and Naefels (1388), and around Sempach is twined the name of Winkelried, with much more authority than gives Tell his fatherhood of the baby Republic. Austria and the Swiss Confederation were still at variance, and ravaging raids were common enough; Lucerne razed the Austrian fort Rothenburg, and allied herself with Entlebuch and Sempach against the Habsburgs. Duke Leopold of Austria was determined to chastise these haughty peasants who had enlisted the sympathy of the South German towns. These towns had been won over to Austria by promises.

But those below the Rhine saw the fight ahead, and were willing to face it. Duke Leopold was a gallant gentleman—brave, chivalrous, and ambitious. Round him the nobles of South Germany gathered against these recalcitrant burghers and sturdy peasants, and a hundred and fifty of them sent letters of challenge or defiance to the summons to war sent out by the Swiss Government. Once again the nobility and intelligence of these men of the mountain saved them. Duke Leopold's simulated attack on Zürich was seen through, and the Swiss



were ready on the heights of Sempach. It was the fight of intelligent peasants against the conservatism of the knights who came upon horses to wipe out the rabble of herdsmen and men of commerce. The knights dismounted, and cut off the beaks of their fashionable shoes upon the spot that is now known as the Schnaebelweide, or "beak-meadows." And the steel-clad army went furiously against the handful of fifteen hundred, who were armed with clubs, battle-axes, and halberds. Upon the Swiss rushed the Austrian chivalry; and sixty Swiss were cut down before the enemy had lost a life. The tide was turning against the Swiss until "a good and pious man" stepped forward—Arnold von Winkelried. Shouting to his comrades in arms, "I will cut a road for you; take care of my wife and children!" he dashed upon the enemy, caught all the spears he could grasp, and fell beneath them. Not only upon the Swiss side was heroism shown, for Leopold himself rushed to the front and lost his life with thousands of his followers. But, in the result, these ill-armed peasants gained a victory which struck terror into the hearts of their oppressors. And Winkelried, Knight of Unterwalden, remains as the second hero of Swiss legend and song.

It is true that no contemporary accounts of the battle exist, and that the first Swiss records date from a period nearly a century after the fight of

Sempach. But at the date of the battle it is certain that a family of the name of Winkelried lived in Unterwalden. And the Swiss have an excellent explanation to give as to the silence of the Austrian annals about the exploit of Winkelried. For all the front rank men in the Austrian army, who alone could have seen the heroic action, perished on the field, while the rear ranks fled precipitately—even the attendants of the knights bolted with the horses. It may have been Winkelried alone, it may have been a devoted body of men who made the sacrifice for freedom. But the sixteenth-century songs are full of Winkelried, and his name remains as the rallying cry of Switzerland.

Still another victory had to be won ; for Glarus, having joined the Eidgenossenschaft, encouraged by the victory of Sempach, drew up a constitution, and Austria once again came on in fury. Six thousand horse and foot assembled at Wesen, and marched in two divisions against the peasants. Once again, too, the peasants encountered and conquered the chivalry of Austria. Beaten once, the two hundred Swiss had to give way ; but their leader Ambühl, while the Austrians fired houses, drove cattle, and plundered in all directions, posted himself with his troops on the declivity of Rautiberg, waving the banner of St. Fridolin to bring his countrymen together. As the Austrians ascended, the shower of stones came

down, and threw the horses into confusion. Night came and a fall of snow, and the Austrians turned in flight, hoping by way of Naefels to reach Wesen again. But the bridge broke beneath their weight, and hundreds of men in armour were drowned. It is recorded that the Austrians lost seventeen hundred men, while the Swiss lost only fifty-four.

The victory of Naefels was the corollary and the completion of the victory of Sempach. I have not witnessed the stirring scene which takes place year by year on the site of the battlefield. I am quoting from the volume on Switzerland by Mrs. Lina Hagg and Mr. Richard Stead. "Year after year the people of Glarus, rich and poor alike, Protestant and Catholic, still commemorate this great victory. On the first Thursday in April, in solemn procession, they revisit the battlefield, and on the spot the Landamman tells the fine old story of their deliverance from foreign rule, whilst priest and minister offer thanksgiving. The 5th of April 1888 was a memorable date in the annals of the canton, being the five hundredth anniversary of the day on which the people achieved freedom. From all parts of Switzerland people flocked to Naefels to participate in the patriotic and religious ceremonies. A right stirring scene it was when the Landamman presented to the vast assembly the banner of St. Fridolin—the same which Ambühl had raised high—and thousands of



MILL ON THE LAKE OF LUCERNE.



voices joined in the national anthem, *Rufst du mein Vaterland*, which, by the way, has the same melody as *God Save the King*. If the Switzer has no monarch to love and revere, he has still his national heroes and his glorious ancestors, who sealed the freedom of their country with their blood."

Switzerland fought not for a monarch, but for an idea; it fought for independence; and one of the most significant features of that gathering upon the field of Naefels is the brotherly meeting of Catholic priest and Protestant minister. The idea of independence had at last over-ridden even the desire of men to mate with those of their own creed.

Nevertheless the cantons had many difficulties to reckon with before the number—the lucky number—of thirteen was completed. In the Hofkirche at Innsbrück you may see the effigies of the Austrian rulers and nobles who shook mailed fists over Europe in the times before the Reformation. Most splendid of all is that of Maximilian himself. Maximilian seems to have had a genuine desire to bring the Swiss Confederation, for its own advantage, into the toils of the Empire, and he invited, and then ordered, the Eidgenossenschaft to join the Swabian Bund. The Swiss refused. They preferred to keep the independence they had won and could defend. They realised that their own right hands could hold their own against all comers, and like our own American

Colonies in the eighteenth century, they refused to give obedience to a government in which they had no share. Already intestinal feuds had broken out in the youthful Confederation, which had begun to cast its spell over subject lands, and found the difficulty that a democracy always finds in ruling subject peoples. Charles of Burgundy was one of those who thought to chastise the Schwyzers (as the confederates now began to be called), and was defeated in the battles of Grandson and Morat (1476) and Nancy (1477). But in 1499 the Confederation had to defend its Rhætian allies against Maximilian, who had espoused the cause of the Swabian League. The struggle, which lasted many months, was full of deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice.

Benedict Fontana is the central hero of that struggle. He led the charge against a fortress, supposed to be impregnable, on the Tyrolean frontier. With one hand he staunched his wound, with the other he fought on, till he fell exhausted, calling to his troops: "Onward, comrades! I count but for one man!" The result of that war was that the two leagues, the Swiss and the Rhætian, were freed from the domination of the Empire. The practical independence of the Confederation dates from the treaty made at Basel on September 22, 1499; for that treaty in effect freed the Confederation from the jurisdiction of the Imperial Chamber. Neverthe-



THE RATHHAUS, BASEL





less, it was only when another more famous treaty was made a century and a half later, that of Westphalia, which is regarded as the Magna Carta of the Balance of Power, that the independence of Switzerland was formally recognised, and set forth in the international law of Europe.

Even before the adherence of Solothurn and Fribourg to the Eidgenossenschaft, Basel, the city which had given its name to the treaty, the city that had a University which had passed its fortieth year, the city with a busy market and tolls levied at the gates, Basel in 1501 requested admission to the Swiss Confederation, and the request was granted. Basel had a sense of humour as well as the instinct for business. Better was the strong right hand of the Swiss Confederation than the loose grip of a distant Habsburg; and the guards were withdrawn from the city gates. Basel, with a touch of imaginative humour, set an old woman with a distaff at the gate, and the old woman gathered in the tolls, with certain grumbles from those who would rather submit to the sword than to the distaff. Basel was the ninth of the cantons to join the Confederacy. Schaffhausen followed close after. Maximilian cemented his friendship with the Swiss states, and Appenzell was brought in within a few years. The Prince Abbot of St. Gall held out for a time. But in 1515 the thirteen cantons were linked in a unity that brooked

no outside interference. Nearly three centuries passed before any addition was made to the number of full members of the Eidgenossenschaft. The additions came with the European convulsion of the French Revolution.

In the meantime it is worth while to pause for a moment and note that this was a Confederation of German-speaking men; a banding together of men who spoke the same language, and were fired by the same spirit of freedom that blows from the mountains; a banding together of men who had the same religion, for all were Catholics; a banding together of men who found a period and place of calm in Europe. Fringes of disorder abounded; for the warriors, bred to warfare, went off to Italy and the mercenary service that has made the Swiss man a byword in Europe. But the arts of peace flourished. Swiss baths were sought, and even then the seeker after health looked to Switzerland, while Basel established itself as a home of medical research. Yet these German-speaking men, mostly engaged in their own occupations, sent the adventurers to the Italian Wars. In the conflict at Marignano (the modern Malegnans) in 1515, the troops of the Eidgenossenschaft had to retreat, though the retreat was effected in good order, with guns and banners. Francis I. forbade his troops to pursue. And with the "eternal peace" with the Schwyzers' powerful neighbour,

though it brought influence over Ticino, which was not admitted as a canton until 1805, the supremacy of France over the German-speaking men was acknowledged.

With the sixteenth century the Reformation burst with full force upon Europe, splitting its people into the religious divisions that have undergone scarcely any change since the sixteenth century closed. Even Switzerland seemed likely to be rent asunder by this religious earthquake, which parted city from city, canton from canton, and still keeps them separate in religion though politically united. Here we can but glance at the effects of the Reformation movement so far as it influenced Switzerland.

In Switzerland the Reform movement took an individual aspect, and the very heart and soul of it was Ulrich Zwingli. Unlike Luther, from whom he differed even in matters of doctrine, Zwingli was not only a religious and moral reformer, but a statesman with a wide outlook on politics, and a scholar who on New Year's Day of 1531 gave a splendid production of a play of Aristophanes at Zürich, himself composing the incidental music. The degeneracy of the Church, the disastrous consequences of the mercenary system under which the cities received foreign pay for soldiers who fought in alien quarrels, these stirred Zwingli to protests which, unlike the tempestuous wrath of Luther, were always cool, reasoned,

and sane. And though in his first sermon in the Minster of Zürich on New Year's Day he sketched out his plan—to preach on subjects drawn from the Bible only—though he was at once recognised as an evangelical reformer, though he fiercely opposed the sale of indulgences, yet he long remained on excellent terms with the Vatican.

The life and period of this remarkable man illustrate well the danger besetting the youthful Confederation of splitting on the rock of religious disagreement. Nothing was further from the thoughts of these early reformers than separation from the historic Latin Church, even as John Wesley to the last possible moment clung to union with the Church of England. Zwingli's ambition was to found a republic on the type of the Greek Free States. This was his political ideal. On the religious side he began, as we have seen, with a simplification of dogmatic teaching. But his ideas of reform developed rapidly in the following few years. In 1523 he induced the Council of Zürich to countenance two public religious discussions in presence of all the clergy of the cantons, and he brought the Council to his side in his protest against abuses in church-fasting, the celibacy of the clergy, the doctrine of the Mass, and image-worship. By 1524 Zwingli had made clear his design to sweep away the whole fabric of mediæval superstition (going, indeed, far



THE RHINE AT BASLE



beyond Luther, who retained oral confession and altar pictures, together with many other features since abolished by the so-called Lutheran Church), and aiming at the restoration of primitive Christianity in pure, simple, and biblical form. And Zürich, by the authority of its Landsgemeinden (or Gatherings of the Parishes), established a national Church, severed from the diocese of Constance, and placed under the control of the Council of Zürich and a clerical synod. The convents were turned into schools, hospitals, and poor-houses; and for years Zwingli exercised informal and beneficent despotism over a city which had become a centre of religious light and a seat of worldly learning.

It was not long before the loosely joined Confederation showed ominous signs of yielding to the disintegrating force that was to split the nations of Western Europe, involving them in long and bloody wars which were at bottom religious! And it was Zürich, with its Reformed Church under the guidance of Zwingli, that was the kernel of the initial quarrel.

The Eastern and Northern cantons had gradually accepted the reformed faith, and Bern was in sympathy with it by 1528. A year later Basel and Schaffhausen followed, and then, somewhat less whole-heartedly, St. Gall, Appenzell, Graubünden, and Solothurn. These, you will reflect, represented mainly the men of the towns, the men who were in



the stream of contemporary thought. But over against them were the men of the mountains, the men of the Forest cantons that had formed the nucleus of the Swiss Confederation. They remained loyally Catholic. It has been suggested that their simple lives were mirrored in the lives of their village priests, who showed none of the degeneracy that set the men of towns against their own priesthood. Whether this be so or not, the Forest cantons stood firm as the stronghold of Catholicism in Switzerland; and it is possible that their latest reinforcement and their one city, Lucerne, had more worldly motives for resisting the march of the Reformation; for Lucerne was in the pay of France, and was the leading exporter of mercenary troops. Measures were demanded for the suppression of heresy at Zürich (and Lucerne found in Zürich her chief rival for supremacy). It was even proposed to expel Zürich from the Confederation, and the Forest cantons gave orders for Zwingli's arrest if he should be found within their territories.

Then came one of those picturesque incidents, that even in historical times, and free from the riddling criticism of the investigator, have brightened the story of the Swiss Republic.

Between the religious parties the gulf widened, until the split became political as well as religious. The "Christian League" was formed—for Zwingli



THE UPPER GLACIER, GRINDELWALD



at Zürich and Calvin at Geneva were organising the revolt against Rome. This was a Protestant League between the Swiss Reformers, headed by Zürich and Bern, and it was joined by some of the German cities as well as the Elector of Hesse. The Catholics, on the other hand, formed an alliance with Ferdinand of Austria, a strenuous ally of the Vatican. And war was declared by Zürich upon the Forest cantons. It seemed that the Confederation was to be rent asunder ; for even Zwingli, who took the field with his city's troops, was against the temporising measures which were adopted, averring that one day the Catholics would be in the ascendant, and would not show so much consideration. A sense of humour saved the situation for a moment, and brought about the famous " Kappeler Milchsuppe." It was one of those incidents that brighten every war ; even as the Japanese exchanged cigarettes with the Russians in the Manchurian trenches, and Boers and British bombarded each other on Christmas Day at Mafeking with—puddings. At Kappel the two armies met, Catholics and Protestants, and lay facing one another. And for the moment the religious fury subsided under the influence of good-fellowship. " A band of jolly Catholics had got hold of a large bowl of milk, but, lacking bread, they placed it on the boundary line between Zug and Zürich. At once a group of Zürich men turned up with some loaves, and presently the

whole party fell to eating the 'Milchsuppe' right merrily." On June 29, 1529, a peace was concluded by which the Austrian League was dissolved and freedom of worship granted to all.

That "Milchsuppe" was the first Lord's Supper to consecrate the union of men who were agreed, for the moment, in faith that the differences on earth could be reconciled by heaven; that the men of warring dogmas may meet at the Throne of Grace. But those men had far to go, and many fights to suffer before the calm of religious peace was finally found.

Not even the Protestants could quite reach mutual agreement, and the meeting of Luther and Zwingli at the Castle of Marburg, in hope of reconciling the German Protestants and the Swiss Reformers, was somewhat inconclusive. Luther, the man of feeling, fighting the Powers of Darkness; Zwingli, the man of calm reason, with eyes peering for the Light. Both so honest. And all the princes, nobles, and savants of the Reformation movement, who were present at the conference, could not reconcile the two intellects.

The sentimentalism—it was more than that—the instinct of the "Milchsuppe" on the field of warfare had not yet won. Two years later the Christian League (Zwingli was against the measure), in order to cut the Forest cantons off from the Catholic alliance and bring them to submission through hunger,

excluded them from the markets of Zürich and Bern, markets that were absolutely necessary for their supply. Once again the opposing armies met at Kappel. Zwingli was in the forefront of the fight, in which on this occasion the odds were greatly in favour of the Catholics. With the leading men of the city, clergy, councillors, and many relatives of his own, Zwingli fell, in the thickest of the fray.

In this story of Zwingli and the opposing armies at Kappel we have the kernel of the history of the Swiss Confederation for many years—for nearly two centuries: the history of a small gathering of German-speaking men, but men of many modes of life: the history of a tiny people touching the political and religious influences of Europe at each frontier: the history of men who throughout it all retained the consciousness that it were better to remain on the mountain than to descend to the plain of religious conflict. Nevertheless, for many years the loose Confederation continued to be torn by religious controversies. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries religion dominated politics, and it was Luther, Calvin, Zwingli against the Pope of Rome and his adherents. The settling down of Western Europe after the period of the Reformation found the cantons, still loosely held together, religiously separated. For there were two Leagues, which held separate Diets, the Catholics at Lucerne

and the Protestants at Aarau. And the possible political split was emphasised by the close alliance of the Protestant cantons with France and the dependence of the Catholic cantons upon Spain and Rome.

In this brief sketch of the history of the Swiss Confederation we are but glancing at the salient features, and here and there a picturesque incident of the gradual coming together of the cantons, which have now achieved the position of the most democratic state in the world. We must pass over the terrible Peasant Revolt of 1653—in itself a sign of the social reaction that was coming over the country; for it was suppressed with great slaughter, and our cantons remained at their proper number. Religious questions arose, and were fought out in two contests with which the name of Villmergen is associated. In 1656 the Protestants were defeated; but six-and-fifty years later, the Protestants gained a decisive victory at Villmergen, and the consequent peace-treaty of Aarau established the equality of the rival religions in the Swiss Confederation. From that moment until the outbreak of the French Revolution, the echoes of which have been reverberating through the world for more than a century, Switzerland has been free from internal wars. The cantons have sternly refrained from drawing the sword in the interests of the Gospel of Peace, and such religious difficulties as have arisen—they must always



SNOW SHADOWS AT CILERNA





arise among human beings whose sincerity is not combined with omniscience—have been arranged with the wranglings and the compromises of the Council-chamber. Switzerland as well as Germany has had its Kulturkampf, a war which broke out after the Vatican Council of 1870, a war which six-and-thirty years later has broken out again in France, a war which in its last expression is the struggle of the man who thinks he knows against the man who thinks God has given him greater knowledge. But the war in Switzerland was fought out peaceably enough, though with much wrangling; the truce of 1878 has left its ripples on the surface of Swiss life; but you will find no touch of venom on the tongue of the reverend Protestant professor who discusses the education question in a canton which contains a generous sprinkling of Roman Catholics. The Kulturkampf, or in other words, the modern protest against religious tyranny, has been fought out and won in Switzerland, with a well-understood agreement as the result.

But here we are looking forward to the result when we should be considering the means. And there was a moment when political considerations clamped together the small communities, who had been eyeing one another from pulpits, convents, and altars. As we have seen, the principle of religious equality had been established with the treaty signed

after the second contest at Villmergen, in 1712. Nevertheless, the Catholics, longing to regain their lost supremacy, entered into a secret compact with Louis XIV., and once again the danger of a religious split arose. Politics gained the day—and France gained; for once more Austria hovered upon the borders of the cantons, and the common fear of Austria, which had given birth to the baby Confederation, blew wholesomely upon the growing youth.

This hereditary mistrust of Austria and its domination once again showed its influence upon Swiss history, though Catholics regretted their lost supremacy and Protestants were anxious to extend their power. In 1777 Protestants and Catholics together entered into a league with Louis XVI. For the first time since the Reformation the two religious parties had sunk their religious differences and come to an agreement as to their political action. Moreover, this definite acceptance of French influence had its effect in the final making of Switzerland when that political Reformation came—the French Revolution—that altered the map of Europe. So far, however, we have a loosely strung series of cities and districts, separated by religious differences, bound by the common political interest against outside aggression, and bound, too, by common speech. For hitherto the Swiss Confederation consisted of German-speaking men, and in 1777 even Geneva was not yet in Switzerland.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE COMPLETION OF THE CONFEDERATION

BEFORE coming to the moment when the men of French and Italian speech were received as full members of the Swiss Confederation, we must turn aside to glance at the condition of Switzerland in the eighteenth century. The "independence" of Switzerland as recognised by the Peace of Westphalia was a purely political matter; and it would be a mistake to suppose that the Confederation was a Republic in the social sense. It was far otherwise. Even in 1653, five years after the formal recognition of Swiss independence, there was a terrible revolt of the peasants against their free rulers, and the cantons put down the revolt with immense slaughter of hardy mountaineers and tillers of the soil. In the eighteenth century Switzerland had become the home of oligarchies, set firm in cities dominated by solemn merchants or ruled by the local aristocracy which the waves of revolution have swept away. There was nothing of democracy to be found in Switzerland during this period. We find everywhere the reigning families, the reigning *cliques*, and the

other people whose only political duty was obedience. Curiously enough the descendants of the men who had fought for freedom, though still banded against foreign aggression, had acquired subject lands and ruled them with a despotism that, often benevolent enough, was still despotism. Conquest or purchase had brought outlying portions of this centre of Europe under control of this or the other of the cantons. Aargau, Thurgau, Ticino, Vaud, and slices of the present canton of St. Gall, were the subject districts that were administered after patriarchal fashion by the rulers of the cities, who had acquired the seat of the mighty, governed the country districts which had come under their control, and with the human aversion from taxation, shunted the burden so far as possible on to the shoulders of the subjects. As yet there was no liberty or equality, only the hint of fraternity.

Bern, already the political centre of the Confederation, was the greatest holder of subject territories, and more particularly it had its hold upon Vaud, which was not yet a canton. Indeed Vaud, with Lausanne as its capital, and still under the thumb of Bern, became, by some odd freak of circumstance, the very centre of intellectual life in Switzerland during the eighteenth century. For, despairing of gaining any foothold in the government of things, the Vaudois gave themselves up to intellectual and

peaceful pursuits, encouraged by the amenities of their position on Lake Lemman. In another chapter some of those literary memories are recorded, memories that include Gibbon, Voltaire, Rousseau, Mme. de Staël, and many others. But Vaud was not yet Switzerland. The man who thought, and scoffed, and joked, and worked—Voltaire—hovering on the verge of modern Switzerland and the modern revolution, saw clearly enough the ills of the peasants and the workmen, the evils of the oligarchical system that then passed muster for freedom. But Switzerland had to wait for the devastating sweep of the men who sang the Marseillaise.

Genial enough, though rigid, was the rule of the oligarch who had become tyrant—after the approved style of the Greek city which Montesquieu admired—for the strong man always wins in the Council Chamber, and Landvogt Landolt von Greifensee of Zürich remains as the type of the man who came to the top in these important times of preparation.

Landolt von Greifensee ruled Zürich with the iron hand in a velvet glove. He had no sympathy with the revolutionary, and thought the peasant better without education. In that respect he has his successors; for I have known an owner of brickfields who asserted that he would give double wages to the brickmaker who had not learned to read. This leads to many avenues of thought. Let us return to

Landolt von Greifensee, who advocated compulsory attendance at church, and considered flogging the best possible kind of punishment for those who disobeyed him. You may imagine the benevolent despot Landolt, going about Zürich rigged out in the costume of the mountaineer, trying to find out the haunts of the drunkard and the gambler. One welcomes the humorous tyranny that caught the drunkard, with head swimming in liquor, and put him in a revolving cage until he recovered his sobriety and equilibrium. And when he found a couple quarrelling, what did the genial tyrant do but shut them up and give them a single spoon wherefrom to eat!

Bern presented perhaps the finest modern type of that city republic, of which the Greek city was the prototype. Bern, which had its grip upon subject lands—a city free from outside control, a city with rulers and ruled, a city without an idea that the labour vote was within the sphere of practical politics. Bern was the school of politics, and the young men of the leading families were brought up to the habit of discussion and despotism. The young men had a society among themselves, the “Ausserer Stand,” which was designed to train the youthful diplomatist in the proper ways of government. And Bern, nearly two hundred years ago, had acquired the social organism which has lasted



BERN FROM THE NYDECK BRIDGE.





even to our own days—the separation of the three classes, though, as we have seen, the political avalanche has swept away the other differences.

Bern was governed during this eighteenth century by an oligarchy of the closest description. Three hundred and sixty families had acquired the supremacy; these were the “reigning families,” and from these alone were the councils and governors selected. Tradesmen and labourers had no voice whatever in the government. Moreover, those “reigning families,” so far from recruiting themselves with fresh blood, made it their aim to concentrate their power in fewer hands. As time went on the families who supplied the ruling class were reduced by natural death and devices of more human ingenuity to something less than a fourth of the above number. And in the desire for exclusiveness the oligarchy of Bern called in the aid of woman; for when male heirs to privileges were wanting, the rights were assigned to daughters as dowries. It became impossible for any outsider to enter the sacred circle of the Bernese oligarchy, and it has been noted as remarkable that Haller, the great poet, was not admitted into its ranks. One must, however, remember that even England never admitted a poet—as a poet—to the hereditary chamber until Alfred Tennyson was elected to the peerage. Beneath these supreme rulers came the mass of people without any rights but those that

were granted and could be withdrawn at the will of the superior authority.

The next class was that of the permanent residents, who, under the name of "Ewige Habitanten," held the position of guests in the house of a host who maintained full control of his expenditure and service. They had no political rights, no share in the government. But they might pursue their trades, they might teach in the schools, they might preach in the churches. Indeed the governing families did none of those things.

But while these "permanent residents" who made the prosperity and the reputation of the city had no political privileges, there was a class below that was saddled with definite disabilities. This was composed of the "settlers" (or "Ansässige"), the labourers, the country-folk, and the commoner sort generally, to say nothing of the foreign refugees who were already finding Switzerland a haven of refuge. Members of this class were relegated to a position not unlike that of the Kaffirs in South Africa in relation to the white man. These men—ancestors of the free and independent Swiss peasant of to-day—were not permitted to buy houses, to have their children baptized in the city, to have tombstones set up over the graves of members of their family. It is even recorded that before eleven in the forenoon—by which time it was presumed their betters

would have done their business and acquired the pick of the basket—they were forbidden to appear in the market. Protests, even plots and struggles were not unknown, and in the mid-century Henzi was caught as the leader of a democratic revolt that was but the shadow of the coming French Revolution cast before, and he with his associates was put to death.

In the eighteenth century indeed, the Swiss cantons, as well as the semi-independent cities adjoining, had lost, with few exceptions, the first fine frenzy of democratic rapture. The exceptions were those rural cantons which in their mountain simplicity had retained the ancient institutions. For the rest, Bern may stand as a type. Local families had formed themselves into close oligarchies in Solothurn, Lucerne, and Freiburg, as well as in Bern, while in other districts, such as Zürich, Basel, and Schaffhausen, the trade guilds had seized the supremacy. In Geneva, as appears in another chapter, the common folk had no voice in the government, and Voltaire, the intellectual spitfire, seated upon a safe apex at Ferney, did his best to bring about a quiet revolution around his dinner-table.

The outburst of the French Revolution, therefore, found Switzerland full of tinder ready for the spark.

With that outbreak the small Confederation, which seemed to have curiously missed its way to the ideal

of democratic freedom, fused, melted, and finally emerged, after much confusion and many tribulations, as a unity from diversity of speech and faith.

But Switzerland had to go through the fire. The spark of the Revolution caught Geneva first, nominally independent, and really under the thumb of an oligarchy. And the proscriptions of Paris found their echo in the executions at Geneva. French emissaries swarmed in the cities and preached in the Alpine valleys, shouting the gospel of liberty, fraternity, and equality. The Swiss guards died in defending the Tuileries against the Paris mob; but throughout Switzerland the passion for freedom spread, and popular risings against the oligarchies were of everyday occurrence. In September 1791, for example, Lower Valais revolted against its oligarchical rulers of Upper Valais; and Bern, the type of an oligarchical community, stamped out the movement. The republican movement spread. In Paris, the Helvetic Club, with César de la Harpe of Vaud and Peter Ochs of Basel as leaders—names that seem to link France and Germany—was founded in 1790 by men who, with various ideas of ways and means, had the common ideal of freeing their country from the aristocratic yoke, and bringing its government into some sort of conformity with that of France. It was a difficult job, when Napoleon was appearing over the horizon of politics. But Napoleon was



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friendly to Peter Ochs, and when he passed through Switzerland in 1797, he accepted gladly the welcome of Basel and Vaud, and refused to have any dealings with Bern.

About Bern gathered the turmoils of war; for here was the typical oligarchy against the forces of the revolution. Vaud had proclaimed a "Lemanic Republic." Republics in those days were two a penny, and the republican government was soon unseated from its temporary place at Lausanne.

It was the business of France to free Europe from the yoke of oligarchy, and Bern was the stronghold to be attacked. Brune and Schauenburg, Von Erlach and Von Steiger, were the contestants, and the conquest of Bern is another of the picturesque incidents of Swiss history. For Bern, regarded with scant favour by the neighbouring cantons, was left practically to her own resources. Two French armies marched to the conquest of the city. Ludwig von Erlach was driven back by Schauenburg from Fraubrunnen to Grauholz, a few miles from Bern, and here the Swiss made one of those desperate resistances that have often brought them glory. Even women and children seized whatever weapons they could find and fought desperately. For three hours the struggle lasted, and then the news came that Bern had opened her gates. Brune, who was in chief command of the French forces, announced that he



had come as a friend, and would respect the property of the Swiss. For all that the treasuries of the city were emptied.

Moreover, Bern lost her three famous bears. For nearly three hundred years Bern had kept bears in the Bärengraben, indeed ever since the famous siege of Novara in 1513, when the Swiss had barred the attempt of the French king to reconquer Milan, and caused Machiavelli to prophesy that they would one day be supreme over Italy. The famous bears were brought to Bern as French trophies. The rapacity of Brune, the French commander, had a touch of sentiment in it ; for he carried away to France again these curious symbols of victory, and they were nicknamed after the defeated Swiss leaders — Erlach, Steiger, and Weiss.

Bern had fallen, as a stronghold of aristocracy, and with the fall of Bern the new democracy of France set itself to recognise the Confederation. The Directory abolished the old Confederation, and established a "one and undivided Helvetic Republic" modelled upon its own transitory life and being.

Switzerland, then, which had once before been cast into the melting-pot of the Reformation, and had emerged a German-speaking Confederation of differing faiths and governments, was cast once more into the melting-pot by the revolutionary outbreak in France.

Somewhat sullenly the cantons which contained the larger towns, such as Bern, Zürich, and Lucerne, accepted the reforms imposed, and even acquiesced in the raising of the subject districts to an equality with the older cantons. But the Forest cantons, the men of the Alp and the mountain, were fanatically opposed to any interference with their ancient rights and abuses, especially when such interference came from the French-speaking foreigner. Even the priests—as is always the manner of the priest in a remote village—were as fanatically patriotic as their flocks, and much more eloquent. The Forest cantons refused to surrender without a life and death struggle the result of all these years it had cost to weld the Swiss people into a nation independent of the outsider. Schwyz, Uri, Unterwalden, Zug, Glarus, and Appenzell rose again and again in opposition to French interference, and again and again were defeated.

The few years that succeeded the proclamation of the “one and undivided Helvetic Republic” was one of tremendous strife, of heroism, perhaps not wasted, but yielding only temporary defeat; for the resistance of the men of the mountain was scattered, nor was there a great military leader to gather the avalanche in overwhelming strength. It is not the purpose of this sketch to follow in detail the struggles of those few years. But certain scenes, certain names,

certain incidents stand out, and linger in the memory of every Swiss man who has been taught at school the steps whereby those cantons reached their number of two-and-twenty and their unique position in the centre of Europe. There is not a Swiss man who does not remember the struggle of Schwyz against the attack of Schauenburg, who led the French forces, and the name of Reding, a young officer who had learned his business in the Spanish service—not a Swiss man who forgets that of the three victories won by Reding's 4000 peasants, one was gained on the historic field of Morgarten.

The French idea was really to crush the unity in diversity of the Swiss into a logical, homogeneous republic after the approved pattern of the *doctrinaires*; and that was the main question to be fought out between the "liberators" and the men who wanted to stumble towards freedom by the light of their own lanterns. Gloomy was the prospect of Switzerland when Unterwalden incurred the vengeance of France, and sent its armies to bring Nidwalden to heel. (Unterwalden is composed of two semi-cantons, Obwalden and Nidwalden, which are divided by a mountain range.) Two thousand opposed sixteen thousand, and here, too, the women and children took willing service with the patriots. For days the fierce fight lasted, until the Alpacher See and the Kernserwald were red with the blood of the invaders.

But the result could not be long in doubt. The French rushed Stans, the chief place of the district, and spread fire and massacre throughout the neighbourhood.

In these days you may reach Stans by steamer and electric railway from your tourist centre at Lucerne, and in your greatest hurry you should pay your respects to the statue of Arnold von Winkelried, a native of this little town of about 3000 inhabitants—he still carries that “sheaf of spears” in his frozen arms. You may still see his alleged house. But you may see also the tablet that commemorates the death of 414, including women and children, who were massacred in defending their houses against the French in the never-forgotten September of 1798. One may quote from Simond the cold figures of that heroic resistance, that cruel victory—the resistance of men who desired freedom, the victory of men who desired to impose it, for it makes one of the most bloodily ironical scenes in the history of a country that teems with irony.

“On the 3rd of September 1798, General Schauenburg, the French commander, directed a general attack to be made, by means of boats from Lucerne as well as by the Oberland. Repulsed with great spirit by the inhabitants, only 2000 strong, the attack was renewed every day from the 3rd to the 9th of September. On this last day, towards two in the

afternoon, reinforcements having penetrated by the land side, with field-pieces, the invaders forced their way into the very heart of the country. In their despair the people rushed on them with very inferior arms. Whole families perished together; 102 young women and 25 children were found among the dead, side by side with their fathers and brothers, near the chapel of Winkelried. Sixty-three persons who had taken shelter in the church of Stans were slaughtered there, with the priest at the altar. Every house in the open country, in all 600, was burnt down; Stans itself escaped through the humanity of a *chef de brigade*."

That splendid resistance moved the heart of Europe and the compassion of the victor, for Schauenburg had food distributed to the starving peasants and townsmen.

It is noteworthy that Stans has a less bloody but equally heroic reputation. For it was here that Pestalozzi, the great educationist, who was supported by Stapfer in these times of stress, established his school for the orphans of the district.

For the moment, however, we are concerned with the Helvetic Republic, and the French ideal was met with furious opposition by the dwellers apart in the mountain valleys, who resented the logical levelling of the constitution-mongers. All the illogical arrangements of "Landsgemeinde"—one might translate

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them into parish councils—cantons, all the vivid local life and tradition, the prejudices, the compromises ; all that had led along the path to a united Switzerland of Swiss, was to be swept away. It was to be a nice, clean Republic—with no ragged edges, and no sentiment !

But the French could not teach the Swiss much in the way of politics.

Yet there was a dreadful interval. And the fatal moment came when the Franco-Helvetic alliance was concluded in 1798, abolished Swiss neutrality, and opened the country to the contending forces of Austria, Russia, and France. Terrible years followed, when through the passes swept foreign forces, laying toll of blood and money upon the cantons, which were now wondering whether they formed a nation or a combination of hotel and hospital ; for the valleys, the “alps,” and even the mountain passes were turned into a military camp, whence sallied the contending armies of the new French Republic and the armies of Russia and Austria, all of them trying to smother the baby in its cradle. In those few years Switzerland, as a political expression, scarcely existed—it was indeed like to be swept clean from the map of Europe by the contending artillery of the greater nations. The men of the mountain looked on sullenly at the dire doings, while Massena, Korsakow, and Suwarow struggled against each other in the interests



of France, Russia, and Austria. There were brave doings among these, and Soult himself beat back the Austrian forces on the marshy land between Lake Zürich and Walensee.

And there must be remembered the wonderful Alpine marches of Suwarow, more especially the march across the Panixer pass. The track had been obliterated by newly fallen snow. One reads of that terrible journey back to Austria, of the troops cut to pieces, worn out by hunger, cold, and fatigue, crawling like caterpillars up walls of ice—of men, horses, and guns falling into hidden crevasses. The attempt to crush the Helvetic Republic failed. The French Republic was the self-appointed nurse of its Helvetic baby, but the baby kicked, for the price paid for the nursing was a big one. It is recorded that one of the valleys of Uri during a single year—from 1798 to 1799—was called upon to provide food for 861,700 men, and a small hamlet in Freiburg had to feed 25,000 in half a year. During four months, Thurgau spent 1,500,000 francs in provisioning French troops.

Such was the tariff which the "liberators" imposed for the imposition of "freedom," and it is no wonder that the Swiss man thought the price too high.

Then for five years or so came a swirl of *coups d'état* and changes of constitution, which were merely



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an echo of the quick-change governments in Paris, Ochs and La Harpe following each other and failing to reorganise the contending elements on a permanent basis. So came the moment when Napoleon stepped upon the European stage, and the ring of his voice sounded through Switzerland.

Napoleon had a fondness for Switzerland—was he not the great road-maker of the passes?—not entirely in the interests of the little nation. And he went about the business diplomatically. His opportunity came with the Peace of Amiens in 1802. He withdrew the French troops from Swiss territory with the object (as we can see now) of letting the Helvetic Republic “stew in its own juice.” It stewed finely, and the Helvetic government had to scurry like a rabbit from city to city while the Swiss began to fight it out among themselves in the struggle that was humorously called the *Stecklikrieg*, or *Guerre aux bâtons*, from the elementary equipment of the contestants. Then Napoleon, having bided his time, offered his services as mediator. The result was an order to lay down arms, to come to Paris, and the Mediation Act.

Napoleon was quite courteous and complaisant, though he arrested the deputies who did not obey his summons. We have a pleasing picture of the First Consul sitting in the midst of the delegates, with the four French Commissioners, and making

speeches which showed his marvellous grasp of the smallest details of local politics. We find him pointing out that Switzerland was unique among European countries in history, geographical position, and its inclusion of three nationalities and three languages. Nature herself, he said, had clearly intended her to be a federal state. To the Forest cantons, which gave the Republic its character, he restored the "Landsgemeinde" (which, as has been said, may be translated into "parish councils"), "so rich in memories of the past," and to the city cantons he gave back the ancient councils with certain remodellings. To each canton home rule. But a central Government in the form of a Tagsatzung, and at the head of all a Landamman—Louis d'Affry, of Freiburg. We have, too, the pleasant picture of the First Consul standing against the mantelpiece with the delegates around him and before him, and talking of the affairs of Switzerland as though he had no other interest in life—only there was the continual hint that Swiss interests were bound up with the French.

For Switzerland the main point in that discussion was Napoleon's assertion that the position of the "subject lands," which we have already noticed, was incompatible with the ideas of a modern Republic. They must be cantons! The revival of the old cantonal system, even the modifications,



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was a concession ; but if we are to take Switzerland as the central point in the turmoil that Napoleon brought about in Europe, the inclusion of the six new cantons was his stroke of genius. Graubünden, St. Gallen, Aargau, Thurgau, Vaud, and Ticino were added to the Confederation, and henceforth the official name for that Confederation was " Die Schweiz."

Thus three nationalities and three languages met in a Confederation nominally under the thumb of France. It was the task of the arch-despot of Europe to raise the French and Italian-speaking cantons to a level with the original men of the forest who had laid the foundations of freedom. Another touch of irony in that story that is so full of strange combinations of the peasant, the patriot, the statesman, and the mercenary.

The number of cantons now reached nineteen, and the " Act of Mediation " remained in force until the fall of Napoleon brought about another reconstruction of the map of Europe.

Nevertheless Switzerland had to pay a high price for the apparent freedom imposed by Napoleon. The men who had fought so sturdily for their independence were not only forbidden to take up arms in civil warfare, but they were denied the privilege of maintaining a federal force beyond the numbers requisite for purposes of police. Thus left without means of organised national defence,



Switzerland found itself compelled to enter into the closest alliance with France (and now France was but another name for Napoleon), a necessity which had undoubtedly been foreseen by the First Consul when in the interval for refreshment he leaned against the mantelpiece and hinted at the community of interests! The Bill came in with the demand that the French army should be kept constantly supplied with 16,000 Swiss soldiers; and in order to meet the Bill it happened often that the prisons must be opened to provide food for powder. It was a dismal time for Switzerland; yet, oddly enough, it was a period when many social and industrial movements were astir. Pestalozzi's influence was at work in the cantons, and his disciple, Von Fellenberg, was devising and carrying out a scheme for the establishment of elementary schools, agricultural schools, and high schools—much as we understand the term to-day. Spinning-mills were started; the first was born under the blessing of the Church, and was cradled in the cloisters of St. Gall. That was in 1800. But within a dozen years many more mills began to turn their wheels, and in 1812—the date blazes with the fires of Moscow, freezes with the Winter Retreat, and clangs in the music of Tschaikowsky—in 1812 Rieter & Co., a firm which was to gain a world-wide reputation, laid its solid foundations.





Thus Switzerland, still the point of calm in the midst of turmoil, went about its business.

But it was not to be hoped that the battle of Leipzig, which brought Napoleon to his knees, could leave the fortunes of this little nation untouched. The cantons, in spite of French exactions, were not inclined to try the fire instead of the frying-pan, and took no part in the battle of the nations—except in so far as their forced levies were concerned. Nevertheless, they made one effort to claim their neutrality by force of arms. A muster of about 15,000 men gathered about the frontier, with some idea of disputing the passage of the Allies into France. They had to face 170,000 victorious troops, German and Austrian. Across Switzerland marched the huge army. The Swiss had to give them passage, and wait upon events.

With the fall of Napoleon the “Act of Mediation” came clattering down upon the ears of the little nation; for the new arbiters of Europe could not be expected to pay any regard to the arrangements of the great iconoclast, road-builder, and map-maker.

Switzerland at once slipped back into the era of oligarchical privileges and abuses; the towns, cities, corporations, jumped their claims and resumed the rights and abuses of the eighteenth century. For a moment the country was split into squabbling

factions, the sense of unity had been lost, or perhaps never quite gained, and the cantons divided themselves into two Confederations. These disputes it is scarcely necessary to follow; for the Vienna Congress, a gathering of the nations that "danced, but did not progress" (it cost Francis I. thirty million florins in hospitality), had also serious business to settle. Among other business, the settlement of Switzerland. The internal squabbles were more or less ignored, or shelved. But Switzerland was recognised as a valuable bulwark against French aggression. And the little nation was once again given her independence, and her neutrality was guaranteed in perpetuity. Moreover, Geneva, which had made many overtures for reception into the Confederation, was recognised as a canton. Valois and Neuchâtel also were admitted, though Neuchâtel, by a strange anomaly, remained also a Prussian duchy. But by the Congress of Vienna the cantons were brought up to the present number of twenty-two.

Thus we have traced the story of Switzerland to the point where the external unity was accomplished. Much, however, remained to be done before the state of unstable equilibrium could be reached, and these men of various languages, of many prejudices, of differing and sincere religious beliefs, of ideals that must be compromised, had to fight the questions out, with Europe guarding the

ring of mountains. Not altogether peacefully did the two-and-twenty cantons settle down into the Confederation, which will be sketched in a subsequent chapter. The Government, loose and ill-centralised, had slipped back into the eighteenth century, and was out of hand. There was also the problem of the conflicting religions. Both questions had to be fought out by the cantons before the equilibrium was gained.

Religion and politics were the two problems that had to be faced by these men, who were dimly groping after the Republic of which other men have dreamed. Now and again the Government was caught in the real swirl of European politics, as when the demand for the expulsion of Louis Napoleon was met upon the frontier by 25,000 men, sworn to protect a refugee who had become a Swiss burgher. Yet the real struggle was an internal one. This is not the place in which to follow out the petty contests which were sometimes the echoes and sometimes the preludes of the waves of religious and political conflict that swept across Europe in the years that followed the reaction after the Congress of Vienna. But religion and politics combined as fuel for the fire of the struggle of 1847, which formed the prelude to the disturbances of Europe in 1848. That struggle, short, sharp, and practically decisive, was in fact the picture in miniature of the Civil War

of the United States, in which the question of slavery was but the secondary question to the vital one—shall the Republic remain one and indivisible, or shall it be divided? In Switzerland the religious differences between Catholics and Protestants took the place which in America was occupied by the differences between the slave-holders and the Abolitionists. To those who have seen and admired the perfect amity that reigns to-day between the adherents of these two branches of the Christian faith in Switzerland, the furious contest of 1847 seems almost incredible. Yet it came near to splitting the little Republic, and leaving it at the mercy of the Watchful Neighbours.

In several of the cantons the Catholics, though in a minority, had certain advantages over the Protestants, and, remembering their name, the Protestants protested. Monasteries, Jesuits, Reformed preachers, politicians, the Diet itself came into the verbal struggle. To the tinder the match was set when six of the cantons—Uri, Schwyz, Unterwalden, Zug, Freiburg, and Valais—linked themselves into a secret league, which remained secret for no long time, and is known in history as the Sonderbund. That was in 1845.

For the moment Catholics and Protestants faced each other in the Diet, and the demand for separation was formulated. The Protestants were in the







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position taken up by the North, the Catholics in that assumed by the South a few years later in America. Being in a majority in the Diet the Protestant section demanded the dissolution of the Sonderbund. That was refused. And the parties prepared for war. Once again the Swiss Republic was in dire danger of death.

About a hundred thousand men answered the call of the Diet, and they were placed under the command of General Dufour, the soldier of the Napoleonic school whose name is connected with the survey that produced the Swiss topographical maps which bear his name. Against these the Sonderbund could bring but 75,000, and it had no Dufour as tactician in command. Neighbouring nations stood round, with varying sympathies; and the general European trend was in favour of the Sonderbund. France and Austria, and even Prussia, sent promises of support. But when the manifesto of the Powers was levelled at the Swiss, Lord Palmerston, who was on the side of the Protestants, held it back until the last day of November in 1847. By that time the bomb refused to explode. Dufour had brought the campaign to an end in little more than three weeks, and by November 29 he had crushed the last attempt from within to split the Swiss Confederation. Nor was there any rancour left. It is true that the echoes of the Kulturkampf,

or struggle against the undue influences of the Roman Catholic priesthood, spread its echoes into Switzerland from Germany after the Vatican Council of 1870, but the struggle was merely verbal.

Of Swiss patriotism we have seen much. That spirit sprang to life again three months later, when Europe was convulsed with the Revolution of 1848. The mere hint of foreign invasion brought Catholics and Protestants together, and once again exterior pressure welded the little Republic into an incompressible solidity.

The year 1848, which saw Europe swept with revolutionary outbursts, and witnessed the reorganisation of so many constitutions, did not leave Switzerland untouched. France, Prussia, and Austria were seething with the disorder that was to bring new ideals to birth, and were too busily engaged in internal tumults to subject Switzerland to the fate of Poland. Swiss statesmen had leisure to take advantage of the new ideas which were stirring in Europe, and by the late summer the reactionary influences of the Congress of Vienna were swept away, and a Federal Constitution was drafted which was based in great measure on the lines of the Act of Mediation, while it adopted some of the features of the Constitution of the United States of North America. The problem—the self-same problem that confronted the framers of the American Constitution, and con-

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fronts all combinations of closely allied peoples with the passion for self-government—was to devise some means of obtaining a controlling and central Government while preserving the individuality of the constituent cantons. In another chapter it will be shown what measure of success attended the efforts of these framers of the new Constitution—how far Switzerland has realised the ideal of vivid local life with the most efficient central control. It may suffice here to point out that the Constitution of 1848 converted the Confederation from a *Staatenbund*—which is a mere treaty alliance of neighbours—into a *Bundestaat*, or a single state composed of members of whom each retains a certain measure of independence. That is the central idea of the Swiss Republic.

September 12, 1848, is the date on which the new Constitution was proclaimed with the firing of cannon, illuminations, and general rejoicings. And, with few modifications, such as the skilled engineer devises for his machine when friction occurs, that constitution is the one under which Switzerland lives to-day. Indeed the history of the country during the past six decades has been that of the gradual settling down of men who, differing in speech and faith, have the inborn love of independence, and will pay the requisite price in concession and sacrifice of non-essentials in order to make that independence secure.

One remembers that in France's Terrible Year, a French army was driven across the Swiss frontier. Switzerland was then strong enough to maintain its absolute neutrality and inviolability. Firmly but gently the beaten French were disarmed. And the treatment of those brave but beaten troops was typical of a little nation that had fought, suffered, and conquered in the end.

## CHAPTER V

### THE SWISS GOVERNMENT

WE have thus traced in outline, lingering over only the most salient points, the journey whereby this little people of different race, language, and religion, reached the Promised Land. They came through desert, battlefield, fire, and famine; many times, as we have seen, the pressure of external forces or of internal disagreements threatened to split the Confederation asunder from within or to crush it from without. But a certain spirit of resistance, a certain spirit of cohesion, animated these men of the mountain, and remained with them even when many of them had become men of the city and the factory. The Constitution of Switzerland has been built up, brick by brick, and while there are still corners and cupolas to be completed, the Confederation presents the best picture the political world of to-day can offer of a real democracy in being.

As the Swiss Constitution is a growth of centuries, and not a *doctrinaire* programme imposed from without, you will expect to find anomalies, com-

promises, and all the devices for dovetailing the life of the past into the life of the present. England has passed through a similar process, with her neighbouring Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, to say nothing of the dominions beyond the seas, but with somewhat less of success, if pure democracy is to be regarded as the ideal.

For example, the *Gemeinde*, or commune, as it is called in the French cantons, is the very base of the pyramid of the Swiss Republic, and the principle that every Swiss man is first and foremost a member of his commune has never been ignored. Of these communes there are 3000; varying of course in character, some being made up mainly of peasants and herdsman, others comprising such cities as Bern, Zürich, and Basel. Originally all the inhabitants of a commune had equal rights to pasturage, and so forth, on communal lands, and there still exists some friction between the original inhabitants, or possessors of full "*Bürger*" rights, and the "*strangers*" who have acquired land by purchase. But it is obviously impossible to enforce the rights of the "*original settlers*" in the cities, though, as we shall presently see, in the case of Geneva, Voltaire had to undertake a futile crusade for the equalisation of the privileges of the inhabitants. One of the stirrings in Switzerland is the demand that the last remaining privileges of the "*Bürger*"







communes shall go, and that the commune shall embrace all its inhabitants.

The commune, then, remains as the basis of Swiss political life, and it has liberty to arrange its own affairs so long as the results of that arrangement do not transcend the communal boundaries. And in each canton, according to its natural demands, the primitive meeting of citizens takes place, or the representatives are elected as in the cities, where special bodies are chosen to look after special demands of municipal life. Yet the principle is still alive in its primitive form in some of the cantons, such as Uri, Glarus, Obwald, Nidwald, and the two Appenzells. All strictly local business in these Landsgemeinde cantons, as they are called, is transacted at the communal meetings. But once a year, generally on the last Sunday in April or the first Sunday in May, the body of burghers, composed of all males above the age of twenty, gather and, surrounded by their native mountains, discuss the measures that should be taken. For you will note that the burgher has the right of initiative. One of the most picturesque of these assemblies of peasants with the political instinct is that of the Landsgemeinde of Glarus. As at other Landsgemeinden, the women and children are privileged to attend; but in this case they are given the place of honour, being seated in the very front of the

assembly. Here they listen to the discussion of the affairs of the canton, in which, perhaps, their fathers or brothers take an active part, and they cannot, of course, help being impressed—the children especially—by the simple yet dignified ceremony, transacted as it is under the eye of heaven and in view of the snow-clad mountains. The Landsgemeinde of Uri is well described by Mr. Alfred T. Story in his book on “Swiss Life in Town and Country.”

“I have had the pleasure,” writes Mr. Story, “of attending two Landsgemeinde gatherings, and I know nothing in the way of public electoral functions more strikingly interesting, and at the same time more wonderfully picturesque. The Landsgemeinde of Uri takes place in a meadow at Schaddorf, on the opposite side of the river from Altdorf. The cantonal authorities, mounted, and with the Landamman (or president) at their head, march from Altdorf to the place of meeting, preceded by a detachment of soldiers and a band of music. The standard of the canton is conspicuous in the forefront of the procession, and along with it go two men in old-time costume, bearing aloft the two bulls’ horns, which are at once the insignia and symbol of Uri sovereignty. The business before the assembly on the occasion referred to was very brief. From the hustings the different matters to be settled—and they were very

few—were explained to the people present, the arguments for and against were stated by the various speakers, and then the questions were put to the vote and decided by a show of hands. And the proceedings, which lasted but little more than an hour, closed with prayer.”

Equally picturesque and even more mediæval is the Landsgemeinde of Appenzell-inner-Rhoden, which also Mr. Story witnessed and described. Next to Basel-Stadt (which comprises this city only) this half-canton is the smallest of the States composing the Confederation, and numbers but from 12,000 to 13,000 inhabitants, all except some 600 or 700 of them being Catholics. The Landsgemeinde is held in the public square of Appenzell, which puts on quite a festive appearance for the occasion. The windows of the houses are thronged with the women-folk dressed in their traditional costume, and with children to whom it is the gala of the year. The town is almost entirely ringed in with high hills and towering peaks, and they, together with the green height carrying at its top the ruins of Castle Clanx, can be seen from the spot where is celebrated the great yearly function of the little State.

As in the case of Uri, there is a procession of the cantonal officials. It starts from the buildings devoted to public business, and is headed by the Landamman, who is, however, preceded by a couple

of State functionaries, carrying halberds. All except the Landweibel, or Bailiff, are clothed in black gowns which descend to the feet; the latter being robed half in white and half in black, those being the colours of the little Commonwealth. On one side of the square are two platforms, much like our old election hustings. Upon the higher one, the ends whereof are adorned with a Sword of Justice, the State officials take their places, while upon the lower one the judges of the cantonal Court appear in their robes. The space in front of the hustings soon fills with the members of the Landsgemeinde—the “*ehr-und-wehrfest*” (true and steadfast) men of the community—all clad in their decent church-going clothes, chiefly black, and all wearing by their side an old sword or sabre, as sign and symbol of their freedom. Some of the younger men, however, appear in costume, and this gives a touch of colour to the scene. If the attendance be very good, there may be from 2000 to 2400 “good men and true” present. Reverently, with heads uncovered, they stand while the Landamman opens the day’s proceedings with a speech, dealing with such matters as are uppermost for the time being in the public mind. It is a sight to remember, this simple and stalwart crowd, which presents here and there figures of the rarest type—Capuchin monks, peasants, herdsmen—that might have stepped, so odd and strange are they,



A STREET IN OLD THUN



clean out of the Middle Ages. Having concluded his discourse, the Landamman lays down the seal of State, and descends from the platform, whereupon the Landschreiber (the cantonal secretary) invites the Landsgemeinde to choose a successor, his election or re-election being followed by that of the other officers of State, and the assembly is brought to a close by the new Landamman and then the people taking the oath of fidelity to the State.

This administering of the oath is a very striking ceremony. The Landschreiber reads the oath from the "Landbuch," a portly volume with heavy silver clasps, dating from about the time when our ancestors were whetting their swords to deal with Philip of Spain's Armada. While the oath is being recited, the new Landamman stands with head bent low and raised right hand, the fingers of which are held as the priest holds his in blessing. After the Landamman has taken the oath, the whole Landsgemeinde repeat it after him, with the right hand raised in the same way, and so the function comes to a close.

It must be remembered then, that, while the commune or Gemeinde is the root and basis of Swiss political life, the canton, whose annual meeting has just been described, remains a sovereign State, with power to legislate on all matters within its borders, excepting only those of which it has delegated the



management to the central authority. Of these matters a notable example is afforded by the Swiss railway system, which is almost entirely under control of the Federal Government. Obviously all relations with foreign powers are the business of the Central Government, and the cantons have resigned their rights to make separate alliances with foreign nations or even with other cantons. Yet even here the principle of the sovereignty of the canton is asserted. For not only has each canton liberty of action in regard to its own internal affairs, except in so far as it has delegated its sovereignty to the Central Government, but it can conclude treaties with foreign States in regard to questions of public economy and touching frontier and police regulations, provided such treaties contain nothing contrary to the Federal Constitution or to the rights of other cantons. The coinage, the posts, telegraphs, and telephones are also clearly the business of a central authority, as is the military defence of the Republic. In the matter of military defence Switzerland realises to the full the value of one authority at the centre. No one of the sovereign cantons may maintain its independent army. There is a limit set. And each canton may keep up a force of not more than 300 men, designed for police duties on an emergency. For the rest the Republic, in the military sense, is one. Of the military system of

Switzerland something more may be said elsewhere. But now one may glance at that central authority, with headquarters at Bern as a half-way house between the contending nations and languages, that gathers the reins of many independent States. For it must be remembered that the Swiss Republic, though gripped by the Central Government, draws breath only from the *popularis aura*.

The Central Government, then, charged with the maintenance of law and order at home and the upholding of the national honour abroad, divides itself into three sections—the Executive, the Legislative, and the Judiciary. The supreme legislative power is vested in the Federal Assembly (“Bundesversammlung” or “Assemblée Fédérale”), which meets yearly. This Federal Assembly consists of two bodies, the “Nationalrath,” or National Council, and the “Ständerath,” or Council of States. Here once more one may see the careful balancing of interests which results in the equilibrium of the Swiss nation. The Republic is one and indivisible, and must draw its breath from all the capable males that compose it. But those men are also men of this or that canton, and the two Houses that make up the Federal Assembly are designed to represent—the one the nation, the other the sections, different in speech, religion, and race, which make up that nation. The two Swiss Houses of Parliament, with their elabo-

rately balanced complications, are a triumph of political equipoise. Simple enough is the composition of the Nationalrath, or National Council. It is the outcome of manhood suffrage; for every man of twenty years of age or more has his vote, which he can cast once every three years. The National Council is the "answer" to the sum of competent heads, for a member goes to Bern as the representative of each batch of 20,000—or indeed any fraction over 10,000—citizens.

So is constituted the House that represents Switzerland as a nation. But Switzerland retains the drag on the wheel that in some distant degree corresponds with our own House of Lords, and with the Senate of the United States. For the Second Chamber, the Ständerath, represents not the individual Swiss man, but the canton; and here you may see the exquisite balance of the individual, the parish, the county, and the country. It is the canton that is invited to send its representative to the Ständerath, or Council of States. To this Council of States each canton sends two members, and each half-canton one apiece, so that the Council consists of a balanced body of four-and-forty members. Here again you will note the care with which Switzerland has ensured that all interests shall be represented in the National discussion. The cantons settle their own methods and times for electing their

representatives in the Upper Chamber. Some choose their members every year, others every second year, others again every third year. They do as they please, and whether the canton chooses to leave the choice in the hands of its own Council, or whether it prefers the test of universal suffrage, it is nothing to the Central Government. In any case the men of the canton have made their voice heard, and if they have any doubt as to this, they have the Referendum to fall back upon. Of that something is to be said later ; for while the commune is the root of Swiss political life, the Referendum is the latest blossom to spring naturally from the democratic tree.

You will now have a picture of the stout men of the mountain, the keen men of the city, the *doctrinaires* of the lecture-hall, the hotel-keepers, engineers, and manufacturers, who gather at Bern to talk over what is to be done. Do not forget that these men have been trained in the tradition of the communal discussion, and can drive a new idea through Parliament as they have driven roads over and under their mountains. Four-and-forty who represent the cantons, and about a hundred and seventy (for the number mounts with the population) who represent the capable heads. It appeals to the political dreamer as an ideal Parliament. That miniature State, the Republic, which is composed of so many differences in religion, race, and speech, which has settled down

into the unstable equilibrium befitting the centre of Europe, which is perhaps the best governed country in the world, suggests the United States of America viewed through the wrong end of the telescope. America, with its huge problems of negroes, aliens, trusts, and so forth, remains politically shaped in the mould that was wrought by the drawers of the Constitution, and the Constitution strains, struggles, and nearly bursts with the problems that seethe within it.

Switzerland has succeeded. It smiles at problems, since in a limited area they are simple and not quadratic equations.

For a moment one may turn aside to the judiciary body, the second of the three sections into which the Central Government is divided.

In England the Judges of the Supreme Court are appointed nominally by the Crown, in reality by the Lord Chancellor for the time being; and the Lord Chancellor is, in a very indirect sense, the outcome of popular opinion as expressed in votes. Moreover, the English judges, once appointed, hold their appointments, for all practical purposes, for life or until they choose to retire. But this exceedingly indirect popular control would never satisfy the Swiss. The central idea of the Swiss Confederation—an idea that shapes and colours every political institution—is that the people, the men of the canton

and the commune, should never lose touch of the guiding-rein. One might almost say that the dread of the supremacy of any single man or any single body of men has been the inspiration of those who have elaborated this complicated and balanced scheme of government, and it is almost a matter for wonder that Bern has never adopted the Athenian system of ostracism, whereby the man who threatened to become too prominent and influential in a city of free men was politely, and by popular suffrage, given a long holiday abroad in which to cool his head. However, Switzerland has managed her affairs without resort to that drastic remedy; and so managed them that there is never an outstanding personality to dominate the political scene. In Switzerland a Richard Seddon is almost inconceivable; a Lord Halsbury is impossible.

Sixteen judges compose the "Bundesgericht," or Supreme Court of Justice. The headquarters of this Tribunal is placed at Lausanne, for the jealousy of individual supremacy extends even to cities; and just as the Supreme Court of the German Empire is set up in Leipzig in order that the smaller States should avoid the appearance of being mere appanages of Berlin, so Bern has to be content as the executive and legislative centre, while Lausanne is the judicial capital. This "Bundesgericht" or Supreme Court of Justice, has to determine all disputes between

the cantons, all disputes between either cantons or individuals and the State. But the judges who compose it are elected by the Federal Assembly, and so far from holding office for life or good conduct, they retire automatically at the end of six years.

In all other countries it is the executive branch of the Central Government that bulks largest in the public eye. Herein Switzerland differs from all other countries in which Emperor, King, President, Prime Minister, or other outstanding personality represents his nation in the imagination of the native and the outsider. Nothing will illustrate that Swiss jealousy of individual pre-eminence in matters of government better than the contemplation of the "Bundesrath" or Federal Council. Of those seven men who sit at the centre of things in Bern, I would wager that not one man in the first thousand you meet in the Strand could name two. I should be astonished if one out of that thousand could name one. Yet Switzerland is well governed, and stands in no fear of social or political revolution from within, though certainly its hospitality gives refuge to many subversive spirits from other and less democratic countries.

In a former chapter I have mentioned that among a party at a Swiss dinner-table the name of the Head of the State was unknown. There may have been some excuse to plead for this ignorance, since in

reality there is no Head of the State. We are accustomed to speak (if we ever speak at all of so noiseless an engine as the Central Government of Switzerland) of the President of the Swiss Republic, since with our political traditions and upbringing we can scarcely conceive of a State without the Outstanding Man whose image is on the postage stamps and the coins, and whose name is in the mouths of lesser men. Switzerland, flouting the philosophy of Carlyle, has decided that there shall be no Outstanding Man, but that the whole fabric of Government shall be broad-based upon the nation's will. Consequently, there is no such person as the President of the Swiss Republic, for there is no single man in the executive who has jot or tittle of power beyond the power possessed by his colleagues in the Cabinet. I use the English word here, since the English Cabinet and the Swiss "Bundesrath" offer one or two odd contrasts.

The Cabinet, then, or "Bundesrath," whose business it is to translate the will of the people into action, consists of seven members, and their functions fall into various departments—Foreign Affairs, Interior and Education, Justice and Police, Military Finance and Customs, Industry and Agriculture, Post and Railway. These officials are elected by the Federal Assembly, the two Houses of which the composition has already been indicated, which is the indirect



expression of the canton as balanced against the individual voter. And every three years these ministers are subject to re-election or rejection. In practice, the same ministers, being carefully chosen at the outset, are elected again and again ; yet every three years the representatives of the people may change their Executive Government.

Where, then, are we to find this President—this Outstanding Man? We must find him as seven hard-working and somewhat obscure men rolled into one Cabinet, with a chairman to preside at the meetings. For that is all the Presidency of the Swiss Republic amounts to. The “President” for the time being is but the chairman among half-a-dozen colleagues, each of whom has an equal share of responsibility. For there is no “responsible” head of the State but that committee of seven. The post of chairman carries with it a certain dignity, as of a man who is recognised as *primus inter pares* ; but the chairman, though first in dignity, has no more power or responsibility than the seventh among his colleagues. To put the case in a nutshell, the whole Cabinet is responsible, and the “Bundesrath” as a body occupies the position that is held, for example, by the President of the United States.

Furthermore, the chairman has no long term of office during which the sense of dignity might beget pride of place. Every year the “Bundesrath”



AT ST BEATENBERG



chooses from among its own members its chairman and its vice-chairman, and it is expressly enjoined that no member can hold the same post two years in succession.

Here, too, should be noted another important point in the composition of the Central Government of Switzerland, a point in which the "Bundesrath" differs from the English Cabinet, and indeed from all other Central Governments that strive to realise the democratic idea of "government by the people for the people." The English Cabinet is a party affair, a committee of politicians sworn to carry out the wishes of this or that section of the public (a public that seldom has any means of indicating its wishes, so confused is the issue set before the individual voter). In the Swiss Cabinet the question of party is carefully eliminated.

A country so alive as this, so keenly and successfully alive to the advantages of self-government, must contain men of all shades of political opinion, more especially since it is peopled, as we have seen, by men of various languages, religions, and pursuits, men of the mountain, men of the city, men of the study.

But no party achieves supremacy in the executive. Each of those seven members must be elected by the "Nationalrath" or "National Council." After election and taking office, he may speak in the

Assembly, but he may not vote. And, here is the simple solution of the party difficulty (or rather its avoidance). Each member elected to that Central Committee must belong to a separate canton. That, as you must instantly perceive, rules out the party spirit, or at least reduces it to a contest of seven spirits representing several millions. And in the Swiss Cabinet men of all shades of political opinion may sit side by side.

So far we have seen that this small Republic has taken the most careful measures to make the voice of the people heard in the Council Chamber. If I may take a simile from the sausage machine which has come into some disrepute in America, I might compare the ideal democracy with the ideal sausage machine, which should receive a pig at one end and turn out unadulterated sausage at the other. Here one finds the ideal of universal suffrage, an ideal after which all unwieldy democracies have been striving, though they find that the votes put in at one end of the machine do not produce pure public opinion at the other. Switzerland has realised that if it is important to ensure that the sausage engine grinds out pure pig, it is even more important for the election engine to grind out pure public opinion.

And it has taken other means whereby the voice of the people may be heard in the Council Chamber.

Lest you should start at the terrible word "Refer-

endum," it shall be placed in a chapter by itself. But if you are interested in Switzerland, you will rejoice in the pure simplicity that underlies the complications of that direct appeal to the people, the Referendum.

## CHAPTER VI

### POPULAR CONTROL

It is clear, I trust, by this time that the idea of popular control lies at the root of the Swiss constitution, that the man of the mountain or the town, scraping his living from the hillside, the middleman or the tourist, has no objection to the delegation of details to certain individuals at the centre. But he insists on keeping his hand upon the check-rein. At the centre in Bern the Executive Government is working out the details, representing the peasants, factory hands, and hotel-keepers, the guides, vineyard owners, and watchmakers. But these have an eye upon those, and there is the check-rein in the hand of the voters.

Switzerland has evolved two methods of popular control which are worthy of special note. They are called the "Referendum" and the "Initiative." If I may put it with a certain rough accuracy, these two very important rights amount to this. In the first place, when there is a dispute about a new measure, when it is uncertain whether the majority of the nation wishes it to pass into law, when it

seems good that the whole capable community should have a definite measure placed before it, and be invited to say "Yes" or "No"—that is done in Switzerland. That is the Referendum. Again, it sometimes happens that his Central Government is out of touch with the people who wear the shoes and feel the pinch, who eat the pudding and prove it dyspeptic. Switzerland has its remedy for that. The people have the means of making their voice heard. There comes a time when many people want a particular thing done. Fifty thousand in Switzerland. If these want it done, they sign their names, and the question must be set before the voters of the nation. If the majority says it must be done, the Federal Assembly must do it.

That is the crude and really accurate way of putting the position of the Swiss voter before you. He can decide on a definite issue, and he can initiate legislation. There the constitution of Switzerland records its triumph as the expression of popular will over every other constitution it has been my privilege to study.

Consider the case of other constitutions, in which the popular will is supposed to be expressed in the composition of the legislative and executive bodies. Take but the cases of Great Britain and the United States of North America. Of the Englishman I am sure enough, and I am scarcely less certain about



the American citizen, having had personal experience of both in the seethe of elections which are supposed to drain off the froth and the sparkle, and leave the wholesome, solid sediment of public opinion.

There is a general and confused idea that when an election comes along, the voter has some definite and nationally important question to answer. In England, every three or four years, we have a General Election, and it would be difficult for anybody with a cold, calm brain for statistics, with a corner in his brain for imagination, to point to an election in England during the past twenty-five years that evolved pure public opinion about any definite question. There is much talk of the mandate, when a new set of office-holders have straddled Whitehall. But no one seriously claims to know what that mandate is. For some are fixing their opinion on Home Rule, others on Fiscal matters, others again upon the rights or wrongs of some far-off Little People, and others on the triangular contest between the man of hands, the man of brain, and the man of inherited wealth. As an expression of popular opinion the composition of the British Cabinet is practically without meaning; for it is the resultant of the votes of people who thought they were voting, as it were, for better drains, and find they were really voting for the annexation or surrender of a slice of a Continent.



GLACIER DES BOSSONS.



There is a famous fallacy, the fallacy of the double question, which has been so named by the logician. It denotes the question that cannot be answered with a plain "Yes" or "No," since it contains two questions rolled into one. In our law-courts the cross-examining barrister is always striving to get that double question under the ribs of the witness without incurring the objection of opposing counsel, and the reproof of the presiding judge. "Have you left off beating your mother?" is an instance of the double question that no loving son could answer in a courteous syllable. It is not a question to be dismissed on a ballot paper, which admits of no comments or reservations.

In England the voter, if we regard him as the unit who is ultimately to make up popular opinion and exercise popular control, has not only the double question put before his stumbling feet; he is surrounded with pitfalls of by-way questions. Whether he says "Yes" or "No," he tumbles disastrously; for when he thinks he has given his personal opinion, he finds that he has answered the wrong question; and, for example, when saying "Yes" to the proposal for a penny off the Income Tax, has said "No" to something he desires with still greater fervour.

It is much the same in the United States of America. Here we occasionally have a question which should really be put definitely before the men who

foot the Bill ; and we have no election on a definite issue. In America they must elect a new President every four years, choose a policy, fight the good fight of ideals against ideals, whether there is an ideal in sight or not. But the plain question is never put before the voter, with the possibility of the monosyllabic answer, either in Great Britain or in America. It is unnecessary to follow out the methods of other republics—the Frenchman feels his personal impotence as a unit in the voting mass—but when one has seen the impotence of the individual voter in a Great Republic, one turns to the Little Republic with some relief.

It is probable that the idea of this appeal to the people to confirm or disallow some proposal of the legislature originated in the Landsgemeinde, to which I have referred already. Even in the sixteenth century, when the burning question lay between the Catholics and the Reformers, the Referendum seems to have been adopted by the people of Zürich and Bern, who were called on to decide the question as it applied to themselves.

Most characteristic of that Little Republic is the persistence of the canton—the commune—as the independent member of a Confederation. For, though the Federal Referendum is simple enough, the principle, when it is studied in its application by the cantons, has its variations in practice. For many





years Switzerland has been experimenting on the principle of submitting the definite question to the verdict of popular opinion. Before the upset of 1848 the cantons of Valais and the Grisons put it into use, and for the moment Valais suppressed it, as inconvenient; and in 1858 the canton of Neuchâtel adopted the Referendum in all matters of finance. In local State matters the direct appeal to the popular opinion is sometimes optional and sometimes compulsory. In the cantons of St. Gall, Zug, Lucerne, Basel-city, Schaffhausen, Vaud, Neuchâtel, Geneva, and Ticino it is optional; while in Zürich, Bern, Thurgau, Aargau, Soleure, Schwyz, the Grisons, and Basel-land it is obligatory. Valais adopts the Referendum in relation to financial matters. Fribourg clings to its old representative form of government; whilst Uri, Glarus, the two Unterwaldens, and Appenzell still find their primitive and picturesque Landsgemeinden sufficient for all their needs. An instance of the fine confusion that has resulted in Swiss unity!

But when it comes to the question of national interests, the application of the Referendum is definite enough.

In 1874 there was a revision of the Constitution, and it was then that the principle of the direct appeal to the people on a definite issue was adopted. The Federal Assembly may pass its new law, as our own



Houses of Parliament may, as the United States Congress and Senate may. But in these two cases the signature of the Head of the State is final. The measure is law. In Switzerland, when the Federal Assembly makes a law, there is by no means an end of the matter. The framers of that revised Constitution saw that popular election might place an excellent set of men in legislative control for one purpose, and find those men carrying out quite another purpose. It was foreseen that the elect of the people may easily get out of touch with the people, and the principle of the Referendum was adopted in order to ensure that no important thing should be done at Bern which was not in accord with the opinion of the majority of Swiss men of adult age.

If the Federal Assembly passes a law which does not upon the face of it represent the opinion of Switzerland, the remedy of the discontented is clear. They may collect 30,000 other malcontents, and get their signatures. When those 30,000 have made their protest, it is the duty of the Swiss Government to put the law as it stands before the whole electorate, and ask for the simple answer to a direct question—"Take it, or leave it." And the interests of the cantons are not overlooked; for the protest of eight cantonal governments against a particular measure means that this measure must be placed as a definite issue before the men of



*G. R. Bellano*

TSCHIRVA GLACIER, WITH PIZ BERNINA AND PIZ ROSEGG



Switzerland. Then the men of Switzerland answer "Yes" or "No" to the plain question, "Do you approve or disapprove of this measure?"

That is what is usually called the Facultative Referendum, which is a somewhat crack-jaw phrase meaning that the appeal to the people upon any law passed by the Federal Assembly depends upon the expressed desire of a certain number of citizens to give their opinion. In such case the people have to demand the appeal to the whole body of voters. But there are other cases in which the Referendum is obligatory.

Should any alteration in the Federal Constitution be designed, that appeal to the whole people is obligatory. A change in the Constitution is impossible in Switzerland now unless the majority of Swiss men, qualified to vote, are in favour of it. One wonders what would have been the effect of a Referendum in Great Britain when the Irish Union was under consideration !

This principle of the direct appeal to the people on a definite question runs through the whole of Swiss political and municipal life, and the very cities have asked the citizens plump whether they approve of this or that method of municipal expenditure, obtained the answer, and acted upon it.

The Popular Initiative is really a logical development of the principle of the Referendum. With the

Referendum is admitted the right of the whole electorate to give the final decision as to any measure which is not manifestly in accordance with the popular wish. The Popular Initiative only carries the principle one step further, and acknowledges that if a certain number of the electorate wish for legislation in a particular direction, they have a right to make their voice heard. Therefore the Constitution of 1874 provided that 50,000 citizens can demand to have a total revision of the Constitution submitted to the popular vote. Later on this right was extended. At the present time Article 120 of the Federal Constitution says, "They can also demand, by the popular initiative, the abrogation or modification of given articles of the Federal Constitution, as well as the adoption of new formal dispositions." That is to say, when 50,000 Swiss citizens possessing the right to vote, present a petition of this kind, the question must be submitted to the people whether the revision demanded shall take place. If a majority of the voters give their decision in the affirmative, then the Federal Assembly must set about making the revision indicated. The Assembly, composed of the two bodies whose composition has already been explained, must lay the matter formally before the people, who by means of the Referendum will give a direct "Yes" or "No" as answer to a definite, single question.



6 K. Rag'una



This combination of the Referendum and the Popular Initiative is surely the last and highest expression of the democratic spirit, for obviously in this case the Demos is not only the titular but the real ruler ; the "people" have not only the final decision in their hands, they have also the power of directly initiating legislation. We have in England our cherished right of petition ; but we have no means, or rather we have means so indirect as to be almost useless, of ensuring that the most monstrous petition shall be no more than sound and fury. America has her labour-marches, but Mr. Coxey and his thousands of followers had no means of putting their cases definitely before the voting public. Whether the rule of Demos be a beautiful dream or a hideous nightmare it is not my present business to discuss. Only, here in Switzerland you have the spectacle of a free and intelligent and well-educated people, inured to labour and hard living, with power and practice of governing themselves. For if the Men at the Centre get out of touch with the Popular Feeling, if they miss the note of some desire, the Swiss men who are not at the Centre can not only petition, they can command. And with a machinery that has been simplified by constant use on a smaller scale they can compel the Men at the Centre to act in accordance with the Popular Feeling.

The principle of the direct appeal to the people,



as I have indicated, runs through the whole of Swiss political and municipal life. Most of the cantons have adopted the Popular Initiative, though with the characteristic individuality of the Swiss unit, the application of the principle varies. There is scarcely one canton which agrees with another as to the method or the scope of the Popular Initiative, yet each canton has worked out its own salvation in its own proper manner. There are cantons in which the voter may initiate legislation only when it is a matter of the revision of the cantonal constitution; there are others in which the initiative extends to the whole domain of legislation. But, throughout, the principle is recognised, that in matters of supreme importance to the well-being of the people, the people must have first and last voice.

As an illustration of the workings of this appeal to the people let me take one question which is of the greatest importance to national well-being, the question of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquor. I take this question as typical, because as I write these words, at the latter end of 1906, it seems probable that Switzerland will have to decide, by the Referendum, on a matter of this nature, and reply, with a plain "Yes" or "No" to the question, "Shall we sell absinthe?" And you will understand that I am taking this instance by no means as either a Prohibitionist or a Free Trader in liquor, but simply

in order to illustrate the workings of the popular control in Switzerland.

Thirty years ago Switzerland had its serious drink difficulty. Drunkenness was increasing throughout the Confederation, increasing to such an extent as to alarm the Central Government and to stir the individual voter, who remained sober, to action. Any one could manufacture alcohol, and the sale of liquor had extended so far that mothers of Switzerland, as some of the mothers of England do to-day, put alcohol in the baby's food. In 1885 the Referendum did its work. The question before the electorate was, "Shall the Central Government control the liquor traffic?" The answer was "Yes." And from that date, October 25, 1885, the popular will put the control of the liquor traffic into the hands of the Central Government. There was thus established a Federal monopoly in the matter of alcoholic drink, and by a decision of the Federal Chambers, the production of spirit was limited to 30,000 hectolitres annually.

It may be remarked in passing that the State monopoly, established by popular will, brings in a profit of about a quarter of a million a year; and those profits are mainly devoted to the purposes of State, being allotted in proportion to the cantons. But with excellent forethought the Swiss Central Government has set the trade in alcohol to fight

itself, and each canton is bound to expend one-tenth of the profits from the sale of alcohol in combating alcoholism in its cause and its effects. Alcohol is made to pay its own fines, since its imprisonment is difficult.

But the absolute imprisonment of alcohol in a certain form has lately been accomplished in one canton. It was in the canton of Vaud that a young man, who was addicted to the consumption of absinthe, murdered his wife and his two children. The incident led to a popular agitation against that dangerous drink ; and in Switzerland, and in Vaud, a petition from the requisite number of voters means that the local Government must draft a measure. In the May of 1906 the cantonal authorities of Vaud passed a measure prohibiting the sale of absinthe within the confines of the canton. The appeal to the people was called for, the Referendum. And the appeal was a bold one, since the "Trade" is strong in that French canton, and the principal centre of the manufacture of absinthe is at Pontarlier, just across the frontier, so dimly known to travellers to and fro in the small hours ! On a Sunday in October 1906 the question was set before the voters of Vaud—"Shall we sell absinthe?" And the answer of 22,407 to 15,596 was "No !"

As I write, the question is abroad in Switzerland. The men of Vaud could put their heads and hands

together and stop the sale of a drink they considered damnable. If the men of Switzerland wish to do so, they can stop the sale of that drink throughout the Republic. It is a matter of 50,000 signatures of men entitled to vote, the drafting of the measure by the central authorities, and the final appeal to the people. I know nothing of absinthe, having never tasted it. This case is merely set forth as a recent and living instance of the manner in which, in Switzerland, popular opinion comes to speedy fruition.

There is, of course, much difference of opinion throughout Switzerland as to the value of the Referendum, writes Mr. Story in the volume before quoted. One can hardly take a railway journey from one part of the country to another without meeting with almost every shade of view in regard to it. There is, however, among the more intelligent a general consensus that an institution which places the sovereign will of the people above that of the constituted authorities and legislative bodies, and so puts a check upon them, is a potent instrument for good in the hands of a wise and instructed people. No doubt it may be abused; no doubt the most carefully considered measures of statesmen may be wrecked by the ignorance and prejudice of political partisanship, for it has already been proved that the enemies of a proposed enactment are more eager to go to the polls than its friends.

But the fact remains that thus far the Referendum has acted well. It has shown that there is no desire among the body of the public for hasty legislation, yet that when a proposed change of manifest beneficence has been long enough before the people for them to comprehend it, they are generally ready to adopt it.

The Swiss, however, are a thrifty people, living and doing well on small means, and they are apt to tremble at large financial outlays. They are wisely suspicious of the augmentation of public burdens and of any change that threatens the simplicity of life and habits which has hitherto characterised them. To my mind this is the most striking lesson of the Referendum. It was thought by many that such an instrument in the hands of the democracy, in conjunction with the Initiative, would lead to hasty and ill-considered legislation, and in short would soon bring about a general political deluge. But the very reverse of this has happened. The Referendum has proved the Swiss democracy to be conservative to the very core.

It is obvious that such an instrument could not safely be entrusted to a people that lacked either intelligence or instruction. Certainly such an instrument could not safely be entrusted to the congeries of peoples that make up the Russian Empire, ninety per cent. of whom are unable to read, and have no knowledge of the world without their own village,



THE TIFLIS



no aspirations beyond the extra kopeck in this world and the extra life in the next. The Swiss have always been in the forefront in the demand that the children should be given the good start in life. Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Father Girard, Fellenberg, and many of their disciples were Swiss, and devoted their lives to the subject of education. The Swiss man is an educated man, a man who has many trades at his finger's end. In 1874 the Federal Constitution enjoined compulsory education, and settled that primary instruction must be sufficient, obligatory, gratuitous, and unsectarian. Yet with characteristic love of decentralisation, the Federal Constitution left each canton free to carry out that decree with the proper details. Some of the cantons will not let a pupil out of school until he is sixteen years of age, though the Federal law sets twelve years as the minimum. But the word "sufficient" sets the note of the Swiss schools, and the local authorities have to decide what amount of education is "sufficient" to make a competent peasant, who must have his twenty-thousandth voice in the popular shout; what amount is "sufficient" to give the promising boy his chance; what amount is "sufficient" to lead the promising boy to the engineering of seemingly impossible railroads, or the organisation of the world's politics. For the centre of Europe has been so often the arbiter that led to peace.



Possibly it is a little deceptive to force the contrast between expenditure on education and military matters. But the contrast is rather notable. Switzerland, it may be said, is safe from foreign aggression, though surrounded by neighbours whose mutual friendliness is usually questionable. Switzerland may escape the fate of Poland, simply by reason of being a mountainous country instead of a flat one. But the fact remains that the expenditure of the Swiss Government upon educational purposes is nearly double the money spent upon military matters. And, as I have already pointed out, there are no tramps in Switzerland, and no illiterates.

Into such hands it seems fairly safe to put the voting power that will decide the course of a small country. The other Republic across the Atlantic wonders vaguely at the outcome of the popular vote, the resultant of Hivites and Hittites and men from beyond Jordan, and saloon-keepers and bosses of all kinds. America is a country of immigration. Switzerland is a country, of the size of a small American State, of settlement and temporary emigration. (For the Swiss man comes back, when he has succeeded.) And when the question is put before Switzerland, its Constitution enables it to say just what it means. It may be wrong, and the peasant who is dragging a livelihood from the scarred side of a mountain may be out of touch with the tremendous

issues of Trusts and so forth. Yet he has been taught to read, write, consider. A man whose opinion is worth having as the fraction in a ballot. Moreover, he has been taught his duty to the State which reacts so pleasantly upon his welfare. He is a soldier. He must defend the State that has been so kind to him.

## CHAPTER VII

### LAKE LEMAN IN SPRING

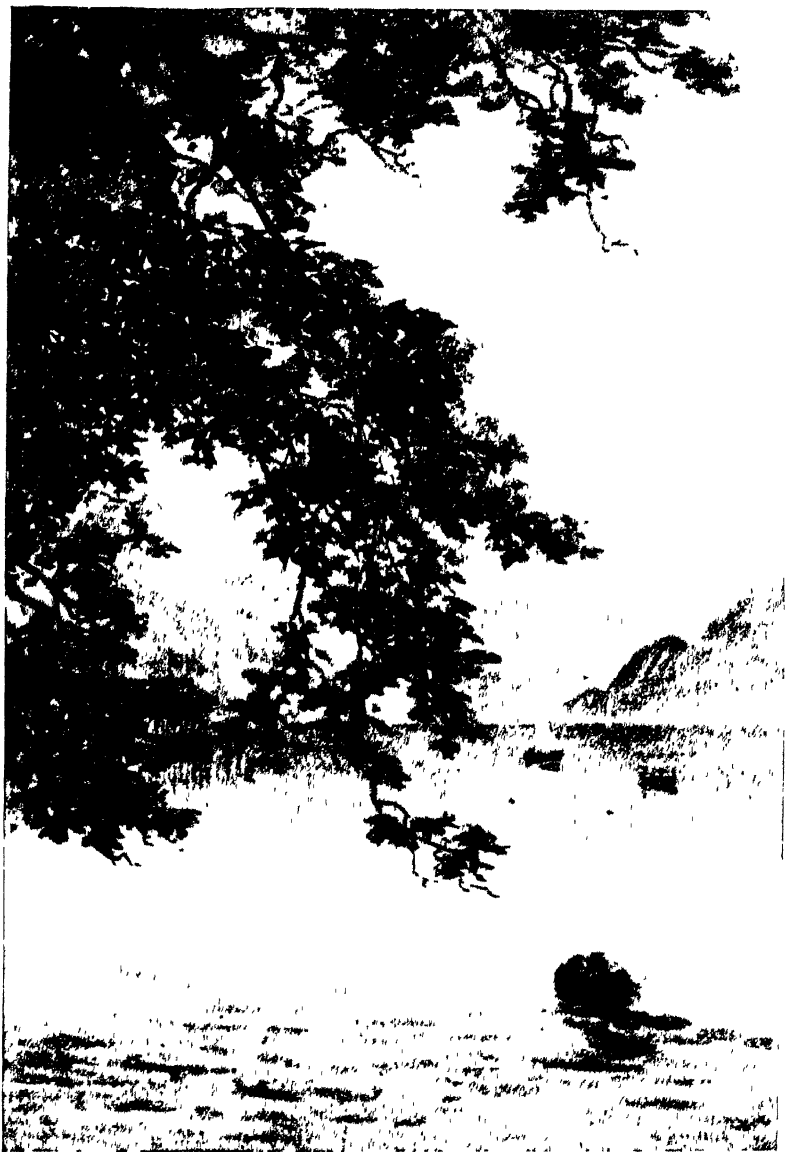
SWITZERLAND, it must be confessed, is a most business-like little country. After many centuries of tumult, turmoil, strife, of racial quarrels and religious feuds, of bitter animosities between villages separated only by an impassable mountain and a difficult pass, after burnings of heretics and all the seething squabbles engendered by differences of language, lineage, and religion, Switzerland has settled down to earn its living by exploiting the natural advantages which it gains from its site and configuration. As the world becomes more crowded and its inhabitants grow more insistent for the necessities, the comforts, the luxuries, and the cures of life, each nation has to ask itself the question, "What have I to sell that other nations will buy?" And on the answer depends the success of that nation in achieving a definite and sure position among the peoples of the earth. That position, after all, depends very much on the configuration of the country, the character of the soil, the ease of communication with other countries, and also, in great

measure, upon the enterprise and grit of the sons of the soil. Great Britain mounted upon coal and iron, since in these she possessed what others had not and wanted. Canada is now mounting upon the huge tracts of wheat-growing land which can supply bread to a Continent. Switzerland has no huge tracts of territory such as give the Argentine farmer a view upon numberless acres of grazing ground, nor is there more wheat-growing land at its disposal than will suffice for the making of the delicious rolls that greet the visitor with his morning coffee. It would be grossly unfair to call Switzerland, in any contemptuous sense, a nation of hotel-keepers, waiters, and guides, though the guides, waiters, and hotel-keepers are the best in the world. Nevertheless, Switzerland, having settled down to business, with a firm resolve to make the best of its natural advantages, has reflected that Nature, and the cyclone of European politics, have left her the calm centre of the storm. She may still have her internal bickerings, such as are inevitable when men of different languages, different religions, different races, are called upon to dwell together in unity; yet for all that the business-like idea is predominant, and while the Swiss goes on quietly at his business of watchmaking, toy-devising, dairy-farming, wine-growing, he has discovered that he owns a playground for the world. And not only a playground, but the very central geological squeeze

of a Continent which should attract the scientific visitor.

One may indeed imagine the typical Swiss exclaiming, "Here we are—Italian, German, French, and Romansch—squeezed up by the grace of God and some prehistoric upheaval into a crinkled corner of Europe, with mountains that raise heads covered with everlasting snows, with valleys that no wind can touch, with lakes of indigo blue, with glaciers that will puzzle the peering scientist, with snow and ice, and flowers and meadows of vivid green, with tumbling rivers and avalanches, and waterfalls held in mid-passage by the grip of cold. We have climates to sell!"

For Switzerland has many climates, the heritage of a country which can offer you anything between a few yards and 14,000 feet above the sea level. It was not, however, until about 1840 that doctors discovered that the shores of the Lake of Geneva (which you may call alternatively Lake Léman) were beautifully sheltered from all the noxious winds that blow. Moreover, it was at about that year that from some source or other the notion percolated to the general public that Nature in herself had a charm, that a mountain is not a thing to shudder at and surmount only under pressure of necessity, but a thing having a certain consanguinity with the human brain and heart; that even the ragged moor may receive and pass on to the poet the "incomparable pomp of



THE LAKE OF GENEVA



eve." Surely it was due to the poets that this curious change crept over humanity—this new conception of our oneness with inanimate Nature. We are "Sisters to the mountains now."

It is a comparatively new relationship, this sympathy, this intimate communion between man and the matter that "is not dead but sleepeth." We listen to the surge and thunder of the "Odyssey," but there is no real love of the sea to be found therein. No hint is given that the Greek writer welcomed a wet sheet and a flowing sea and a wind that followed fast, and the resounding epithets of the "Odyssey" are enough to show that the sea was something to be avoided if possible. Odysseus himself never heard the call of the wild, and one may be sure that the tales he told to Penelope when he reached his home again did not inspire her with any longing to leave her fireside and her spinning, and face the storm and skirt the rock-bound coast. No writer whose books hung upon the "columns" of the Roman book-shops really loved the mountains at the gate of his country; or if there was such, he was not popular enough to reach the thousandth edition we may read to-day. To the Latin interpreter of the popular mind the Alps and the Apennines were—horrid, that was the exact word: mere unpleasant and inconvenient excrescences on the surface of a world that was politely supposed to be flat. Sitting in his room at ease Horace con-



templates Soracte, which is now called Monte San Oreste, and is about four-and-twenty miles from Rome.

“Vides ut alta stet nive candidum  
Soracte . . .”

What did Horace think about a hill of 2200 feet or thereabouts, standing white with high-piled snow? There is not the slightest evidence that even Virgil ever travelled the few miles from his birthplace to find the fascination of the Alps. And Horace, at the sight of a snow-capped hill, felt no impulse of sympathy, not even a desire to toboggan. His attitude was one of antagonism; we must shut out this horrid sight—pile the logs, and bring out glasses for the oldest vintage in the cellar! And there was never a Roman to take him gently by the hand, point to the snow-clad hill standing against a blue sky, and say, “Does not that suggest something to you, does it not touch some harmonic upon the strings of your inner consciousness, is it not beautiful, is it not something more suggestive even than your

‘gratus puellæ risus ab angulo’?”

But Horace would have turned from Soracte to the nearer attraction of the girl who was laughing in the cosy-corner.

They faced the storm, these men of old; they braved the mountains when they must be crossed, and one of the most amazing pictures in history is the



EVENING ON THE LAKE OF GENEVA



passage of the Alps by Hannibal and his army—coming from Carthage in Africa by way of Spain, and through the holiday resort we now call the Riviera. Descending into Italy, riding upon an elephant, the only one that had survived, came Hannibal, bent on conquering Rome, at which he was destined but to fling a javelin! Blinded, too, in one eye by that awful passage of which we have no intimate record. For the vinegar that tradition tells us split the rocks before him could scarcely have equalled the strength of the dynamite that the builders of the Simplon Tunnel used. And with all one's admiration for the Carthaginian General, one cannot withhold a tribute to that elephant who walked securely over an Alpine pass before a road was made! No wonder that Cato's stock phrase was "Delenda est Carthago!" Yet no man in that Carthaginian army has left his personal impressions of the white and awful glory of the pass; of the exhilaration of mounting from heat into cold, of the triumph at the last step upwards; no man of that army, I suspect, ever had a desire to commune with the mountains again! There were no officers such as we have to-day, the writers of innumerable books and articles, that are not only the records of achievements in distant and uncomfortable parts of the world—many of them boyish enough, and many of them dull enough, but never a one who has not given us some sign, maybe half-unconsciously, of that

secret and personal understanding of Nature. Even in the dullest record one seldom fails to hear the under-note : this has said something to me—I am one with that mountain, or that lake, or that storm, and I must go back to it. Ovid, banished to Tomi, complained in the neatest of verses ; but he never had an inkling of the attractions of a place that might now pose as a desirable winter resort. Possibly he was a slave to the word ; and the surrounding scenery which was not “ horrid ” was “ amœnus.” That may give the clue to the Ovidian criticism of Tomi, which was a place on the Black Sea, and certainly deficient in the “ amenities ” of life, as understood by the Roman *flâneur* and versifier. In lilting measures Ovid grumbles that he is condemned to a place in which one has to split the wine with a hatchet and the wagons can cross the ice-covered river. The traveller or the exile of to-day would have found his consolation. He would have chained the climate to his pleasure, and if he were an ordinary man would have regarded Tomi as a pleasant winter resort, nicely adapted to ice-yacht racing. If Mr. Swinburne or Mr. William Watson were exiled to such a place one may be sure that the man and the place would find a path to sympathy ; the “ spirit of place ” would inspire the poet, as it has inspired Mrs. Meynell with the title which is hers. And even that Lake of Geneva, which has gathered so many famous men and women about

its shores, depended not at all upon the proximity of the highest mountain in Europe.

In the eighteenth century Geneva and its neighbourhood was for thirty years one of the chief intellectual centres of Europe, and there were few men or women of eminence who did not at one time or another during that period spend some time on the shores of that lake. What went they out for to see? Not the mountains, not the uplands bordering the lake in which the early flowers struggle with the late snow and emerge triumphant. They came to see Voltaire. Here was the intellectual Mecca of Europe. The eighteenth century, dominated by the spirit of Pope, was the century of Horace revived, and the very gardens of the period showed the trend of the era's thought. A garden must be cut and trimmed and ordered; it must exhibit nothing of that wild disorder of Nature which we now love, and are trying to reach and understand, by poetry or science. Dr. Johnson in the Hebrides makes one of the finest contrasts between man and Nature in the eighteenth century, when man, the writer, had no sympathy with unharnessed waves and untilled shores. To the literature of the eighteenth century untrammelled Nature was an abhorrence, though one cannot apply the same phrase to its practice. There was nothing so unfashionable as Nature. For thirty years Voltaire lived and wrote incessantly within view of Mont Blanc, within sight

of that lake of marvellous blue. Nevertheless you may search those writings and find scarcely an allusion or a hint that suggests that he had any perception of the natural beauty of his surroundings.

So business-like is Switzerland that there is no season of the year in which that remarkable country cannot meet the demand of the searcher after beauty, the searcher after health, or the searcher after literary associations, or even the searcher for solutions to political problems. It is a mansion of many storeys, containing a school, gymnasium, sanatorium, playground, university, and all arranged on their proper floors. The Lake of Geneva, of which one shore is Swiss and the other French, with Geneva standing as the traditional outpost of Calvinism, is the place for a sojourn in spring. And there are many who—swallows flying north to make an English summer—halt for a season at Montreux, at Lausanne, or take up quarters at some point or other about that blue lake. Its blueness stirred Professor Tyndall to a fury of research, and as you may read in his "Glaciers of the Alps," he interrogated the lake—"the colour of which is perhaps more interesting to the man of science than to the poets who have sung about it." But though Tyndall found that glaciers and slate and sugar-candy obeyed the same natural law as to splitting, he did not discover why the Lake of Geneva is bluer—under certain conditions of sunlight, it must be added—than



THE MER DE GLACE, CHAMONIX





the Lake of Lucerne. And surely Lucerne's lake is the most pellucid of all the lakes in the world. On a calm day you may lean from the side of your boat and distinguish the individual pebbles many fathoms below you. The modern tourist goes down a mile or so below the Genevan lake and sees the vivid blue of the Rhone waters mixing with those of the turbid Arve, and wonders. But he is probably in sympathy rather with Byron than with Tyndall at the moment—the man who sang of the blue rather than the man who tried to analyse it.

For Switzerland has so arranged the Lake of Geneva that it is a resort for the contemplative. There are the mountains that tower above the lake, invisible sometimes in mist and cloud, but there—invisibly there. And on the clear day of spring-time you may find an old man in a bath-chair upon that spot in the Pont du Mont Blanc at Geneva whence the summit of Mont Blanc may be seen. With a little further trouble you may travel to Sallanches—which seems almost unknown to English-speaking folk—and wake in the morning with the elbow-twist and the rising snowy head of Mont Blanc before you. The finest place from which to view Mont Blanc, as Ruskin knew very well. Curious, that Ruskin's enthusiasm has filtered into the French heart and missed the English, who go like sheep to Chamounix in the desire to see Mont Blanc. You cannot see Mont Blanc in its

greatest majesty at Chamounix, though if you want to climb the mountain that is your place of starting. But for the contemplative, who prefer the reflection of a mountain in a blue lake to the exhilaration of standing, breathless, upon its summit, Chamounix is not to be recommended. Chamounix talks "shop."

Very carefully has Switzerland organised that corner of the country in the interests of those who do not climb. Even in the streets of Geneva I have encountered a happy pair of lovers in the costume of the country, the knee-breeches of the man, the short skirt and elaborate bodice of the girl. Had I been learned in the early tailoring of the Swiss, I might have known at once from which canton these came, for in the days before Switzerland had conquered Nature, and the inhabitants of the next valley were unfamiliar foreigners, the dress of the mountains, which in its essentials was common to the whole of the Alpine region, had its local differences of detail. But the Swiss national costume is rapidly disappearing before the bowler hat—so much less picturesque than the perky head-gear with the jaunty feather. In the Bavarian Tyrol the mountain maid still treasures her "Tracht"—the national dress she keeps for gala occasions, and more particularly her wedding day. But in Switzerland that traditional costume is worn by few but the waitresses and itinerant musicians who have to dress the part, and even the guides who stand



CHAMONIX AND MONT BLANC



in waiting for the adventurous have forgotten their obligation to be picturesque. Yet you may find the distinctive dress now and then in wandering through the Forest cantons, though even in the more conservative of the cantons, such as Unterwalden and Schwyz, it is not often you will get a glimpse of the cantonal costume, except for the head-dress of the women. In Schwyz, the maidens who keep up the old fashion wear a black cap, the married women a white one. In his observations of "Swiss Life in Town and Country" Mr. Alfred Story writes thus of the Swiss costumes as surviving in the Forest cantons. As to the maids and matrons of Schwyz, in their caps "are two slips of upright lace, which, coming from behind over the head, meet on the forehead, the whole having the appearance of a butterfly with wings half-spread. Between these the girls' tresses are puffed and held back by a silver pin, called a 'Rosenadel,' from its head resembling a partially opened rose. The hair of the married women is treated in a similar way, but is covered with a piece of richly embroidered silk."

The old cantonal costume holds its own as strongly in Catholic Appenzell as anywhere, and, as it is very picturesque, it is worth a few words of description. The dress consists of skirt, bodice, and head-dress. The skirt is of a rather heavy material, black and dark red in colour, and is folded longitudinally into a number of narrow pleats. The bodice consists of

black velvet, and is worked back and front with silver cord. The breast, shoulders, and arms to the elbows are clad in white. A fancy bonnet, with a pair of black, semicircular wings, constitutes the head-dress. The wings are large, and are attached on each side of the head. They are lined with a soft, white material, which is brought to a point over the forehead. The bonnet, worn at the back of the head, is usually adorned with streamers of pink ribbon. The bonnet is often discarded for comfort's sake, both by girls and married women, but the wings never. A good deal of chain-ware and jewellery is worn to complete the costume. It must be said that the fashion suits the plump, blue-eyed, fair-haired daughters of Appenzell.

Nevertheless, for the benefit of the non-adventurous, Switzerland has brought down the national form of architecture from the mountain slopes to the towns, and in Geneva, modern as it is upon its north side, suggests the style of architecture that was a necessity in the heights where storm and avalanche are sudden and destructive.

Very practical is the building of the chalet upon its native slopes, and you may see it everywhere in the Alpine region, with sloping roof from which the snow may slide, and huge stones atop to keep that roof from sailing into space. So one may see the American clinging to the verandah whenever he builds a house. One of the most persistent features of Switzerland is



FEMALE COSTUME CANTON ZURICH





the chalet. From the train the chalets may be seen, dotting the mountain sides, and giving an impression of a teeming population. This is a false impression, as the mountain climber knows. He knows that the chalet is but a temporary residence, even if it be a human residence at all; that the tenders of cattle change their altitude with the change of season—that the welcome building, low-roofed with stones atop, may mean but empty comfort. And he inquires which chalets are open to-day. Geneva has caught the spirit of the chalet, and on the southern side of the lake the hint may be seen, in roofs. Roofs that cover a four or five storeyed house. Yet the roofs take that unnecessary angle. Just as Buffalo and Seattle have adopted the verandah that is a necessity in the Southern States—just as Spain has adapted its architecture to the assumption that the weather will be warm. Probably there are no such curious contrasts in Europe as those between the architecture of Switzerland and Italy, separated only by a few mountains and connected by three railway tunnels. Italian houses are built as protection against sunshine, the Swiss remember the storms and the avalanches. Even in Geneva you may look around and find that the call of the mountain has met a response in the town.

Not, however, in the modern portion of the town, which stands, with the railway station, on the north side of the lake. Save for a few quiet squares of great

beauty that lurk behind the streets leading down to the lake-side, the Geneva of the north shore is a town of modern buildings—hotels, and so forth, handsome enough along the lake front, but—they are such buildings as you may see in any civilised town. Cross the Pont du Mont Blanc and you will find yourself in a town that has preserved many of its old-world squares where markets are held, a town of steep streets that are little more than alleys, up which no wheeled vehicle can clamber, and sometimes one mounts by steps between the impending roofs. Here, too, in one of those narrow streets, stands the ancient Town Hall, within which is given the official hint of what confronts the daring mountaineer. For you mount from the ground floor, with its vaulted roof and solid stone pillars, to the upper storeys by way of a dim, steep, and winding roadway. Lodge in one of the hotels upon the northern lake front, and clamber and prowl among the twisted streets of the southern side, and you will get a fine contrast between the vivid present and the past which is still vivid.

In this little corner of Switzerland the autumn lingers and the spring treads close upon the heels of winter. But not at Geneva, where the end of the lake has been known to offer a frozen welcome. There are sheltered places, however, around the lake, where the wind is warded off by the mountain barrier and the winter sun is caught. Vevey, for instance, and





Lausanne, and Montreux, with Villeneuve, which has given its name to an excellent local wine, at the eastern corner. As a residential resort Lausanne takes the lead. It is a proud little city, and has had many quarrels with the neighbouring Geneva, mainly on ecclesiastical questions. For it is the capital of the canton of Vaud, contains some 50,000 inhabitants, and does not forget its past. Nor does it forget that Geneva represents the smallest of the cantons except Zug, even as Delaware is the smallest of the States of the American Republic. Lausanne is an adaptation of the old to the new. Backed by the mountains and fronted by the lake that washes the shores of its landing-stages at Ouchy, Lausanne stands aloft, and has gathered the young people of Europe to its schools, and in these later days has built a home for a university that possesses one of the best medical instalments in the world. It is a town that rises upon hills and sinks into valleys, though it has in these later days cast bridges and viaducts across. By accident or design the newest bridge, which springs from the corner of the Place St. François in the centre of the town, is so built that it provides one of the finest views of a mediæval city one may meet in Europe. As you lean against the parapet at the selected spot, you forget the tramcars, the neighbouring Post-Office, the vicinity of the office of Messrs. Cook. For here before your eyes is the structure of the defiant town that the

Romans chose as a settlement, that had its Bishops as Princes of the Holy Roman Empire, who in the thirteenth century dominated the Bernese Oberland in the background—a mass of jostling red roofs climbing the steep, with the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame crowning the summit—Protestant now for nearly four centuries, but dreaming of its childhood, which began in the thirteenth century. And within, if you climb the streets and steps that lead to the Cathedral, there are memorials. Among them a mailed effigy of Otto, Baron of Grandson in the fourteenth century. The English-speaking man bows before the image, remembering that “Peter of Savoy,” who was prominent in England in the reign of Henry III., occupied the Palace of the Savoy (though he did not found the hotel), brought with him a Baron of Grandson, who gave us our English surname Grandison—and Sir Charles Grandison! This change in the Swiss place-name to the English surname by the insertion of an “i” was doubtless due to what the late Professor Max Müller called “phonetic laziness,” and finds a curious modern analogy in the lower-class Londoner’s substitution of “Westminster” for Westminster.

The Lake of Geneva in spring-time is thoroughly well adapted by Nature, assisted by the provident Swiss people, for the loiterer who has no ambition to climb, but loves to sit in warmth and contemplate the chilly altitudes about him. Lake steamers will take



EARLY SPRING—CROCUSES IN THE SNOW





him easily and pleasantly from one resort to another, and always around and about him are the mountains, changing from day to day, from hour to hour, as mist and cloud gather or disperse, as the sunlight touches them from this point or that, or the moon rises, finds a mirror in the lake, and turns the scene into something that has curious suggestions of scenes at His Majesty's Theatre. For the "moonlight effect," even when provided by Nature herself, has an air of artificiality, as though a limelight man were in the wings. And indeed the surroundings of the Lake of Geneva give often a hint of the "tea-tray" art, and one can understand if not share the disgust of Walter Pater, who hurried through with eyes shut lest he should be offended by the pots of blue paint!

But the glory of the Swiss spring is seen in the uplands, when the so-called snow-line is approached. A certain confusion lurks in that expression, the "snow-line," which is often regarded as a definite altitude at which the snows never melt. There is really no such line, or if there were, it would take wilder zig-zags than the lines that on your maps mark the thermographic chart of the world. Regions of eternal snow there are; but the snow rests not so much upon altitude as upon the incidence of the sun. From a deck chair upon a steamer upon Lake Léman you may see so much; you may see a peak hard and clear and grey against a blue sky, while from the shoulder

downwards spread sunless wrinkles in the hill where the snow still makes white streaks. From the shores of Lake Léman the Alps, those mountain meadows so white in winter, so green in summer, so resplendent with flowers in spring, are easily accessible, even to the visitor who is not intent upon climbing, or indeed upon any physical exertion that can reasonably be avoided. With kindly forethought Switzerland has arranged that the idle guest shall be carried with the minimum of exertion to enjoy one of its most gorgeous pageants, the final bout in the tournament between winter and spring. From Territet you may be dragged upwards by a funicular railway. Territet is but a part of Montreux, which itself is a toy town of pleasure that stretches for miles along the northern shore of the lake, with the heights of the Bernese Oberland behind it. Almost aggressively modern, it clings to the traditional form in architecture, and the hint of the chalet is everywhere. At the eastern end the Castle of Chillon, giving the aroma of antiquity, for it was mainly built and taken for a residence by our "Peter of Savoy." Many have wept over the "Prisoner of Chillon." But Byron knew uncommonly little, when he wrote the famous poem, about the excellent Bonivard, who was thrown into prison in 1530, but lived to write the annals of Geneva after six years' imprisonment, was married four times, and was frequently cited before the Consistory for gambling.



GERSAU—AN ORCHARD IN EARLY SPRING



But from Territet the funicular railway bears you upward, and even as you are dragged up the first lap the hints of spring flowers assail. They have thrust their way through the stone walls that border the ascent, appealing to the hand. Printed notices implore you not to stretch out a hand and pluck them. One might as well pluck water-lilies from the Thames. Both were murder of the first degree ! As the puffing locomotive drags the train higher, the panorama of the lake spreads itself before you—the white lateen sails upon the blue, the towering heights, crowned and streaked with snow, the rolling hills that now appear as a green plain with a railway train crawling through it upon the eastern side, Villeneuve as cluster of huts—and then with a twist of the line you look down upon the long line of lake resorts which ends with Montreux and Territet. Stretch a leg from the carriage side and drop—you feel you might step down as a gigantic Gulliver upon that little toy-town of Lilliputians !

That railway will drag the guest to the scene of the final conflict between the Swiss winter and the Swiss spring. Upon every Alp the miracle is repeated, spring by spring, alike in those you may reach by railway and in those remoter fastnesses that demand more strenuous endeavour and offer the peril of the precipice and the avalanche. The snow is melting, and every gully is aswirl with the torrent ; down the

mountain paths comes the trickle of many waters. But already wherever the snow has retired there follows up the victorious, triumphant army of flowers, shouting in the full chorus of colour. Nowhere will you find in Europe such a sudden burst of spring upon the scurrying heels of winter as in the uplands of Switzerland. There is no interval between the seasons, no hesitation of the opening petals. For the victory of spring, as all victories, is the outcome of preparation. Find a place where the snow still spreads a thin covering over the earth and dig with your stick. There are the buds, waiting with splendid optimism, justified by many successes, the moment when they shall see the sky and blossom in all the colours you can name. Warmly tucked beneath their coverlet of snow, they have made themselves ready, and the same day's sun that lifts the last gossamer sheet of snow covers the Alps with the flowers that blare the triumph of spring.

Here, I suppose, would be a Paradise for the botanist. For myself, I am content to wonder at the feast of colour that is spread to the eyes. Only, there is a flower of a wonderful red that seems always to grow just beyond the reach, in a sunny, inaccessible crevice, below the elbow of a perilous edge, and men have risked and lost their lives in reaching for that little red flower.

## CHAPTER VIII

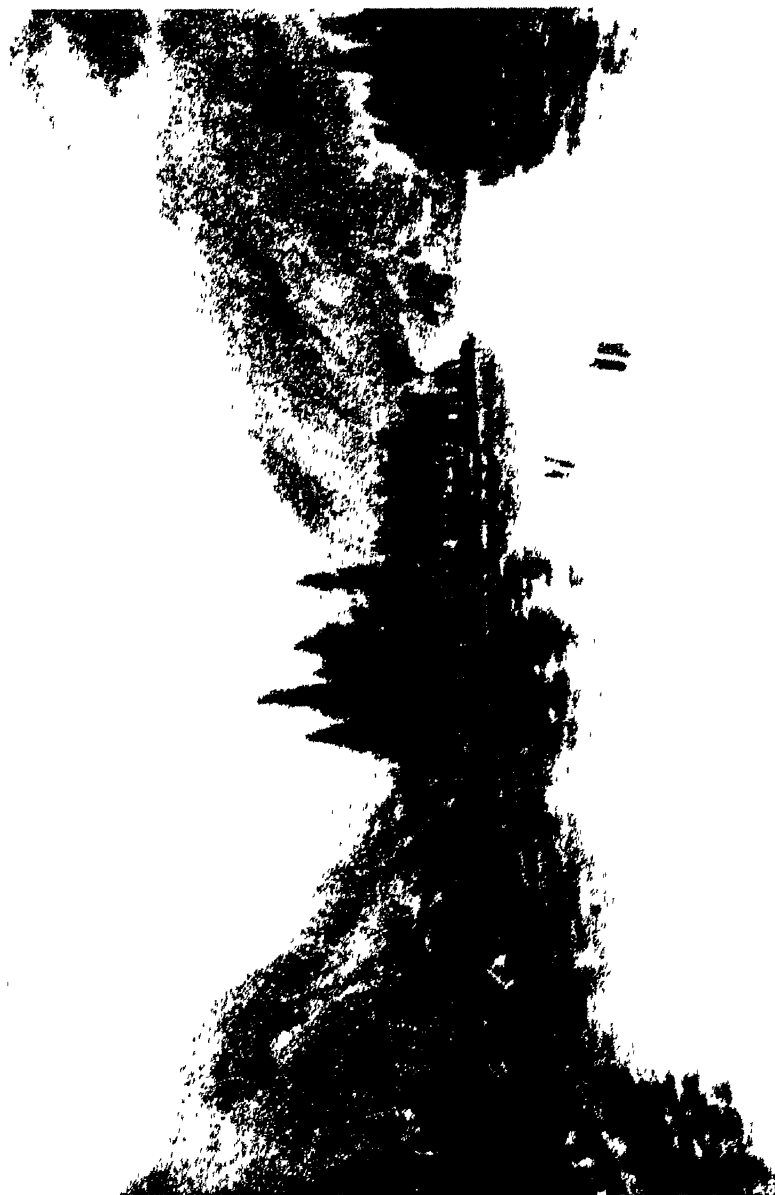
### SOME LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS

THERE are many who love a place for its background of memories, who seek the place in which other men have thought and suffered, and worked and loved ; to whom a lake or a mountain is the more beautiful for having passed through another's mind. The Mid-African lakes and mountains are beautiful enough, but they have not yet been warmed in the hearts of men. The highlands of Switzerland have produced their warriors and statesmen ; Bern is the chosen capital and meeting-place of the men who make laws for this curious little congeries of cantons ; Zürich boasts of her men of science ; but while Bern has for at least two centuries been the political centre of Switzerland through her financial supremacy, and Zürich has during the same period taken the lead as the centre of Liberal tendencies and intellectual progress, Geneva affords the real warmth of literary memories. And by Geneva I mean the lake to which it has given a name, and which is bordered by many Genevas of varied memories and many names. This was the quiet corner of Europe where many thoughtful people



gathered in the eighteenth century and after, when it seemed well to find a spot within skipping distance of what is now France, or Italy, or even Germany. Madame de Staël at Coppet, where she held court receptions when Voltaire had finished his twenty years' rule of literary Europe at Ferney, was a Genevan by birth, a Frenchwoman by choice, and an enemy of Napoleon by conviction. It was convenient for Madame de Staël to dwell in that "château" at Coppet as a place whence she might easily skip. A lady who was reckoned by Napoleon as equal to an army corps against him was wise in settling upon a line of retreat. You may still see the house in which Madame de Staël held her literary court, and in which the famous French minister of finance, her father, Necker, lived. In the manner of the eighteenth century, it is so placed as to command no view of the lake. That was after the heart of the lady who wrote "Corinne" there. "I would rather go miles to hear a clever man talk than open the windows of my rooms at Naples to see the beauties of the Gulf," she says.

Indeed the aroma of literary memories hangs about that lake, and the bookseller who interested Trelawney (writer of the "Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron") expressed the spirit of the place when he said, "The elevation of minds is more important than the height of mountains." That bookseller, by the way, was the accidental means of founding





one of the historical friendships. In the summer of 1819, Trelawney, as he himself records, was at Ouchy (which is the port of Lausanne). "The most intelligent person I could find," writes Trelawney, "was a young bookseller at Lausanne, educated at a German University : he was familiar with the works of many most distinguished writers ; his reading was not confined, as it generally is with men of his craft, to catalogues and indexes, for he was an earnest student, and loved literature more than lucre. As Lausanne is one of the inland harbours of refuge in which wanderers from all countries seek shelter, his shelves contained works in all languages ; he was a good linguist, and read the most attractive of them. One morning I saw my friend sitting under the acacias on the terrace in front of the house in which Gibbon had lived, and where he wrote the 'Decline and Fall.' He said, 'I am trying to sharpen my wits in this pungent air which gave such a keen edge to the great historian, so that I may fathom this book. Your modern poets, Byron, Scott, and Moore, I can read and understand as I walk along, but I have got hold of a book by one now that makes me stop to take breath and think.' It was Shelley's 'Queen Mab.' As I had never heard that name or title, I asked how he got the volume. 'With a lot of new books in English, which I took in exchange for old French ones. Not knowing the names of the authors, I might not have looked into them, had not a

pampered, prying priest smelt this one in my lumber-room, and after a brief glance at the notes, exploded in wrath, shouting out "Infidel! Jacobin! Leveller! Nothing can stop their spread of blasphemy but the stake and the faggot; the world is retrograding into accursed heathenism and universal anarchy." When the priest had departed, I took up the small book he had thrown down, saying, "Surely there must be something here worth testing!""

It was that bookseller who turned Trelawney towards Italy and Shelley, with whom he remained in intimate friendship until the poet found premature death off the coast of Italy and was cremated upon its shore.

Mr. Trelawney, since he came from England, was doubtless entitled to his surprise at finding a bookseller who knew anything of the books he sold. Even to-day the last place wherein to seek literary guidance is a bookshop. But a century ago Switzerland was—as it is still—the best educated country in Europe, with the possible exception of Finland, and the Lake of Geneva was its literary centre.

But before he departed for Italy, Trelawney met a notable English stranger at Lausanne, breakfasting at the hotel. "Evidently a denizen of the North, his accent harsh, skin white, of an angular and bony build, and self-confident and dogmatic in his opinions." With him two ladies, whose skin was not white, for

Trelawnay inferred "by the blisters and blotches on their cheeks, lips, and noses, that they were pedestrian tourists, fresh from the snow-covered mountains." The party breakfasted merrily enough, and the stranger cursed the "Godless wretches who have removed Nature's landmarks by cutting roads through Alps and Apennines!" "They will be arraigned hereafter with the unjust!" he shouted. Just before the strangers entered their carriage Trelawnay learned that this was Wordsworth, with wife and sister. Trelawnay seized the occasion to ask abruptly what Wordsworth thought of Shelley as a poet.

" 'Nothing,' he replied as abruptly.

"Seeing my surprise, he added, 'A poet who has not produced a good poem before he is twenty-five, we may conclude cannot, and never will do so.'

" 'The Cenci!' I said eagerly.

" 'Won't do,' he replied, shaking his head, as he got into the carriage; a rough-coated Scotch terrier followed him.

" 'This hairy fellow is our flea-trap,' he shouted out, as they started off."

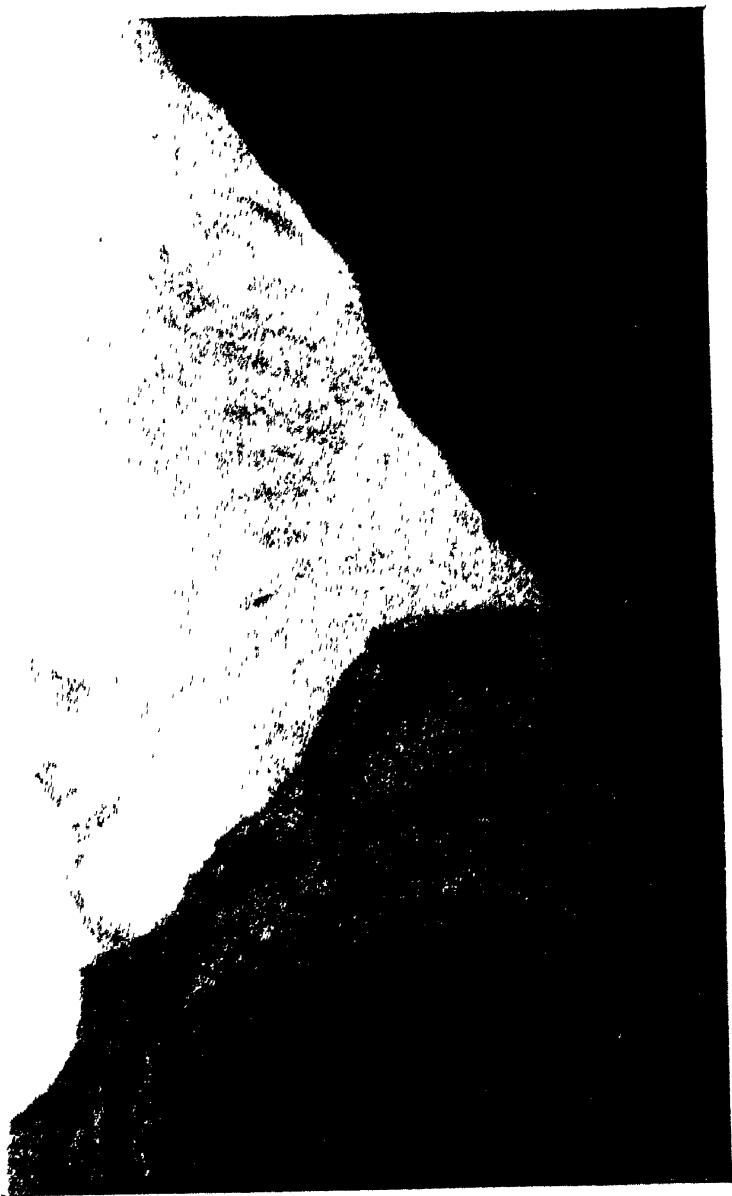
It is an extraordinary glimpse of the Wordsworth we do not know. But possibly Trelawnay's memory played him false, as it did in the matter of dates. For, as Mr. Edward Dowden points out in his introduction to the latest edition of the "Recollections," Wordsworth was not on the Continent in 1819,

Trelawney's first meeting with Shelley was in 1820, and the friendship covered but the last six months of Shelley's life. In any case, Wordsworth reconsidered his judgment when he had in after years read Shelley, and acknowledged the greatest master of harmonious verse in our modern literature.

It was in the eighteenth century, however, that the Lake of Geneva provided those "inland harbours of refuge" of which Trelawney writes. Those acacias on the terrace beneath which the bookseller sat to grapple with "Queen Mab" are no longer there. Yet the passage from Gibbon's Autobiography which describes the completion of his colossal task will appeal to every man who has toiled and sweated and written the last line, and then wondered if any man would take interest in it. One of the passages that have passed into the heart of all who hope that now—something has been accomplished.

"It was on the day, or rather the night, of the 27th of June 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last line of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a berceau, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waves, and all Nature was silent."

One walks with Gibbon upon completion of his



SUNSET ON THE BLUMLISALP





SUNSET ON THE BLUMLISALP



task under that magic moonlight, but not under those acacias. Lausanne, the scene of the final accomplishment of his great work, has undergone improvements, and the berceau is there no longer. The Place St. François is bordered by splendid buildings. The Post-Office occupies the site of "La Grotte," in which Gibbon lived for ten years, and that berceau walk has been incorporated into a hotel garden. With exquisite courtesy that hotel has called itself the "Hotel Gibbon."

But Gibbon had been in Lausanne nearly thirty years earlier than this ; and we find him at Chêne—one of the residences upon which Voltaire lighted for a while before he found his nest at Ferney. We get a glimpse of a certain fat-faced English youth, who had developed symptoms of Roman Catholicism at college, and was sent to a minister at Lausanne to be cured. In the intervals of falling in love with a certain Mademoiselle Curchod (afterwards Madame Necker), the young gentleman found time to criticise M. de Voltaire in various rôles — in "Zaïre," "Alzoïa," "Fenine," and the "Enfant Prodigue," played in the private theatre rigged up in a disused granary. In the sprightly and, so far as England is concerned, the unique "Life of Voltaire," S. G. Tallentyre sketches the solemn young gentleman, who years later, in his well-polished Autobiography, declared that Voltaire's " declamation was fashioned to the pomp and cadence

of the old stage, and he expressed the enthusiasm of poetry rather than the feelings of Nature"; while Voltaire, in the gay impromptu of *his* style, declared of himself he was "the best old fool in any troupe." And Madame Denis, whom the youthful Gibbon calls the "fat and ugly niece"—Voltaire compares her acting capabilities with those of the reigning Parisian, Mademoiselle Clairon! But she had planted her solid foot on the Voltairian household, and remained as the prosaic make-weight to the great scoffer whose underlying seriousness has nearly always been overlooked.

Boswell, too, flits across the scene, the irrepressible interviewer of the eighteenth century, who must needs make the pilgrimage to Mecca, which by this time—in 1766—was at Ferney. He was, so to speak, ambassador charged with reconciling two reigning autocrats. One can scarcely imagine two men in the civilised world of 1766 more antipathetic than Dr. Johnson and Voltaire. Yet Voltaire, who had spent some time in England after his experience of the Bastille, had met every one worth meeting, and knew the language well enough, paid Johnson the linguistic compliment of calling him "a superstitious dog." Johnson never heard that remark, we may assume. But mark the diplomatist. Boswell told him that Johnson had said that Frederick the Great wrote as Voltaire's footboy, who acted as his amanuensis, might do. And then the vain old Frenchman, still smarting under the

memory of his experiences at the Prussian Court, modified his opinion. Not so Dr. Johnson. For when the garrulous ambassador reached London again and asked the Doctor if he thought Rousseau as bad a man as Voltaire—both of them with the Geneva mark upon them—Johnson replied, “Why, sir, it is difficult to settle the proportion of iniquity between them.”

It is comforting to remember that neither ever knew what the other really thought of him.

Voltaire and Rousseau are the two dominating figures that stand for Geneva in the eighteenth century. Zürich had her Bodmer, champion of German letters against the French tendencies of the time; her Pestalozzi, too, whose principles of education, embodied in his story of rural life, “Lienhard and Gertrude,” were founded on Rousseau; and Lavater, the pastor of St. Peter’s Church, filled with religious enthusiasm that bubbled over into the famous “Essays on Physiognomy,” in which Goethe himself had a finger.

But in spite of the facts that though Rousseau was born in Geneva he never lived there after he ran away as an idle apprentice at the age of sixteen, and that though Voltaire lived for many years at its gates as a foreign settler, he was as alien from Geneva in spirit as in birth—in spite of these facts it is these two men who concentrate in themselves the intellectual history of eighteenth-century Geneva. For they represent

between them the intellectual forces that were preparing the way for the French Revolution, and many another upheaval of thought. Yet they hated each other—these two men whose names come off the tongue together ; and Rousseau, in a heated moment, sat down and wrote a letter to Voltaire, in which he tabulated his loathing. I cannot do better in the way of contrasting the two men than by quoting from the afore-mentioned " Life of Voltaire " : " Voltaire, all sharp sense ; and Rousseau all hot sensibility ; Rousseau, visionary, dreamer, sensualist, sentimentalist, madman ; and Voltaire, the sanest genius who ever lived, practical, business-like, brilliant, easy, sardonic. The one's name stands as a synonym for a biting wit, the other for a wild passion."

At the age of forty-two Rousseau came back on a visit to the city which he had left as a vagabond apprentice at the age of sixteen, and Geneva welcomed him. But you may imagine the hot-headed dreamer of disorderly and disastrous life looking across from the place of his birth on the southern side towards the demesne of that very sane wit Voltaire, the man of well-ordered though not strictly moral life who flourished at Ferney.

Still stands the house in which the watchmaker begat his son Jean Jacques. It stands almost at the summit of the Grande Rue, in the old quarter of the city, a steep and narrow street, bordered by tall

AFTER A HEAVY SNOW GALE







houses. The low, narrow entrance is clearly modern ; but the four-storeyed building stands otherwise as it did, and is apparently shared by an architect, a solicitor, and a land-agent. Rousseau paid his native city a splendid compliment—the city which both burned his works and heaped honours upon him. Geneva had not yet emancipated itself from the influence of Calvin. It was a prim, iron-bound little Republic—a Republic in name, but an oligarchy in reality—Protestant to the core. Rousseau, hot-headed, warm-hearted, and quite unscrupulous—(“ When my duty and my heart were at variance, the former seldom got the victory. To act from duty in opposition to inclination I found impossible,” he confesses in his “ *Rêveries* ” !)—Rousseau wanted to be a citizen of a town he loved as a Republican. But he was barred by his professed Catholicism.

The religious somersault was easy to the man inebriated with enthusiasm. Having submitted himself to the parish pastor, he made the requisite profession, received the Communion, and acquired the privilege of calling himself “ citizen of Geneva,” which he did upon the title-pages of his subsequent works. The two antipathies found their sympathy, unconsciously, when Voltaire, at Ferney, just across the way, as it were, announced himself as sick unto death, with some difficulty acquired the last rites from a rather doubtful priest, and immediately hopped

gaily from his bed with a triumphant grin athwart his toothless mouth and the statutory proof that he was a legitimate son of the Church !

Curious, mysterious, apparently inconsistent were these two men who fired fury at each other across that lake which was the outpost of Calvinistic intolerance—not knowing that they were fighting for the same cause—the emancipation of the human mind from the trammels of cant. There is no such comic contrast in history between preaching and practice as in the story of Rousseau. The writer of “Emile” and the “New Héloïse” condemned almost every social vice and fashionable folly, scourged affectation, taught the return to the simple life, impressed upon parents the necessity of looking after their own children, instead of leaving them to valets and priests, inveighed against infidelity in morals and infidelity in faith, and brought in a fashion of simplicity and sensibility that induced mothers to nurse their own offspring and clothe themselves in the remorseless gowns that were advertised as *à la Jean Jacques*. Yet that writer failed dismally as a tutor at Lyons to the sons of M. de Mably, the elder brother of the famous Condillac. He was tearful and furious in turn. But those sons—“who became philosophers as I became a child” ! And the writer who stirred Europe to the responsibility of the careful tending of the younger generation was the man who deposited five



Fig. 1. A. Ballantyne



nameless children of his own in a Paris foundling hospital, to the intense grief of Thérèse, their mother. "It were better for them to be orphans than to have a scoundrel for their father," writes the coming educational reformer, with gay frankness, to Madame de Franceuil in 1751. No wonder iron-bound Geneva was in two minds about her erratic son.

It was in 1758 that Voltaire, having lived for a while at Les Délices, bought the house and estate at Ferney, which almost adjoined. It was then a scrubby little village, with some forty or fifty inhabitants. But Voltaire was a practical man. He had seen the inside of the Paris Bastille, he had found some difficulty in escaping from the gilded prison provided by Frederick, and he was acutely conscious of advantages offered by a place that provided a springboard for a leap into the arms of several Principalities and Powers—a valuable asset for a man who was always making enemies by abusing abuses. For Ferney was in France, in Burgundy, and it was under the direction of a foreign prelate, the Bishop of Annecy. It was on the edge of the frontier of the Swiss canton of Bern, and, though within an easy stroll of the wealthy and intellectual Geneva, just out of reach of its Calvinistic laws. Even now you are reminded during the short tramway journey to the village he made, of its curious aloofness—or rather on the journey back. A mile or so from the village, no longer scrubby, the car is

stopped. Solemn officials come on board, and the simple maiden who carries a band-box is invited to closer inspection in the Customs Office by the roadside, while the driver leans patiently with a hand on the throttle. For here is the frontier between France and Switzerland, and the band-box of the simple maid on the tramcar may be an international matter. You will see why the intellectual bomb-thrower of the eighteenth century selected the same corner of Europe that is the favoured resort of modern protestants against Society as it is !

Voltaire rebuilt the house he had bought, and his enthusiasm rose with its rising. In successive stages he describes it as a "pretty house enough," then "a charming château in the Italian style," later on it is "of the Doric order, it will last a thousand years," and by 1761 it had become, according to its builder and owner (he was his own architect), "a superb château." It is not that. It is just such an ordinary house of the Georgian epoch as affronts the eye of so many who walk our English country-side. The hotel-keeper of Europe—as the Lord of Ferney called himself, from the number of his guests at Ferney—had no eye for pictures, no ear for music, he was blind and deaf to the arts that appeal to the sense of hearing and sight.

The real comedy of the situation rests in the fact that "L'Aubergiste de l'Europe" is one of the out-

standing figures of a nation of hotel-keepers. There is not a Swiss waiter who would not instantly fix on Voltaire's favourite room as a mistake, for the study is studiously averse from the "scenery." But the château contained a small bath-room, with hot and cold water laid on, and was in that respect too revolutionary-iconoclastic. It was at that time the only hotel in Europe with a bath-room. Even the attendants at the Court of Frederick complained of Voltaire's love for soap and water.

It is curious that while Voltaire's name is so inseparably connected with Geneva, that he should have had no sympathy with the ideals of the community, and practically no influence upon it. (I am leaving aside for a moment the reforms he brought about at Ferney.) Just on the borders of this prim Calvinistic little republic, which was really an oligarchy, settled the serious master of flouts and gibes, who was neither prim nor Calvinistic, but had his own notions of what a republic should be. Those notions were not Geneva's.

And the constitution of Geneva at this time gives an interesting example of the municipal republic as it was developed from the aristocracy of trade blessed by the supremacy of the ministers of religion. To-day it would be difficult to find a surviving instance in Europe—perhaps impossible. For such republics as that of San Marino have no influence to project from

their little corners, while Geneva undoubtedly had. Municipal life had flowed freely, and then frozen hard ! It had been a frozen corpse for a century or more before Voltaire began his attempt to tease and tickle it into life. This " Republic " had its own special constitution, and the mass of the people had not an official word to say as to how they should be governed.

There was a Governing class, the Great Council of Two Hundred, and the Little Council of Twenty-five ; and there was the Consistory of the clergy, which looked severely after the religion and even the morals of the town, refused citizenship even to a Catholic native such as Rousseau, and impartially burned the works of Voltaire. But there was a large population of shopkeepers who had to pay their taxes without any voice in the government, and the bourgeoisie were demanding their share of political power. The situation was complicated by the presence of the journeymen mechanics, who were the descendants of foreign settlers in Geneva. They were entirely without political rights, could not set up in business for themselves, and were debarred from entering any liberal profession. The mechanics wanted rights, the bourgeoisie wanted power, and the Oligarchical Republic refused both. And behind stood the black-gowned Calvinists, who hated the theatre—Voltaire was a dramatist among other things. Moreover, the







shopkeepers were not at all in favour of the demands of the journeymen. It is a curious little picture of the side-current—the storm in a pool—that has now found the main stream of peace. From Ferney, Voltaire cast a humorous look over this quarrel in a corner, and one suspects that his sojourn in England had suggested to him the idea of adjusting differences over the dinner-table. To Ferney were invited representatives of the warring factions to talk the matter over upon the neutral ground of the dining-room floor. But even the cynical charm of the Lord of Ferney could not bring the contending interests to a meeting-point, and the Geneva of 1766 had to wait some years before it became a real Republic.

Nor was there a theatre in Geneva. The Consistory of clergy saw to that, though over the frontier, a mile or two away, the prohibition law did not run, and citizens could there enjoy the forbidden pleasure. A curious instance of the “Little garden walled around, Chosen and made peculiar ground.” But Voltaire was determined to invade it, since he could not live without the drama, and could not conceive why other people should not live with it. He decided to introduce theatrical performances into Geneva. It was one of the finest comedies of the eighteenth century, this comedy of the very serious old man who wanted to turn the sham republic over the way into a real republic, this very frivolous old man who schemed to

introduce the drama—and, as it was supposed, the devil, into the religious Paradise of Geneva of the seventeen sixties. He began it at Délices, where, as we have seen, the youthful Gibbon criticised him with great solemnity. He invited the city authorities to Délices to witness a performance of his “Zaïre,” and the city fathers seem to have stepped gladly over the frontier of their little republic and their little prejudices. For the audience was moved to tears, clergymen, magistrates, and all. “I have never seen more tears,” says Voltaire in delight. “Never have the Calvinists been more tender, God be blessed! I have corrupted Geneva and the Republic!”

Geneva and the Republic were not to be so easily corrupted. That little corner held its own, though the man who frightened and mastered Europe assailed it. He assailed it in flank so to say. It was Voltaire grinning at the solemn Genevans at his threshold. He must “corrupt” Geneva. The instinct was true. If Geneva accepted a theatre, he won.

Characteristic of the man was the tortuous method he adopted.

The “Encyclopædia” was in process, and Voltaire had a hand in it. The “Encyclopædia,” with D’Alembert at the centre of it, was the most famous work appearing in Europe. The wily schemer induced D’Alembert to insert among the serious columns of the great work a plea for the erection of a theatre at





Geneva. It was as though a battleship had been sent out to hunt a butterfly. Characteristic of the time was the effect produced. One can hardly imagine that a suggestion for a municipal theatre in the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" would create a European tumult. In the eighteenth century serious books were taken very seriously, being read carefully by the leaders of thought, who then were really the only writers who counted for much. Voltaire knew this well enough; foresaw the coming hubbub.

The result of that apparently casual aside in the monumental Encyclopædia gives a quaint glimpse into that little corner of Switzerland—that "Rome of Protestantism"—which was in no kind of religious sympathy with the peoples at its gates. After a century the dry bones of Calvin lived and stirred, though he forbade the Genevese to mark with a monument the place of his burial. The Calvin who proscribed plush breeches, limited a dinner of ten persons to five dishes, ordered the public admonition from the pulpit of such as violated the Sabbath, set the gamester in the pillory with a pack of cards slung about his neck, and punished the adulterer with death.

Here was a bit of fun for Voltaire. He would insert the wedge that should split asunder the prejudices of Geneva. He would destroy the malign and

blighting influence of the itinerant preacher who had come to Geneva from Picardy, by way of Italy—and a fugitive as well—and for nearly a quarter of a century, as preacher from the pulpit of St. Peter's Church, as Reformer, as Dictator, had turned a town grey from his breath, made a burnt-offering of the Spaniard Servetus, and welcomed the Scottish John Knox (also a citizen of Geneva in 1558).

Of course the Consistory was furious at the flank attack of the schemer at the gates. It found an unexpected ally. It was over the question of the building of a theatre in Geneva that the bitterest controversy was carried on between the two men whose names are so blended in quotation, but were so far apart in life and thought. Down came Rousseau upon the horrible suggestion with a "Letter to M. D'Alembert" of the "Encyclopædia"—and, inferentially, to Voltaire, smiling warily at Ferney. (It is but fair to recall the fact that in 1762 Voltaire was quite in agreement with the Consistory in the solemn burning of Rousseau's "Emile"—forgetting for once that you cannot really burn a book!) But Rousseau was splendid, though he was a playwright himself, and a fairly unsuccessful one. He denounced the introduction of a theatre into a town of 24,000 inhabitants, while Paris, with 600,000, had only four. This early apostle of the simple life, who had simplified his own life by shunting its responsi-





THE LEANING TOWER OF ST. MORITZ "OLD CHURCH"



bilities upon other people, wrote furiously against the corrupting influences of the drama when introduced into a comparatively small town, though he admitted that it could do nothing further to corrupt Paris. And while he protested, with delightful digressions, against the establishment of a theatre at Geneva, his "Letter" is a furious protest against the acting profession in general. "What is the profession of an actor? A trade by which he exhibits himself for money, submits himself to ignominy and affronts which one buys the rights of offering him, and puts publicly his person for sale. What is then, in reality, the spirit which the actor receives from his condition? A mixture of baseness, falsity, absurd pride, and unworthy degradation, which fits him for every character except the noblest, that of a man—which he abandons." And the "Letter," you may imagine, stirred the fury of the old man of Ferney, who many years ago had been stirred to fury at the casting of Adrienne Lecouvreur into the kennel, as unworthy of decent burial.

Voltaire fired phrases and epigrams at Rousseau, who had many weak points in his armour, and devoted a portion of a life of amazing industry to the corruption of Geneva, by way of the drama. Again and again Geneva won the game. His theatre at Délices must be closed; but he opened elsewhere. But whenever he started upon Genevan territory, the

dead hand of Calvin swooped and closed. The audiences came and were appreciative; but always the dry bones of Calvin arose, and the cold water of Voltaire's wit brought the hiss from Calvinistic Geneva. It was not until 1766 that Geneva had its own theatre, and then it was a mere wooden structure which lasted but a couple of years. For certain enthusiasts set it on fire, and it burned finely, while the crowds that ran to the light, finding it was only a theatre on fire, emptied the buckets and shouted, "Let those who want a theatre put out the fire!"

One dwells upon this story, because it is a curious illustration of the apparent incompatibilities that have come together in the Swiss nation we know to-day. For the moment Rousseau and the Calvinistic Consistory—in preposterous combination—won the trick. Geneva at the period of the French Revolution had no theatre. It was still the stronghold of the stern unbending hater of the gay flippancies of life. A curious illustration, too, of the levelling influences of international talk and travel; for in the days of Voltaire it seemed most unlikely that this little Calvinistic corner of Europe could ever become a loyal member of the compact little Republic that has pooled the non-essentials and played for the essentials. You will find but little trace of John Calvin in the Geneva of to-day. He has his street, the Rue Calvin, and near the Cathedral you may still see his house, while a journalistic age has stuck a slab over the spot where



THE INFALL, ST. MORITZ



his bones are supposed to be laid, the spot he wished to be forgotten. But if those dry bones could live again they would rise in horror against the Geneva of his present day. For Geneva has forgotten the denunciations of Calvin. There is a theatre. It is opened even upon the Sunday. There are "brasseries" and "cafés" also open on Sunday, and you may see the Genevese maidens, in their bravest attire, on their way to the balls and entertainments those brasseries and cafés supply, quite forgetful of Calvin. Theatres, cafés, and brasseries are open on Sunday in Geneva, for France, Italy, and Germany have swept down upon that little and important corner of Europe, wiped out John Calvin's fuss and fury, but retained something of the seriousness that underlies the absurdity of the Reformer. Geneva is now part of the Republic, and it owes something to the grinning old man who sat (his eyes turned away from the scenery) in his study at Ferney.

It is a most inadequate phrase—"grinning old man"—though the most famous presentment of him shows him to you as a toothless man with a metallic grin at all the absurdities of the universe—the scoffer incarnate—the man who thinks in negatives. But the phrase is wildly unjust. Geneva never saw the real seriousness of the man who often stood on his head to attract the world's attention. There was the case of Jean Calas, broken on the wheel in 1762 at Toulouse as the murderer of his own son. The story

need not be retold here. But you should remember that Toulouse at that time celebrated the anniversary of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew with a few days' festival ; that in Toulouse no Protestant could be a lawyer, a physician, a surgeon, an apothecary, a bookseller, a grocer, or a printer ; he could not keep a Protestant clerk or a Protestant servant, and in 1748 an unhappy woman had been fined 3000 francs for acting as a midwife without having first become a Roman Catholic. Now Jean Calas was a Protestant who had kept a shop and a blameless reputation in Toulouse for forty years, and reared a blameless family. He was broken on the wheel because he was a conscientious Protestant in the midst of conscientious Roman Catholics, just as in these later days conscientious—we may now change the word to superstitious—Russians of the Orthodox Faith slaughter Jews who are supposed to have murdered Christian children at the Passover. The mere hint of superstition stirred Voltaire, for the hint of the judicial crime reached him at Ferney. “ You will ask me, perhaps, why I interest myself so much in this Calas who was broken on the wheel.” So he writes to a correspondent—D'Argental—in the spring of 1762. “ It is because I am a man.”

Geneva, the stronghold of Protestantism, did not worry itself about Jean Calas who was dead, or his family which was ruined and scattered, though one of the sons, Donat Calas, came to Voltaire's door and



found admittance. But the grinning old cynic was determined to "corrupt Geneva." With the fiery patience to kill superstition wherever he saw it, Voltaire set to work. Documents, witnesses, evidence of all sorts were collected; men in high places were bombarded; for three years Voltaire, at no small expense of time and money, ploughed through files of reports, balanced conflicting statements, talked with witnesses, wrote pamphlets, appeals, demands, and finally won. The innocence of Jean Calas was proved by the grinning cynic, and when forty judges had pronounced the dead man and his family "perfectly innocent," the courier came with the news to Ferney. Young Donat Calas was with Voltaire, and Voltaire said that his old eyes wept as many tears as the boy's. "The most splendid fifth act ever seen on a stage," he wrote in a letter to Cideville. And you may see here the fine combination of the dramatist and the doer. Yet Geneva would have none of him—the man of wisdom whose wit was abhorrent. One cannot avoid the modern instance. Voltaire lived to see the triumph of his protest against the slaughter of an innocent man because of his accidental creed. In this beginning of the second century after we have the case of Dreyfus, and the Emile Zola who died before the final rehabilitation of the man he championed. Zola never had such a visit as Voltaire enjoyed when the Calas family came to Ferney in 1770. Geneva was unmoved; but the grinning cynic was determined to corrupt it.

To-day the visitor to Geneva takes the tram-drive to Ferney, and sees the monument to the old man who grins from the summit of the pedestal. It required a century of contemplation and conscience-pricking for the erection of that monument. But there it stands. The monument was erected in 1890, just off the main road as it begins to mount to the "château." Standing before that memorial, and reading the inscription upon one of the four sides of the pedestal, you will scarcely recognise the description of the man whose mordant wit has, in the common mind, obscured the serious things he accomplished. Yet every word of that inscription is true, which is more than can be said for some of the bloated eulogies in Westminster Abbey!

Here it is :—

Au  
 Bienfaiteur de Ferney  
 Voltaire fait construire  
 Plus de cent maisons  
 Il donne à la ville  
 Un église, une école, un hôpital  
 Le reservoir et la fontaine  
 Il prête de l'argent sans intérêts  
 aux communes, environnantes  
 Il fait dessécher les marais  
 du pays  
 Il établit des foires et des marchés  
 Il nourrit les habitants  
 Pendant la disette de 1771.

Every word is true, and more also. Ferney owed



A WINTER EVENING, ST. MORITZ-DORF



its existence as a prosperous village to Voltaire. When he fixed upon the "château" as his residence, there were but fifty miserable peasants there, groaning under the cruel taxes which France imposed. It is not necessary for me to describe again the condition of the French peasant in the days just before the Revolution, when three-quarters of what they earned was seized by taxation; there was the *corvée*, or the right of the lord to commandeer the peasant's labour without payment; and there was the *taille*, levied in a lump sum upon each village, which the peasant must pay if the lord refused. Fifty of these miserable people made up the village of mean, windowless huts when Voltaire arrived. He left—I hope he remembered to mention the fact to *le bon Dieu*, who was his Judge of Appeal—he left 1200 prosperous workers. His initial building operations, as he repaired the "château" and built a new church at his gates (for Voltaire really built a church!), brought masons to the spot, and the masons must have dwellings, shops, all the developments of Plato's miniature Republic you may trace at Ferney. By 1767 he had established three merchants, certain artists, and a doctor, and was building houses for them. For the young people there was weekly amusement. On Sundays, having worshipped in Voltaire's church, they came up to the "château" to dance; refreshments were provided, while the old man sat looking on during the

rare intervals of his persistent industry. He not only started a school, but he paid the schoolmaster's salary from his own pocket.

Silkworms were a hobby with him ; so he brought in stocking-weavers from Geneva, and turned them on to the silkworms that spun in the disused Ferney theatre which Madame Denis, his flat-footed niece, had used as a laundry. The first pair of silk stockings that came from Ferney was sent to the Duchesse de Choiseul. Voltaire had time and tact to advertise silk stockings in the most effective manner, and his correspondence with the Duchesse would turn the modern advertiser green with envy. Watchmakers, too, he brought along the few miles of road that led from Geneva to France. He advertised his watches (solely, you must remember, in the interests of the makers of them) in cunning letters and circulars to such people as Catherine the Great, the foreign ambassadors, and the Duc de Choiseul. The Duc bought the first six watches made by Voltaire's factory, and in a short time the 60,000 livres he had advanced to start the fifty Genevan workmen in Ferney had developed a trade that ranged from China to North Africa, with Paris as chief buyer. In 1773 Ferney "sold 4000 watches worth half a million francs."

Voltaire found Ferney a wretched hamlet, he left it a flourishing township, where Huguenots and Catholics lived together in unity, where the worker was decently

housed, and where no man need lack food, a place of quiet and lucrative industry.

Looking at the most famous presentment of the old man, with the twisted smile upon his lips, one feels that the smile is one of derisive surprise at himself—at discovering himself a philanthropist !

My only quarrel with Geneva is that she did not understand the laughing philosopher at her gates. But perhaps no one has ever quite understood him.

## CHAPTER IX

### WINTER SPORTS

"BEYOND its splendid climate Davos has but one advantage, the neighbourhood of J. A. Symonds." So wrote Robert Louis Stevenson after a visit to John Addington Symonds at Davos Platz. Among many bonds of sympathy between the two men, there was surely this, both were engaged in a life-long struggle against ill-health, and both succeeded in performing the most laborious intellectual tasks in the face of physical disabilities. And a record of that association in the higher Engadine remains in the dedication by Symonds of his "Wine, Women, and Song," published in 1884, to Stevenson.

Davos Platz owes a debt to Symonds, for he invented the place, so far as the lucrative Englishman is concerned, just as Scott invented Scotland, Dr. Johnson invented London, and Shakespeare invented Warwickshire. It is true that in about 1865 the German doctors discovered that the clear, sweet, sunny cold of Davos was beneficial to the consumptive patient in the early stages of his disease, and for many years Davos and St. Moritz and other



winter resorts kept their secret from all but the Germans.

By a happy accident Symonds, making a flight to Egypt before the English winter of 1877-1878, stopped at Davos Platz. There he found sunshine, the purest of air, a place where you may grill yourself in the winter sun with a neighbouring thermometer within fifteen degrees of zero. He spent most of his remaining life at Davos, did an amazing amount of work there, and wrote an article that appeared in the *Fortnightly* of July 1878, in which he recounted his experiences. That article laid Switzerland under a heavy debt. From that moment those abodes of sun and ice and snow began to bask in the perennial sunshine of financial prosperity. The men and women who were ill stormed the heights of health.

But there were other stormers—men and women in blatant health. To the Swiss uplands the first blush of winter prosperity came with the invalid. Health has evicted disease, and Davos is no longer the exclusive abode of the consumptive, who has gradually been edged out to carefully designed compounds. Hotels announce boldly that no consumptives are admitted, and there is scarcely a village perched at the proper altitude and with the proper surroundings that has not its ambition to entertain the stranger with winter sports. There is not a

village in the Engadine (there are no towns or cities there) that contains 2000 permanent inhabitants. St. Moritz, the most populous, cannot reach that total. But you will find no poverty. Davos set the example, and Switzerland was swift to follow with invitation to the healthy in search of sunshine. Grindelwald, Adelboden, the names mount with each winter season, and the Rhone Valley is rivalling the Engadine in its attractions. There is a hotel at Montana that will give you some eight hours of sunshine every winter day, with the call of the ice and snow. You will sit out of doors after breakfast and wonder which you will do. Shall it be skating, tobogganing, ski-ing? The sun burns your face as you smoke the after-breakfast pipe, but it leaves the snow unthawed. That dry cold of the heights with a blazing sun overhead is to be enjoyed by the most sensitive invalid, indeed the invalid may sit out of doors more comfortably in winter than in summer and with less danger. At Interlaken the thermometer may mark a far higher figure; but the touch of dampness in the atmosphere there makes it a much colder place than Grindelwald, for example. For "cold" has no human meaning but in relation to the human skin, which has the last word in the matter.

To Switzerland we owe the extraordinary development of the art of skating within the past decade



DAVOS-PLATZ



or two. In countries such as England, where a whole winter may pass without ice that would bear a goose, practice in figure-skating is necessarily confined to artificial rinks, and such rinks as that of Prince's Club at Knightsbridge are few and far between, expensive to maintain, and strictly limited in area. On the artificial rink, too, one misses the exhilaration of the mountain air.

But in the Alpine winter resorts one may be fairly sure of four months' skating upon wide stretches of real ice under a sun as hot as that of an English June day; for Providence, which has made the big rivers run past the big towns, has put the lakes which freeze in the midst of the Swiss winter resorts. Those invalids who followed John Addington Symonds to Davos must have been wonderfully healthy; as soon as they arrived there they buckled on their skates and made Davos the headquarters of European skating. To-day, though the invalids have almost disappeared, or at least are swamped by the floods of energetic health, Davos is the scene of the annual championship contests between the finest skaters of Europe and America. Nor do those contests ever have to be postponed, as happens annually with our own skating races on the Cambridge-shire fens.

Many are the developments and complications of skating, which (as the Germans recognise in their

word "Schlittschuh") is merely sliding over a slippery surface. "Hockey on the ice" is the usual name for the pastime which has been evolved from "bandy," and it is an uncommonly fine game for a bold and skilful skater. Not until November 1895 were the rules of "hockey on the ice" crystallised into a formal code, though a rough and ready game had been played on the ice probably ever since man invented the skate and discovered the root and essence of all the most popular outdoor games, the hitting of a rotund object with a stick of one form or another. Long before 1895 the old-fashioned rough ashplant and the brewer's bung had vanished. The rules are those of ordinary hockey, except in so far as the surroundings and conditions of the game demand special legislation. Red is the colour of the ball, and in size it is like the regulation lacrosse ball. You cannot see a finer exhibition of this game, in Europe, than at the match between Davos and St. Moritz, played at either place in alternate seasons.

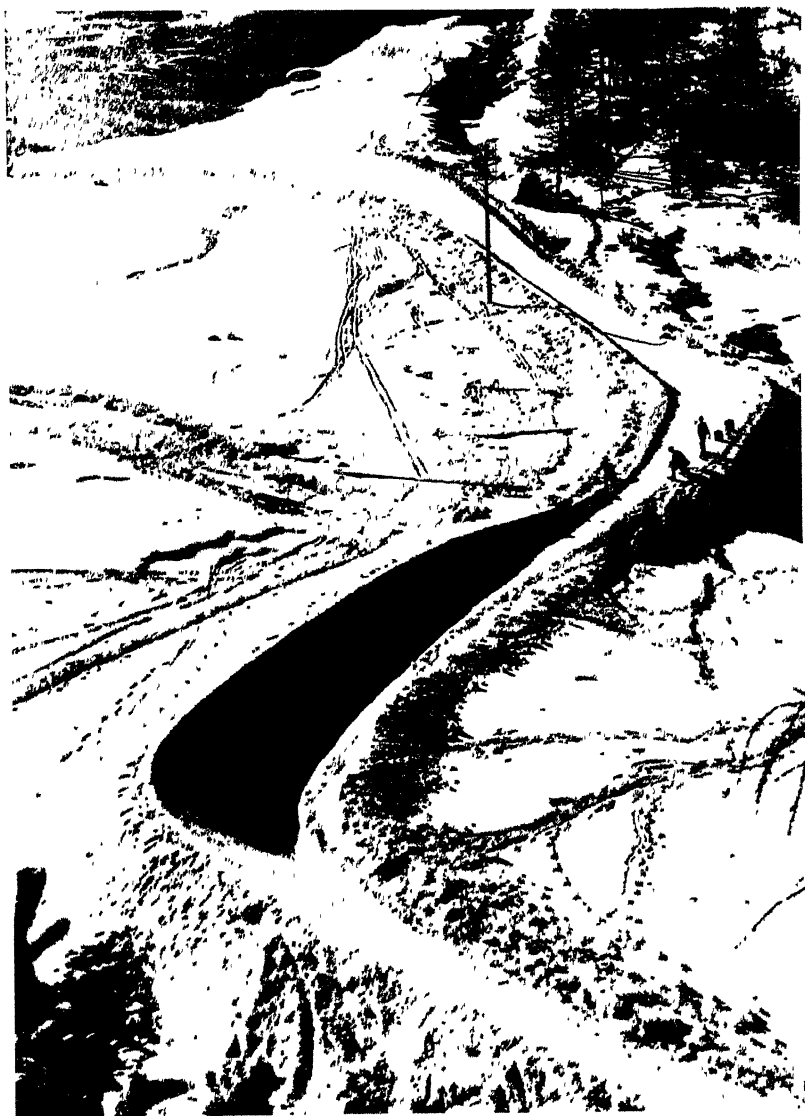
As a variant upon ordinary skating, "hand-sailing" may be recommended as an exciting amusement. The skater rigs up a sail, which he holds with his outstretched arms, himself the ship skimming the smooth surface of the ice. He must adjust his sail artfully to the breeze, and scud lightly over the ice until his arms can stand the strain no longer. Here a man gets the exhilaration of speed that



G. R. Ballance.







*G. K. Ballou*

PART OF CRESTA TOBOGGAN-RUN AT ST. MORITZ  
THE THREE "PANKS," IN ORDER, ARE "THE KISE," "PALLUDORI," AND "SHUTTECOCK."



demands the watchful eye and brain for its due management. And the man who has found the joy of hand-sailing over such an expanse of frozen surface as Silvaplana Lake supplies, will begin to yearn to sail an ice-yacht.

Holland has adopted a very comfortable type of ice-yacht, and on the Zuyder Zee in winter the novice may meet with a boat far more comfortable and less dangerous than the flyers of fame. The fastest sailing has been achieved by Americans, and the American boat-builder will build a boat that will race the express trains that run alongside the Hudson River, and beat them easily. The sport as thus developed is a dangerous one, for in case of a spill the pace is tremendous and the surface hard. Nevertheless it is very popular now with the Finns, who have the huge frozen stretch of the Gulf of Finland at their disposal, and one of the terrible delights of the sport is the leaping of the fissures in the frozen surface by the sheer impetus of the yacht. There are no fissures in the lake at St. Moritz, and the runners of the yacht scarcely mark the ice and hurt it not at all, so that one may sail in the early morning hours before the skaters are about, and leave the surface unblemished. But it is no enterprise for the timid or delicate. Says an expert: "Dress as if you were going through the Arctic Circle on a fast motor-car in the worst of snowstorms; goggles and leather

or furs are practically indispensable; A little experience will teach you to watch your burgee only for the wind, instead of looking for its evidence elsewhere, to use your rudder as lightly as a silk rein on the mouth of a tender mare, and to keep as low down as possible on deck."

There is no more helpless man in the world than he who first puts on a pair of skis (having learned nothing but to pronounce them "shees"), determined that the usual mode of winter progression in Scandinavia shall become a holiday pastime in Switzerland. On his feet he finds two long, narrow pieces of wood, turned up at the toe; on the under part they are smooth and polished, and with the slightest encouragement they will slip—just a little bit of frozen snow is enough. Then he finds that he has from fourteen to eighteen feet, for his skis measure from seven to nine feet apiece, and all the feet disagree. When he falls, as he inevitably will, the difficulty is to rise again, since the half of himself seems to be entangled with the other half. Nevertheless, when the novice has tumbled, discovered the proper way to rise by the nice conduct of foot behind foot, learned to stand upright, maintain his balance, keep his skis pointing in the right direction, he has reached a sensation that must come near to that of the swallow in its flight. No more boots that sink him to the knees in snow as he mounts, for he ascends far less



6 R Ballano

BOYS SETTING UP AT ST. MORITZ



laboriously on the snow's surface with his skis. No more plodding descent awaits him; he has but to keep his two feet, and the other fourteen, under proper control, and the powdered surface of the snow does the rest, sending him skimming along; and it is most astonishing to see how soon the novice who tumbles and cannot rise will with practice be able to take long journeys on his skis. He may even rise to taking those leaps in which the skier takes-off from the snow slope, sails through space, and lands once more upon snow with eighteen feet in unison for the further descent. He will have to proceed crab-wise uphill; downhill he may emulate those champions at the races at Holmenkollen, near Christiania, where he may see a man appearing on the brow of a hill, who starts on a bugle sound, and after a swift descent suddenly doubles himself up, leaps into space more than a hundred feet, and sails away merrily over the snow.

Thick stockings, boots built for comfort rather than appearance, secured by straps that leave the foot free play, such is the advice of the expert. But though the ski has in one or another form been adopted in every country that has a winter of snow—Canada, the Austrian Tyrol, Russia, and the snowshoe is indigenous among the North American Indians—the mode of progression is adapted only to the hardy.

Universal is the appeal of tobogganing, for it calls

to the human instinct of swift progression without undue exertion, and the smallest child loves the excitement of the rapid and polished descent down the twisted way that any well-constructed exhibition will provide. The toboggan, which is the most popular implement of winter sport in Switzerland, is really the simplest and most ancient of all modes of progression. Long before man had invented the wheel, one may be sure that he had hit upon a means of letting things slide, for that is the simplest of expedients, though things slide with amazing speed down the Cresta run. He had found a slope, he had found a desirable object. He found it easier to sit on that object and slide down than to stumble down with the object on his back. He found it fun. He had found something that was to be a toboggan some day. For the origin of the word "toboggan" we must go to the North American Indians. Three sports the Red-man taught his pale-faced conquerors; lacrosse, the use of snow-shoes, and the elements of the art of tobogganing. The white man embraced lacrosse with enthusiasm, and improved it; on snow-shoes he has seldom equalled his teacher; but many years had to pass before he realised the possibilities of the third; and it was in Europe that the flat board of the Micmacs, turned up at one end, was gradually developed into the light, strong, delicately adjusted framework of





G. A. Ballou

SKI-JUMPING



steel on which men race wherever an ice-race can be constructed. And the climber who saves time and labour by a glissade down the snow-slope with a safe landing, is but doing what the Red-man did ages ago. That primitive flat board still remains essentially the toboggan of the Canadian "chute," a contrivance by which it is possible to shoot swiftly down a straight track that has been carefully prepared, and then to walk to the top again and repeat the performance. As a pastime this was too simple and childlike to satisfy the sportsman for long; it was little better than sliding downstairs on a tea-tray, which is really an excellent example of the earliest form of tobogganing. Pace, however, is not everything that is necessary to make a pastime popular, or the driving of railway locomotives would have become a favourite sport. One sees in a disordered imagination lines of rails laid down for the speedy propulsion of steam-engines, and the holiday-maker stoking the fires, or handling the gear. As it is, engine-driving has never become a popular amusement, though one English peer has taken it up as a hobby. On the other hand, coach-driving has flourished for decades as an aristocratic and rather expensive pastime in England, and in recent years the fun of steering a motor car has been discovered. That is the word, perhaps, that gives the clue to the favour in which the modern toboggan is

held. The possibility of steering, the consciousness of control over direction, as well as rapid progress, was demanded before tobogganing was taken home to the business and the bosoms of the people of leisure; and the real, inner history of the development of the toboggan is not the record of bits of wood and steel, but a criticism of the workings of the human mind!

It was not the American who first set the flat board upon runners, and so made the essential advance. This was probably first done in Switzerland, long before the United States was a nation, and the advance seems easy enough in a country which used wheels in summer and in winter had to remove those wheels and find the easiest mode of vehicular conveyance over the snow. Doubtless the early Swiss toboggan and the sleigh were evolved together, born of the same mother-necessity. Those wood-cutters whom you encounter on the zig-zag hill paths as you spin down the snowy slope, who shout warnings at you as they slide down with their pine-logs, these men are riding on the primitive Swiss toboggan, and in the meeting you stretch hands across the centuries!

One may not omit the postman's share in the evolution of this most popular amusement of the winter resorts. For it was he who started the idea in the brain of some Englishman whose name is

' LEAPING AT THE FINISH CRESIA RUN





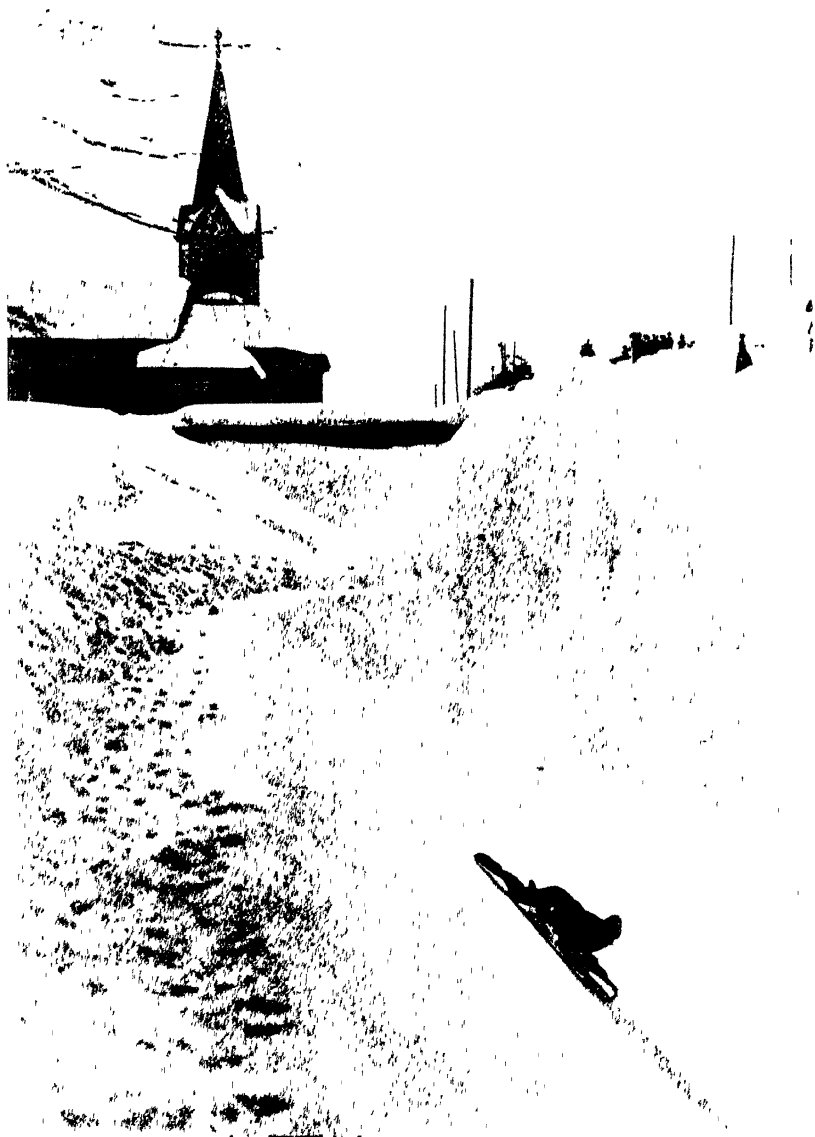
unknown. There was once a local postman—it was probably the first postman who ever carried letters in Switzerland—who found it easier to slide than to stumble down the snow-paths, and journeyed swiftly though somewhat perilously on the rough machine that was a miniature reproduction of the larger wood-sleighs. But there was one postman—also dead, forgotten, nameless—who caught the fancy and stirred the blood of the nameless Englishman. No doubt, though these beginnings of things are matters of conjecture, that Englishman was an invalid, sent to a mountain resort. He began to feel better—there is an exhilaration in that pellucid air; he saw the postman spinning down the hill-road on his ramshackle machine—he exclaimed, “I can beat that fellow!” He acquired a similar machine, and raced the postman on the postman’s own conditions.

So far this is but a conjecture of what surely must have happened. But it is certain enough that the sport of the Swiss highlands was introduced by the invalid Englishman, who kept the passion for speed, steering, and racing in their blood, and that tobogganing, as we understand it now, took its rise when those invalids, reinvigorated by the mountain air, and somewhat bored by the lack of amusement, began racing the postman. And it seems rather appropriate that this marriage of invalidism and sport was blessed by literature, and

that John Addington Symonds offered a cup as a prize to be raced for on the native machine at Davos ; and under these conditions the Swiss raced their visitors.

Then the American discovered the Engadine, the delights of tobogganing, the joy of speed, steering, racing down the slope, and he entered into competition. Putting one and one together is typical of the American mind ; it has the faculty of seeing this and that, and adapting them. The American contemplated the flat Canadian toboggan, with which he was quite familiar ; he saw too the superiority afforded by the runners on a machine to which he had been hitherto unaccustomed. He was determined to win. On that Canadian toboggan the riders rode head-foremost, but balanced on the extreme rail, or a "kick-up" of the curved-back front would cut his face open. Therefore the American put one and one together, lay down head-foremost on a Swiss toboggan, and won. Finally he brought over a machine of his own, and won on that. When it becomes a matter of speed and steering the two essentials are clear, uninterrupted view and the least possible resistance to the air. Obviously the man who sits his toboggan must keep his head well raised, in order to see his course, since the course is downhill, and therefore he offers his head as a resistance to nature. If you lie flat on your back, it is obvious





*G. R. Ballance*

RIDER "SWINGING" HIS TOBOGGAN TO ROUND "CHURCH LEP" - CRESTA RIN



that you cannot steer at all, and disaster will come with the first turn. If you lie prone, the head may be so lowered as to afford the least possible resistance to the wind, and you may yet see the downward course and steer as you choose with feet or arms. In racing, the head-foremost position is now pre-eminent.

The racing "skeleton," on which the great tobogganers ride, those experts who compete in the international contests, is but a bare, brief plank, lightly wadded for reasonable comfort to the crouching rider, and running upon a tempered steel frame, runners bow-shaped, and deeply grooved in a half-figure of eight at the rearward bend. There are no sharp edges on this machine, since it is often necessary to clear it in case of a spill. For you ride these on no smooth snow surface, nor yet on a road, but on a carefully built and scientifically prepared track of beaten snow, raked at every turn, and they are often raked at an angle that would make the rake of a racing bicycle track look small. The whole surface, straight and banks alike, is one pure sheet of solid ice, watered and tended nightly, never ridden when the sun has softened the crusts. The famous Cresta run is 1000 yards in length—to be exact it is 1208 metres. On a midway section, known as "the straight," the stop-watch is said to have recorded a pace of sixty-eight miles an hour. But the record for

the whole course, including the turns, the leaps, and the straights, was brought under the minute on March 6, 1905, when Mr. H. R. Davies was the first to get inside the sixty seconds, and Mr. C. Thornton beat him by the fraction of a second in 59.8 seconds.

In late years even the steel "skeleton" toboggan has undergone evolution, being now furnished with a slide, like the rower's "sliding seat." Thus, whereas the art of making a fast course depends largely on the rider's ability to shift his weight forward on the clear runs, and back on the banks which he must "take" by "swinging"—*i.e.* wrenching the head of his machine to right or left on the pivot of the grooved back bows of its own runners—the modern rider can slide back, where his predecessor had to lift his own weight, an obvious saving of time and labour, and probably one reason for the superiority of modern time records on ice-runs.

Though tobogganing has been by these devious means brought up to the level of an international sport, though this combination of the ideas of East and West has evolved a machine on which all the art of the constructor has been concentrated, though the racer may plunge down the ice-run head-foremost, pitting his hand and foot and brain against disaster at every turn, and winning a cup by the fraction of a second—nevertheless, the toboggan still provides the pastime in which all may join. There is



G. R. Ballance

BANDY ON THE ICE.



always the mountain road, gently curving, and fashioned as it were by Providence for the aged and infirm. For them none of the latest improvements, such as the sliding seat, that demands the forward or backward position as the course turns or falls. At Grindelwald, at every mountain resort in winter, old gentlemen, old ladies, may be seen renewing their youth in braving the gentle perils of some carefully graded mountain road—for Switzerland, business-like in this as in all other respects, provides toboggan slides for all ages and temperaments, as it provides hotels and *pensions* for all purses and tastes.

For the man of ordinary nerve there are few such wholesome stimulants in life as a toboggan ride, though, as in the case of all other stimulants, the passion grows by indulgence. A certain clarity of brain is induced by the swift motion and the necessity of controlling the descent. I have never felt myself so absolutely "fit" in mind as after a morning's tobogganing. On the easy runners you glide, and sweep from snow and sunshine into the gloom of snow-clad pines, and out again into the world of frost and snow. So swiftly does the world go by that you yourself seem to be its master, turning it before your eyes as one who turns the canvas of a panorama. If such reflections come to you on the glorious journey, it is probable that some law

of Nature will arise and upset you, plunging you headlong. Nevertheless you pick yourself up, and shake the powdered, kindly snow that received you; in England such a disaster would have meant a skin-wetting. Here the snow is shaken off as water from a duck's back. You mount again, and when the end comes are half-way between triumph and regret. A few minutes of crowded and splendid life—and now the long, long ascent. There is no getting over that! And in spite of mathematics it is not true that two points are always equidistant from each other. One of the stories—which are mostly found-lings—which are foisted on the late Mr. Spurgeon, tells how he illustrated the easy descent into sin and the laborious struggle upwards by sliding down the balustrade of his pulpit stairs and then toilsomely pulling himself up again. One is tempted to offer the case of the tobogganer to the preacher as an admirable instance of the fact that it is further from the base to the summit than from the summit to the base. But the tobogganer always ascends again with a will, dragging his temptation after him, being impelled by the determination that having made the descent once, he will cheerfully face any difficulty in order to make it again. Here, I fear, the moral breaks down very badly, unless sinners are to be converted by the hope that if they become good they will have a longer and sweeter run into sin!



Solitude, however, is not the inevitable accompaniment to tobogganing, for there is the bobsleigh, upon which four or five may spin down the snow-road together. It is well that a bobsleigh should contain a competent steerer to hold the handles in front, and a calm man behind in charge of the brake, for a bobsleigh's weight gives it remarkable speed over the slope. Important, too, that the crew should know how to tuck away their legs, and wear soft boots without nails, or the spikes upon the toes whereby the solitary rider may steer. For when disaster comes—as it may at a turn, the stump of a tree, a rock—the real danger of the plunge into kindly snow is the sudden mixture of humanity, and no gentleman should draw a spiked boot across a lady's face.

Even with the bobsleigh the toilsome ascent must be made when the descent is over, though it is cheered by the company of fellow sinners repenting gaily in order to fall again. But you may make a very good bobsleigh by joining two light toboggans together by a long cushioned board upon the top, putting a brake at the stern and a pair of steering-handles in front. It will carry four or five. And when the time comes to pull it up, and each member of the crew takes one of the long cords, it will be found much lighter than it looks.

It is, after all, the exhilaration of dry, cold, and

clear sunshine that makes the charm of winter in the Alps. In winter the Swiss mountain resorts are the abodes of optimism, and that is no doubt part of the efficacy of their curative properties. An instance of this was given me a few years ago by Mr. Pinero, who, being under contract to write a play, went up into the mountains for ideas. The ideas came—the play was splendid—he wired home the names of two leading actresses who must be engaged—they were secured. Then came the descent, and as he descended Mr. Pinero saw his ideas as we should see them in a London fog! He threw his projected scenes into the waste-paper basket, and set to work again to fit those two actresses with the promised parts—to write “Iris.” Wherefore, if the suggested moral may be inverted, it were well that a man should take his pleasure upon the heights and earn his salvation somewhere about the sea level.

## CHAPTER X

### THE SWISS AS SOLDIER

THE very essence, as we have seen, of the Swiss idea of self-government is that no one man, no central authority, shall over-ride the wishes of the Swiss people. Therefore the Initiative and the Referendum have been adopted, and the meetings on hill-side and in market square are the beginnings of legislation, or the checks upon it. One matter, however, demands the control of a central authority. National defence, treaties, promises, international conventions are well enough, but Switzerland is taking no risks that can be avoided, and she is quite ready to claim with force the neutrality and independence which European courtesy has guaranteed.

In this matter of national defence Switzerland recognises that there must be one central brain, and nerves and muscles at instant command. There is nothing in Switzerland to correspond to the "regular army" which makes such a show in Berlin, or round about Knightsbridge. A Swiss soldier you may see now and again in a passage through the country. He is not a professional soldier, and in a few months he

will be again at the desk, or the factory, or the hotel, to welcome your peaceful visit. You may hunt about Switzerland for months and never find a man whose profession is military. Almost as difficult would it be to find a man who is not a potential soldier.

The only people in Switzerland who make the army an exclusive profession are the Commander-in-Chief (who is named by the Federal Assembly) and the Federal Staff. These form the brain of the army. The muscles and nerves extend to the furthest limits of the Confederation. Organisation and control in time of peril are centred at the seat of government, for national defence is a question that must be settled by a central brain, and the Swiss are by no means impatient of the duties that make for their peace ; the professional soldier is found only at the centre in Switzerland, while Switzerland is in reality a nation of soldiers. Your waiter, your landlord, your guide, the man who serves you over the counter or converses with you in the train—citizens of the most hospitable country in the world so long as hospitality is paid for—are all of them quite ready to pick up the rifle and fall into line for the defence of the country they love, against the invader who seeks hospitality without payment.

Always the Swiss man has been a soldier ; and often he has been a mercenary in service of alien



THE ENGADINE VALLEY LOOKING TOWARDS THE MALOJA PASS



causes. Now he has a cause of his own, and no longer sells his sword to the highest bidder. He sacrifices a definite amount of his time in this world to the maintenance of his independence as a citizen of a free country. And he has organised an army which in the real sense of the word is a "citizen" army, since he has so arranged matters that the citizen is a soldier bound to defend his hearth and home. This, indeed, was the very first nation of Europe to introduce universal liability to military service; for when the men of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden were, in the early days of the cantons, subjected to Austrian oppression, the order went forth that every able-bodied man should accustom himself to the use of arms.

To the Swiss man soldiering is a second nature, for he is caught young and the tradition gets into his blood. At the age of ten he is roped into the gymnastic class at school, and in most of the cantons is taught the elements of drill in the playground. So insistent became the military spirit a few years ago that the boys who strutted about in uniform and pretended to be grown-up soldiers had to be suppressed by special legislation.

But when the boy is seventeen he is liable to service in defence of his country, and the liability is upon him until he is fifty years of age; nor even then does it cease if he be still capable of doing his military

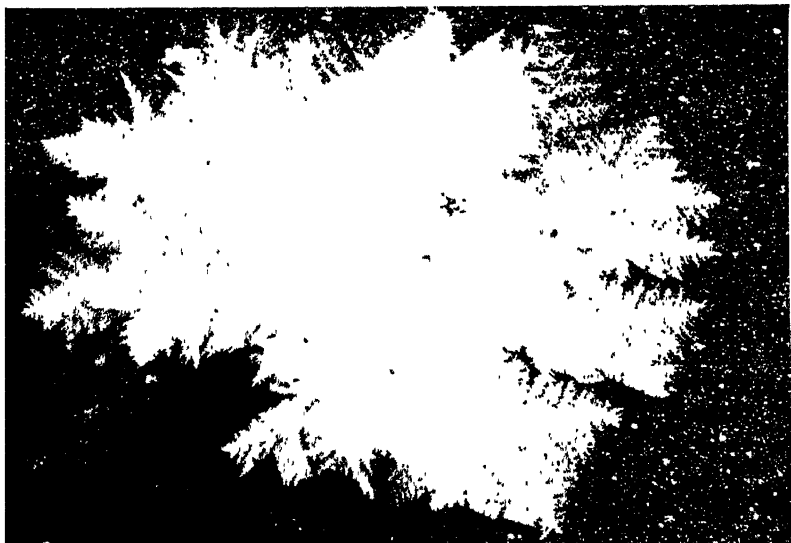
duty in any capacity—as baker, veterinary surgeon, or otherwise.

The Federal forces consist of three divisions, corresponding to the divisions of the German army and its reserves. First comes the Auszug or Elite ; next the Landwehr, or First Reserve ; then the Landsturm, or Second Reserve.

At the age of twenty every able-bodied Swiss youth becomes a member of the Auszug, having passed through his gymnastic course. There are of course exemptions, but the *onus probandi* is on the side of the young man who ~~can~~ do nothing in co-operation with the other young defenders of his country. He may prove that he is under 5 ft. 1½ in. in height, but he must prove also that he has no special qualifications for particular branches of work. If he has the privilege of being born and bred of able body and proper stature in a free country, it is his duty to render himself capable of fighting in defence of that free country should necessity arise. Therefore the Swiss young man accepts the situation. It is no very onerous task after all. The young man must serve for forty-five days during his first year of liability, and that, with all allowances for preparation and return, means but a couple of months, the half of the ordinary Oxford undergraduate's Long Vacation.

When we in England talk of the horrors of universal service and drag in the arguments that are





*G. R. Ballance*



drawn from the compulsory system of France and Germany, we forget the possibility of that citizen army which Switzerland has organised at small sacrifice of money and time. For myself, having seen something of the universal service of France and Germany, I discount the horrors of the system, and welcome the discipline it imposes at the turn of the nation's manhood. Switzerland, however, has made it her endeavour to safeguard her security at the smallest possible expenditure of money and time. The young Swiss of twenty must serve his five-and-forty days in the Auszug. After that he remains until he is two-and-thirty years of age in the same category ; and it is his duty every other year to put in sixteen days of training. And the young workman, the student, the teacher, the artisan, the waiter who has his brief holiday from the foreign hotel—all of them regard that eight days a year as due tribute to the country of their birth.

I remember the young Swiss waiter in a London restaurant who had attended me many times, and confided to me one evening that he was going for his holiday.

I inquired as to how he proposed to spend his holiday.

"First," he said, "I do my duty."

He meant that his eight days' tribute was due ; it was to be duly paid. And you would not recognise

that young man as he stands at attention, goes through his drill, which he remembers as a swimmer long out of water remembers how to swim, and lies on his belly behind his native rocks with a rifle in his hands.

Have you ever reflected that the Swiss waiter who serves you in a London restaurant with a napkin over his arm is equally capable of serving you with a bullet if you invade his native land? He is as handy with the rifle as with the napkin.

Until he reaches the age of thirty-two this service is the duty of the young Swiss man. At this stage there are no exemptions but such as are imposed by absolute physical disability or lack of the statutory 5 ft. 1½ in. in height, and even then the possession of special qualification for special duty renders the young man liable for service. It is no excuse that a young man has brothers already in the army, or that he has a widowed mother dependent upon him. The burden, spread over a nation, becomes light enough, and the few days' hard work in camp, on the drill-ground, or upon the hill-side are cheerfully borne as part of the day's work of the citizen who has a country worth defending. The Swiss are a nation of soldiers in a sense that applies to none of the European nations, with the possible exception of the hill-men of Montenegro. But the facing of the prospect of personal share in war has become a tradition, and the prepara-

tion for warfare is to the Swiss man as natural as the preparation for the cricket-pitch is to the English public-school boy.

The "Auszug" or the "Elite" of the nation's youth comprises not the whole of the young manhood, as one may imagine. There are the *crétins*, the under-sized, the invalids. But something over sixty per cent. of the nation's youth pass muster, and become members of the "Auszug," and the levy recently produced 117,179 young men capable of national defence. At the same time the second line, the "Landwehr," produced 84,046. And a couple of hundred thousand from a population of three millions is no bad result.

At the age of thirty-two the Swiss man is by no means quit of his military duty. It lies lightly upon him in times of peace, but he is at call "when the guns begin to shoot." And he must keep his hand in with occasional practice. For at the age of thirty-two he passes into the Landwehr, or First Reserve, and there, until he has completed his forty-fourth year he remains, still with his duty to the State, but a duty proportioned to his age and personal interests, for a dozen years more. Those who have passed into the Landwehr have to give in every four years nine days of service. And even when he has passed his forty-fourth year the Swiss man does not cease from being a possible soldier.

There is the Landsturm, or Second Reserve, and

even the man of fifty knows that in time of need his name is on record, his service can be demanded. Every man indeed from seventeen to fifty is at call of the State, nor indeed is the man of more than fifty exempt if his services are not elsewhere required, if he is not physically incapable of military service.

At the various stages of life the proper exemptions are allowed ; for the civil and religious business of the State must go on, even amid the clash of arms. Thus those in the employment of the State, such as railway and steamboat men, hospital officials, and so forth, reach their exemption early. Pastors, doctors, prison, postal, telegraphic officials must obviously carry on their functions undisturbed, and in time of war they would be doing their duty equally with the men in the field. Members of the Federal Council are exempt, but not all the members of the Federal Tribunal. The principle of the Swiss Confederation is that every man shall do his duty towards the defence of the State. And there is one little touch of universality which is a stroke of genius. The man who cannot, for physical reasons, shoulder a rifle or take his part in the field, must pay his scot according to his means. All those who for physical or other reasons are not admitted into the "Auszug" and "Landwehr" must pay, from twenty to thirty-two years of age, a special tax of six francs a head. And if the physically incapable has a private income, he must pay anything



ZU'UZ (ENGADINE)





up to 3000 francs yearly towards the defence of his country.

It is a cheap army that the Swiss have organised, for it costs much less than two million sterling a year to keep up a fighting force of more than half a million.

Rich and poor serve in the army side by side, and the Swiss system is against any sharp division between the "crack" regiment and another. The placing of the labourer and the professional man side by side makes for the welding of the nation together, and prevents those class-distinctions which in Switzerland are always avoided. There is no picking and choosing in the service, as, for instance, selecting this or that arm as the more fashionable. Each man is placed where he will tell to the best advantage.

The system, too, is territorial. There are eight territorial divisions. Thus the man who is called out for his temporary service finds himself shoulder to shoulder with an old schoolfellow, with a man who may be far wealthier or far poorer than himself, but a man who has to face the same drill sergeant, the same possibilities. . . . There is the making of the citizen army.

Nothing that quite corresponds to Woolwich or Sandhurst or West Point exists in Switzerland, nor is there any such thing as an army "set." Yet there are centres for military instruction, which every one who wishes to become an officer must attend for a

definite period of study and practice. Thus at Thun there is a central military college for the instruction of officers of the general staff, and another for regimental officers. At various points there are these schools for departmental work, such as ambulance, artillery, rifle-shooting. But they have this difference from the military colleges of the larger nations, that they are not open continuously, but only at certain periods of the year.

The curious balance of cantonal and central control is well set by Mr. Story in this passage, wherein he writes of the composition of the Swiss army.

“The infantry, the field artillery, cavalry, and certain other troops are recruited by the cantons, and are known as cantonal troops. But the engineers, guides, sanitary, and administrative troops, and the army train, are enrolled by the Confederation. Arms are supplied by the Confederation; but the equipments and uniforms are furnished by the cantons, for which they are afterwards reimbursed by the Federal authorities. The army, on a peace footing, is absolutely complete in every department. The medical, commissariat, and veterinary departments are thoroughly organised. There is a fitting proportion of cavalry, artillery, engineers, and transport. Each battalion is kept up to its full strength, and all in readiness for service. In short, all the adjuncts for making the army mobile in the field are, with the

Swiss system of administration, complete and in thorough working order."

In the matter of the army, as in every other matter, the Swiss is democratic; and he tolerates nothing that corresponds to the Army Class in an English public school. There are no Field-M Marshals in Switzerland; there is only one General; a fortunate man who has reached the post of Commander-in-Chief. He is the only General in the Swiss army, and there is no higher. He is the picked man.

Moreover he is the picked man from a nation of soldiers. For all Swiss men of proper size and shape must give their service to their country. But every soldier who wishes to become some day Commander-in-Chief must serve his time in the ranks. I believe that no man can translate "gentleman ranker" into any language spoken in Switzerland, which possesses but one single General, doing his duty on a salary of two pounds a day.

Yet the man who wishes to reach the summit of military fame in modern Switzerland, the man who wishes to raise his pay from eighteenpence to two pounds a day, must shoulder the rifle and begin as a humble recruit. Nor is he in any social sense above the men whom he commands, the men who obey his commands. For the essence of the Swiss military system is that all men start from scratch, and the brain and muscle tell in the race. Shoulder to

shoulder stand in the ranks the man whose father has made his money from inn-keeping, from watch-making, from anything you please, shoulder to shoulder with the peasant whose ambition is but a few shillings a week. That, indeed, is the essence of soldiering in Switzerland ; there is no class distinction but what is suggested by merit of some man who drills, marches, or commands better than his fellows. It is a democratic army—with a Commander-in-Chief who gets his two pounds a day only when war breaks out.

The Swiss have always recognised the importance of the man behind his gun—or the bow—ever since the time of William Tell, and the Government of the period has always encouraged by every means in its power excellence in marksmanship. Those who have spent any time in Switzerland must have been struck by the amount of gun-firing to be heard on Sundays, Saints' days, and holidays. The Tir Federal, generously supported by the Confederation, is only one of the many institutions which train the young man in shooting straight. Almost every commune has its shooting club, and this with the inter-communal and inter-cantonal matches, tends to keep up a high excellence of rifle-shooting. Sometimes the gun practice becomes annoying to the visitor, for from early morning until late at night there is hardly anything to be heard but the continual banging and " pink-pinking "

of firearms. The men seem to have no other enjoyment but using their rifles, and the women no other pleasure except watching them do it, unless it be accompanying them to and from the ranges. But such is the way the Swiss prepare themselves for the defence of their country. On *fête* days one may see men in all the different grades of the service, from the newly-joined recruit to the major of his battalion, standing side by side in the Schutzgraben of the commune, thus voluntarily spending their holiday afternoons in perfecting themselves in the use of the rifle. And no one can have watched their practice at the butts without being struck with the general excellence of their marksmanship. These gatherings are utilised for general musketry instruction; for every Swiss soldier is compelled to fire thirty-five rounds annually. If he does not complete his score at the cantonal rifle-meetings, he is obliged to attend a three days' course of shooting under military supervision. Here is a system of national defence which rests upon the muscle, brain, and will of the men of the nation; for no one with the few exceptions of the General Staff and the Commander-in-Chief is paid a farthing for the services he renders to the State.

But, on the other hand, no one is put to any expense while doing the soldiering his country expects. When going up for drill the soldier's uniform serves as a railway pass, and while he acts as a soldier he

need not put his hand in his pocket to draw his necessary expenses. He is entitled to no pension, though if in the course of his military duty he has become so incapacitated that he is unable to earn his livelihood in an ordinary calling, the State will respond with such assistance as may be reasonable. Moreover, the same consideration is extended to his widow and family, should he be killed in the course of duty to his country.

“No one who has seen Swiss troops on parade can have failed to be struck by the exceptionally fine physique of the men. No country in Europe—perhaps none in the world—can furnish material so admirably adapted for the making of the ideal foot-soldier. The daily life of the Swiss inures him to hardship and fatigue; the high educational standard so rigidly maintained in Switzerland gives the Swiss soldier a higher average of intelligence than any rank-and-file in Europe; he is ingenious and resourceful by nature; he combines the dash of the Frenchman with the stolid courage of the German. Add to these qualities that your Swiss is a tireless marcher, and that his standard of marksmanship is immeasurably higher than that in any other army, and all that is left for the severest military critic to desire are the few parade-ground tricks that can be taught by any drill-sergeant.”

The artillery is as good in its way as the foot, being

PIZ MARGNA







well-horsed by strong native-bred horses. They are only subsidised by the Government, but the greater number of them are always in condition for immediate active service. Guns of the latest pattern are provided, and quite recently the whole artillery has been re-armed with new weapons of Krupp manufacture. The mountain batteries are manned by natives of the high Alps (for it is a rule in the Swiss army that each should be set to the work for which he is best fitted by his previous life and training); and it is no uncommon sight to see them at practice far above the snow-line, taking their mule-borne guns into positions that, to the plainsman, would seem all but unscalable for a properly equipped mountain climber. The cavalry is not up to the standard of the other arms of the service, for the Swiss is an indifferent horseman, looking upon his mount more as a means of locomotion than as an animal that must be carefully treated and spared all unnecessary fatigue. The cavalry, however, is a more or less negligible factor, since the conformation of the country renders it quite unsuited to mounted operations.

In time of war or during manœuvres every citizen is expected to provide food and lodging for such number of soldiers as his dwelling and means allow. Should he prefer not to have soldiers billeted at his house, he is obliged to pay into the army-chest a sum sufficient to provide lodging for them elsewhere.

Every householder in Switzerland is informed of the number of men and horses he is expected to receive, and when the annual manœuvres are held in his district, he makes preparations accordingly. By this system the army train is made comparatively light, and the mobility of a force greatly increased as the result, for it is only on rare occasions that the troops go under canvas, being billeted, whenever possible, on the inhabitants of near-by towns.

So we have a citizen army, entrenched behind its native rocks, an army which contains every element of the nation, the man of wealth and the peasant standing shoulder to shoulder. In the world there is no such nation in arms ; for even in the countries such as Montenegro, where every man is a soldier by birth, every man has not another profession as well. In Switzerland there is scarcely such a being as a soldier by profession. But all men are soldiers whether with muscle and brain or with the contribution that the unfit must provide. In his work, *La Confédération Helvétique*, M. Marsauche says that the Swiss in effect possess the strongest and perhaps the best drilled army among nations of the second rank. At any rate the Swiss army is a cheap investment, in which every Swiss man has his little risk. No man is compelled to spend the crucial years of his life in garrison, with the futile intervals that turn the British soldier when he becomes a reservist into an unskilled labourer,

and all that this implies in dirt, discomfort, and dishonour. The Swiss army is absolutely democratic, national; and of all the armies in the world it is surely not only the most efficient of the second rank, but it is the cheapest, in the cost it entails in money or in drain upon national life.

## CHAPTER XI

### THE SWISS AS ENGINEER

NECESSITY has been the mother of the inventions of the Swiss engineer ; for nothing but long-developed skill in engineering could have made this country a tolerable habitation for civilised men and women. The history of Switzerland, indeed, has been not only the history of a brave peasantry struggling against oppression, it is almost more intimately the history of a people engaged in a never-ending struggle with the forces of Nature. It has been finely said that among the Higher Alps life becomes subdued to a perpetual supplication. The flood, the avalanche, the land-slip, the lightning stroke—any one of which may sweep the peasant from his foothold on food and life—are always impending, and even now, with all the triumphs of man over Nature, Nature very often resents the pitchfork of man and returns with dire disaster.

One may admire such vast engineering feats as the construction of the trans-continental railways of the United States and Canada, with the conquest of the Rocky Mountains ; one may wonder at the single line of railway that leads from Moscow to the Far East.

But these hardy Swiss men were cooped into a little country which barred communications with mountains that seemed impassable, that threatened the traveller with disaster from sky, peak, and waterfall ; and it was their business, if they wished to make good their claim to the advantages of European civilisation, somehow, with pick and shovel, with gunpowder, with dynamite, with courage and with brains that calculate risks and levels, to dig, blow, blast their way through the mountains, to defy the storm, the flood, the avalanche. And the long struggle has brought them out triumphant. There are bigger mountains in the world than may be found in Switzerland. But you will nowhere find in so small a space so many triumphs of engineering. The Swiss roads and railways stand as a monument of the victory of human skill over physical obstacles.

It was a difficult journey that John Milton made when, in 1639, having visited Florence, Bologna, Ferrara, and Venice, he came to Milan, and crossed the Alps. Both in *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* there are passages which seem descriptive of the Simplon Pass—the latest victim of the Swiss engineer—and a tradition exists in Domo d'Ossola that Milton stayed there on his journey. Evelyn, too, in his diary, tells of his crossing of the Simplon. But the passage was then an enterprise of moment, for the road was of the roughest. It was exposed to the risk of avalanches,

and involved many crossings of rivers ; and when Napoleon I. conceived the idea of levelling Europe, one of his successful projects was the building of the roadway over the Simplon Pass, a roadway capable of carrying his army and artillery. The building of the road occupied the engineers from 1800 to 1806, a period curiously similar in duration to the time devoted to the piercing of the tunnel through the Simplon just a hundred years afterwards. The road was made with easy gradients, and carried by substantial bridges over gorges and torrents, and was provided with suitable stone buildings as refuges for travellers overtaken by snow and storm.

This Napoleonic road was the prototype of the Swiss mountain roads, though the mountaineers had for centuries been learning the art of skirting precipices and avoiding the avalanche and the flood. The traveller by coach knows the roads that have been born from this, and already the bicycle and the motor-car have ascended and descended in safety. They cross channels of rivers on long causeways, skirt the edge of the abyss, with walls of rock towering over them, and torrents thundering below. "Where the steep and hard surface of the cliff has not left an inch of space for a goat to climb along, he is conducted upon high terraces of solid masonry, or through a notch blasted by gunpowder in the wall of rock. Often the buttress of the mountain has announced for



G. A. Hoffmann

GENERAL VIEW OF AN AVALANCHE IN THE DISCHMAIHAL  
APRIL 1902





ages, 'Thus far and no farther.' " But the engineer with his petard has made the gallery, and the traveller is borne securely through the hole. Gossamer bridges of elusive strength span the gorges over which the traveller passes. Sometimes an impediment is avoided by throwing bridges over a dizzy gorge, and shifting the road from side to side, often two or three times within half-a-mile. The coming of the avalanche is foreseen. Nothing is forgotten or left to chance in this splendid engineering. If the avalanche threatens from the impending heights the road is protected by arcades of solid masonry, or else by excavations in the rocky wall of the mountain itself. Sometimes the road is carried along the precipitous side of a cliff hundreds of feet in depth over piles of stone-work. For miles it will run overhanging, as it were, the yawning abyss; yet such is the excellence of these highways that, though they zig-zag down the heights, making turns often at apparently most perilous angles, experienced drivers will go pelting down them at a well-nigh breakneck pace. But of course the horses are trained to the work.

On a clear day there are few things so exhilarating as a race down a Swiss mountain road, with villages and churches as draught-boards and needle-points below you as you swing round the curve. If you have gone over the Furka Pass, you will know what is meant by exhilaration!

The Swiss have not only surmounted the mountain pass by the road that curls this way and that way by the easy gradients, carefully devised, that give wide turns to the carriage, that give so gradual a slope that on most of the great Alpine roads the driver may trot his horse from the snow line to the valley. Sometimes as many as fifty of these zig-zags succeed one another without interruption ; and the traveller as he swings securely in the descent, hovering as it were over the abyss, wonders at the look of the road below him—curling and twisting like an uncoiled rope or a ribbon unbound. The Swiss roads are a marvel ; but the Swiss have undermined their mountains, and the triumph of Napoleon over the Simplon has been recently bettered by the undercut of the Swiss engineer. Yet the Swiss roadmaker is entitled to his triumph ; for in the third quarter of the nineteenth century many roads were made whereby one can travel smoothly and by easy gradients from Switzerland to the adjacent countries. Nor have subsidies ever been lacking from the Federal Government. In 1900 the latest of these wonderful roads was completed, over the Umbrail Pass. This is as yet the highest in Switzerland, exceeding both the Furka road (7992 ft.), made in 1863-67, and the road over the Great St. Bernard (8111 ft.), which has recently been finished. But all these are surpassed by the Austrian road over the Stelvio Pass (9055 ft.), leading from Tyrol to



AFTER THE AVALANCHE



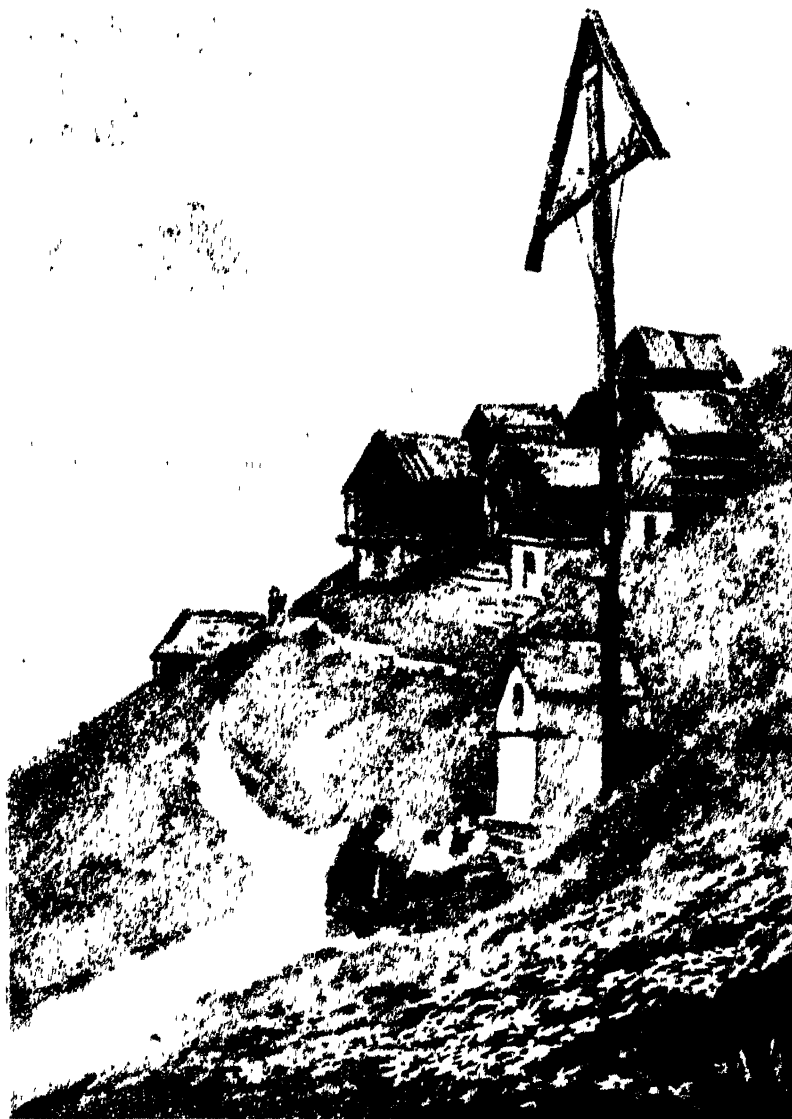
Lombardy, and built eighty years ago, as well as by the wholly French military road over the Col du Galibier (8721 ft.) in the Dauphiné Alps.

Yet this surmounting of the passes is at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century thrown into the shade by the tunnelling of the mountains. The Mont Cenis Tunnel was a wonder of engineering; but that is not in Switzerland. The first tunnel pierced beneath the main range of the Swiss Alps was that of the St. Gothard, opened in 1882. At the present moment the Simplon Tunnel is the latest expression of Swiss engineering, and King Edward telegraphed his congratulations to the King of Italy and the President of the Swiss Confederation within an hour or two of the final piercing of the Simplon Tunnel at 7 A.M. on the morning of February 24, 1905. At that hour came the dramatic meeting of the men of Switzerland with the men of Italy, who with bore and drill, with pick and shovel, had for six and a half years been burrowing beneath the mountains towards a meeting-place. "The most splendidly arranged work of the kind that has ever been done," said an eminent English engineer, when he heard of that dramatic meeting. Throughout the whole period the measurements originally laid down varied but by an inch or so. And the toll of human life must have been the smallest on record for so vast an undertaking. The men were well cared for. On emerging

from their work underground, they were not allowed to go from the warm headings (thousands of feet below the mountain) straight into the cold Alpine air outside, but were passed into a suitably warmed building where clothes might be changed and food obtained at moderate cost. And these precautions brought the death-rate of the tunnel workers down to normal proportions.

It was supposed that the tunnelling of the Simplon was impossible, for the length was to be  $12\frac{1}{2}$  miles—three miles longer than the St. Gothard Tunnel, and five miles longer than the Mont Cenis. In certain places also the Simplon rocks were soft and treacherous. Again, the height of the mountains—the average height of the ridge above the tunnel is 5000 feet, the maximum being 7005 feet—set difficult problems connected with ventilation and temperature, for this was the greatest depth at which men have ever been below ground. These problems were complicated when hot springs were tapped during the process of excavation. Geologists estimate that a height of 7000 feet should correspond to a rock temperature of  $104^{\circ}$  to  $107^{\circ}$  F., and when it is remembered that in the case of the St. Gothard Tunnel the work was carried on with difficulty at a rock temperature of  $86^{\circ}$  F., the unprecedented nature of the Simplon enterprise is apparent.

So dubious appeared the proposition that in 1893



A MOUNTAIN PATH NEAR ZINAL.





the Swiss Government asked the Governments of Italy, Austria, and Great Britain each to nominate a tunnel expert to examine the plans and report. On this commission of three were Signor Guiseppe Colombo, member of the Italian Senate, Herr C. J. Wagner, who built the Arlberg Tunnel—a mere baby tunnel of less than seven miles—and Mr. Francis Fox, a member of the firm of Sir Douglas Fox & Partners of Westminster. And I am indebted to Mr. Fox for the following expert evidence which appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* on the eve of the opening of the Simplon railway.

“ Now let us come to the actual driving of the tunnel itself. The works for this on the north side were commenced on August 1st, and on the south side on August 6, 1898. From both ends the tunnel rises towards the middle in order that any water from springs encountered might flow away by gravitation ; the gradient from the north being 1 in 500, and that from the south 1 in 143, the machinery at each side being calculated and arranged to be of sufficient power to carry on the work for  $6\frac{1}{2}$  miles, or half the entire length of  $12\frac{1}{2}$  miles. It is difficult to realise what a length of  $12\frac{1}{2}$  miles really means, but the best way is to compare it with some distances with which we may be familiar. Taking the Houses of Parliament at Westminster as a centre, and describing a circle of this radius, it will pass through St. Mary Cray, Ewell,

Hampton Court, Hounslow, Pinner, and each spoke of this large wheel will represent fairly accurately the length of the tunnel. The northern entrance is, as already stated, almost on the level of the existing terminus at Brigue, whereas at Iselle all machinery and material had to be carted for twelve miles up the steep road from the Domo d'Ossola valley.

“The work went on steadily from both entrances, and consisted of one single line tunnel, with a parallel gallery for the second tunnel running alongside at a distance of about 55 feet; cross passages every 217 yards are provided both for purposes of ventilation and for taking in and out the various materials. Most praiseworthy arrangements were made for the care of the men with the view to their suffering no harm from the exposure to Alpine air after working in the heat of the galleries. A large building was fitted up near each entrance, provided with cubicles for dressing, and with hot and cold douche baths. At the top of the building steam-pipes were fixed, and each man was entitled to his own private rope and padlock; this rope passes over a pulley in the roof, and has a hook at the end to which he can attach his day clothes, with his watch, purse, and pipe, and pulling them up by the cord and padlocking it he secures the safety of his belongings. On returning from his work he at once enters this warmed building, has his bath, lowers his clothes, and, hanging his wet



IN THE VIA MALA



mining dress on the hook, raises it to the roof. Here it hangs until he again returns to work, when he finds his clothes dry and warm.

“The adoption of the Brandt hydraulic drill not only enables the gallery to be driven at least three times the usual speed, but it avoids the creation of dust, which in mining is so productive of miner’s phthisis. Not a single instance of this fell disease has occurred during the work, and although a well-appointed hospital was provided at each end of the tunnel the beds were generally empty.

“At a distance of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Iselle a great subterranean river was met with in September 1901, which caused serious delay, and for a period of six months the total advance was only 46 metres. The difficulties at this point were such as in the hands of men of less determination might have resulted in the abandonment of the undertaking. Not only was it necessary to close-timber the gallery on both sides, and also at the top and floor, with the heaviest baulks of square pitch pine 20 inches thick, but when these were crushed into splinters and the gallery completely blocked with their wreckage, steel girders were adopted, only in their turn to be distorted and bent out of shape. It seemed as if no available material could be found which would stand the enormous pressure of the rocks, until steel girders, forming a square placed side by side (the interstices being filled with

cement concrete) resisted the load. Fortunately this 'bad ground' only extended for a distance of about 50 yards, but it cost nearly £1000 per yard to overcome this difficulty, and required the encasement of the tunnel at this point on sides, floor, and arch with granite masonry, 8 feet 6 inches in thickness.

"Meanwhile the progress at the Brigue side was good, and the miners reached the half-way boundary and then began to encounter great heat from both rock and springs. It was a curious experience to insert one's arm into a bore-hole in the rock and to find it so hot as to be unbearable; the maximum heat then encountered was 131° F. But now a fresh difficulty presented itself, as in order to save time it was desirable to commence driving *down-hill* to meet the miners coming up-hill from Italy, and thus the very problem which the ascending gradients had been provided to avoid had to be faced. As the gallery descended the hot springs followed, and the boring machines and the miners were standing in a sea of hot water; this for a time was pumped out by centrifugal pumps over the apex of the tunnel, but at last, and while there still remained some 300 or 400 yards to be penetrated, it was found impossible to continue going down-hill.

"Nevertheless time had to be saved, and as the height of the heading was only some 7 feet while that of the finished tunnel was 21 feet, it was decided



THE GORGE OF PEFFERS





continue to drive the gallery forward, on a slightly rising gradient, until it reached the top of the future tunnel. After 702 feet had thus been driven, the hot springs proved so copious that work had to cease, and an iron door, which had been fixed in the heading some 200 or 300 yards back, was finally closed, and the gallery *filled* with hot water. Advance now could no longer be made from the Italian 'face,' but even there the difficulties from hot water were very great, so much so that for a time one of the galleries had to be abandoned and access obtained to it by driving the parallel gallery ahead and then returning and taking advantage of the hot springs in the rear. The only way in which these hot springs, sometimes as high as 125° F., could be grappled with was by throwing jets of cold water under high pressure into the fissures, and thus diluting them down to a temperature which the miners could stand.

"At the right moment, at 7 A.M. on February 24, 1855, a heavy charge was exploded in the *roof* of the Italian heading, which blew a hole into the *floor* of the Swiss gallery and released the impounded hot water. It was here that a truly sad incident occurred; two visitors to the tunnel, who, it appears, had entered the gallery with a desire to witness the actual junction, were overcome by the heat and probably the carbonic acid gas from the pent-up hot water, and died.

"By means of jets and spray of high-pressure cold

water the air of the tunnel is reduced many degrees in temperature, and it is very noticeable how rapidly the heat of the rocks cools off when the gallery has been driven past them.

“On April 2, 1905, the visitors and officials from the Italian side, travelling in a miner’s train, arrived within 250 yards of the ‘Porte de fer,’ in the middle of the mountain, six miles or more from either entrance, and completed their journey on foot up to that point. Meanwhile the officials and visitors from the Swiss entrance had travelled up to the other side of the door. At the right moment this was opened by Colonel Locher-Freuler, and the two parties met and fraternised, embracing one another. A religious dedication service, conducted by the Bishop of Sion, was then held on the spot, and the Divine blessing was invoked on the tunnel, the officials, the workmen, and the trains, and touching reference was made to those who had lost their lives in the execution of this great work—some forty or fifty in number. Thus was the ‘Fête de Percement’ of the greatest tunnel in the world celebrated, and it was felt that the service was an appropriate recognition of the injunction, ‘In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.’ ”

The mountains have been surmounted and undermined by the Swiss ; they have even driven railways over their passes, and the Little Schcidegg and the



THE JUNGRAU FROM ST. LEUTENBERG



Brunig have long been the victims of the railway engineer. What shall one say of the Rigi, of Pilatus, of the Jungfrau—all of them quietly annexed by the engineer with his curls, his cogs, and his brains? You may picture the engineers of Switzerland spreading his hands towards the world. "There is no impossibility." And as you speed in the early dawn of a spring morning on your way to Switzerland, the sun springing up a thousand feet below your nose as you peer from the railway carriage, as you hear the torrent that is too far below for seeing, as you peer at the mountain that impends and the precipice that yawns, you will get some inkling of the Swiss as engineer. For he has taken the most crinkled bit of Europe and levelled it for your convenience.

## CHAPTER XII

### THE SWISS AS SCHOOLMASTER

THE success and prosperity of Switzerland as a nation in the past century, in spite of all the disadvantages imposed on it by Nature, must in large measure be attributed to its profound belief in the value of a good education. "In the matter of education," wrote Sir Horace Rumbold, when Secretary of Legation at Bern, "the Swiss people manifest a veritable passion, and it is a thing worthy of sincere admiration to note what heavily-imposed pecuniary sacrifices they cheerfully make to the cause. The public foundations, the private gifts, the State contributions devoted to education by this otherwise thrifty, close-fisted race may be truly said to be noble in the extreme."

The Swiss, indeed, seem to have the pædagogic instinct; and at the present day not only does no child escape the educational net, but each child, so far as is possible, is prepared for the work it is likely to have to perform as an adult. There is no cast-iron central schedule; but the details of school life are left to the decision of the various cantons, so that the peasant of Uri is not stretched by Procrustean

methods to the intellectual length of the student of philosophy at Bern. Nevertheless the steps of the ladder are standardised; and for the peasant of aspirations there is provided the means of mounting through the primary school of his village to the highest rung of the educational ladder.

And not only are the minds of the children tended; it is recognised that if the law compels a child to go to school, the State owes the child the provision of all means for the prevention of injury to its physique. Baths and medical inspection are universal in the primary schools, and the school authorities are empowered to make sure that no child shall go without sufficient food and clothing. When, as must so often happen, the school is far from home, and involves a long and difficult walk, arrangements are made for the child obtaining its food near the school.

That pædagogic instinct of the Swiss may be traced back through a long series of educational reformers, for the great educationists whose theories have developed—if not into universal practice, into universal belief—have most of them come from that little country. One cannot forget that it was Rousseau, the son of the watchmaker of Geneva, who with his “*Emile*” stirred the conscience and the imagination of Europe in regard to the education of children. It is true that both Paris and Geneva burnt his writings

with due solemnity. But Rousseau's message lighted a fire in many hearts—a fire that has never been extinguished. Pestalozzi, whose statue stands at Yverdon, where he put his theories into practice with no very marked success—the statue of a genial old gentleman with a small boy and a still smaller girl listening to his words—Pestalozzi styled “Emile” a “book of dreams.” Yet he was nurtured on the ideals of Rousseau, and passed on those ideals to his friend and former pupil Von Fellenberg, of Bern, who founded his famous institution at Hofwil. Here was a whole series of schools, elementary schools for the poor, agricultural schools, schools for the middle class, high schools; and here was the suggestion of the system of primary schools, technical colleges, and universities which casts its network about Switzerland to-day.

But perhaps the most notable forecast of the ladder of education was that of Stapfer, who was Minister of Arts and Sciences in the stormy days of the Helvetic Republic, those five years from 1798 when the French swarmed over the distracted Confederation. Stapfer set himself quietly to ensure the spread of popular education. “Spiritual and intellectual freedom alone makes free,” he maintained. He drew up a scheme of national education, a scheme embracing the child in the primary school, and the young man in the National University. Stapfer's







dream of a National University, by the way, is still unrealised. He desired that it should crown his whole system of national education, and should combine German depth with French versatility and Italian taste. But the cantons cling to their rights and the Universities of which they are proud, and it is unlikely that the present six—with one academy—will consent to surrender to a Central University.

It is not surprising that, in that time of "storm and stress" when the French armies were sucking the life-blood from the Swiss treasury, most of Stapfer's magnificent scheme remained untried through lack of public funds to carry it through. Nevertheless, much was accomplished; schools sprang up on all hands, in every canton there was formed an educational council, and inspectors of schools were appointed. By 1801 Lucerne, whose men of the mountain had hitherto been neglectful of education, had founded schools in all its communes, and Aarau established a gymnasium. From the devastated and ruined country districts 4000 children were brought into the towns and educated.

The influence of Pestalozzi was cast also upon his friend Father Girard, and it stirred him to do for the Roman Catholics of Switzerland what Stapfer was doing for the Protestants. Fribourg has always been a stronghold of Roman Catholicism, and down to 1847 it presented a remarkable instance of a State

with a purely democratic constitution, in which the predominating power was the ecclesiastical. And even to-day it remains the only Swiss canton in which no form of "Referendum" exists. It was therefore to Fribourg that Father Girard turned his efforts; and the influence of this great educationist is seen to-day in the overwhelmingly theological trend of the "International Catholic" University, which was founded in 1889 at Fribourg.

But although these great educationists laid the theoretical foundation for the tuition of the modern child, their theories did not reach universal acceptance in practice till many years had passed. Indeed when it came to the practical application of their excellent theories, they usually failed. Rousseau himself, as you will remember, if he ever had any children, left them as suppliants for charity on the doorstep of a Foundling Hospital. It is true that recent writers have doubted whether these children of Jean Jacques and Thérèse were real or imaginary. Nevertheless, from his "Confessions" we are assured that as a practical teacher Rousseau was a failure. He could not manage children. And Pestalozzi, the great inspirer of modern educational methods, made no great success with his personal experiment at Yverdon. He could—as Bacon said of himself—ring the bell that called the other wits together. But it was left to the other wits to organise the system of





education which at present is one of the triumphs of Switzerland. For there is probably no country in the world in which both men and women are trained so carefully to the business of life, no country in which so many men and women can turn their hands to this or that occupation with the assurance of success in either.

The movement had been spreading during the years of turmoil, which were followed by the years of peace; and schools were maintained by the cantons, universities were founded, the enthusiasm for education flowered into numberless institutions. But so far there was no general agreement as to the method and cost of education. The idea of Stapfer was in process of realisation. Yet the idea was outside the statute-book until the Federal Constitution of 1874 came into being. Primary schools had been organised in most of the cantons before the great upheaval of 1848; and with that revolutionary outburst came a new impulse to the furthering of popular education. But in the matter of education the Federal Constitution of 1874 is the important landmark.

By Article 27 of the Federal Constitution of 1874 the cantons are entrusted with primary education, which must be "sufficient, obligatory, gratuitous, and unsectarian." "You must go to school," says the law in effect, "for the years of your life between six and

twelve," and that is the minimum of the period of training for life. The extension up to the age of sixteen is left to the discretion of the canton.

For the law of the Federal Constitution, while ordaining that all children shall go to school, leaves the carrying out of the details to the cantons, whose requirements differ in the language, religion, and situation. All children must go to school; but their curriculum may be settled by the canton which saw their birth. Thus, in consequence, each canton has its own methods of public instruction, and the system is but a logical development of the idea that prevails everywhere in Switzerland, that each canton should work out its own salvation—in other words, manage its own affairs. And with this freedom of diversity comes a certain unity.

The Federal law fixes twelve as the limit of primary school age, but in some cantons this is raised to fourteen, fifteen, and even sixteen years of age, and in different cantons the first school year varies between five and seven years of age. In these primary schools the subjects taught differ greatly according to the special requirements of the children. Schwyz and Geneva, for instance, combine the teaching of the natural sciences with that of the maternal language. While, however, in Schwyz the teaching of the catechism is obligatory for all Catholic children, in Geneva what religious instruction is given is couched in the broadest





*G. R. Ballantyne*

SAWMILL ON THE LUTSCHINE NEAR GRINDELWALD



spirit. In Geneva three hours a week are devoted to the study of German, and Schwyz gives no instruction in geometry. But gymnastics are almost universal in Switzerland as a matter of primary education, and of the 5232 schools possessed by that little country 1060 give lessons in gymnastics all the year round, while 3412 give them during a part of the year. Only a sixteenth of the whole exclude gymnastics from their curriculum.

Not only in gymnastics is the Swiss child trained from its earliest schooldays; not only in the brain. In these primary schools is given the manual training which enables the Swiss man to carve toys, to carry a pile of plates, to have command of the hand in one or other special corner of life.

Geneva, with its careful arrangement of the school course, enacts that three hours a week shall be devoted to manual work. Nor are the possible clock-makers and watchmakers the only ones who are looked after by the educational authorities. The girls are instructed in the occupation which may surely be theirs, whatever be their individual destiny. In most of the cantons dressmaking is a compulsory subject, and from two to eight hours a week is devoted to the art of "cutting out." There one finds the origin of the Swiss lady's-maid, who can speak three languages and remake an evening-dress.

Boys and girls, rich and poor, sit side by side in

those primary schools. And this passage from Mr. Story's book on Swiss life is worth quoting as an illustration of the democratic training of the Swiss.

"In almost every village throughout the land the primary schools are attended by the children of the rich and poor alike. In this respect there is an utter absence of that snobbishness, so prevalent elsewhere, which leads parents to say that they cannot send their children to the common schools because of the bad habits they would be likely to contract.

"I once asked a native of Zürich, a man extremely well-to-do, if he didn't fear contamination by sending his children to the primary schools. He smiled, 'No,' said he, 'I have no fear of the kind. Nor has my wife. She even thinks'—here his smile broadened—'she even thinks that the presence of the children of the rich in the schools tends to improve the manners of those who are of poorer parentage. So you see,' he added with a laugh, 'even children may be missionaries in a sense.'"

In Switzerland there is no class of vagrant or destitute children which the educational system fails to reach, and the son of the prosperous tradesman or the successful professional man sits side by side on the school bench with the destitute orphan for whom the commune is responsible.

From the primary school to the university there are links of secondary and high schools, and it is





remarkable that, though the Swiss governess of the private schools is so popular with English people, though Lausanne swarms with private educational establishments, nevertheless six per cent. of the Swiss children pass through the public primary schools, and may reach those secondary schools which suggest the parting of the ways. The middle schools, "Gymnasias," as they are called, are of two classes: there are the Latin schools—these serve as stepping-stones to the Universities. Again, there are the "Real schools"—if one may so baldly translate the German phrase. A "Real school" drops antiquity, kicks down the ladder, and mounts the steps of modern science. From the Latin schools come the learned professors with theories that they may some day work into practice. From the Real schools come the men who have been trained for the Zürich Polytechnic.

There are six universities in Switzerland, and the only one that has any claim to antiquity is that of Basel, which was founded in 1460 and had a high reputation under Erasmus. The rest, such as Zürich (1833), Bern, which dates from a year later, Geneva, which has barely five-and-thirty years behind it. These universities are cantonal, though one must credit Geneva with an academy in the days of Calvin. The Federal University has never yet been accomplished. The cantons are jealous of their local rights, and Fribourg still maintains its supremacy as

the home of theology, while Geneva spends its money upon manual training, and Bern draws in the student of philosophy.

While the main organisation of education in Switzerland is cantonal, local, and designed for the special needs of the locality, while the Federal University has always been made impossible by the jealous vigour of the cantons, yet Zürich has its Polytechnic—the only educational institution in Switzerland which is not under charge of the canton, but is under the charge and under the direction of the Central Government. The Polytechnic at Zürich is a very notable institution, and it gathers in a bunch the men who are intent upon the practical life of science and engineering, of building and agriculture. That Federal Polytechnic school was opened in 1855. It is divided into seven sections, and includes courses of instruction in architecture, civil engineering, mechanism as applied to industry, practical chemistry, forestry, and agriculture; and there is a department also for the training of teachers—for Switzerland, with its pædagogic instinct, trains its teachers for teaching. In the Grisons, in Neuchâtel, Geneva, and Soleure, normal schools for the training of teachers are attached either to the cantonal schools or are connected with the local academy or university. But for this purpose separate establishments exist in the cantons of Zürich, Bern, Lucerne,



Schwyz, Fribourg, St. Gall, Aargau, Thurgau, Ticino, Vaud, Valais, and Neuchâtel, and in Neuchâtel there is also a Froebel school for female teachers. The age of entry into these normal schools is fixed at fourteen in the Grisons, at sixteen in Schwyz and at Lausanne, at fifteen in other cantons. The course of instruction lasts two years in Valais, and in the canton of Vaud the same period is fixed for young women; but in most of the other cantons it extends to three or four years. Commenting on this Mr. Story writes that it sets "a worthy example to English colleges for the preparation of teachers, where two years is the rule, the result being in too many instances a vast amount of over-pressure, particularly in the colleges for girls." And in Switzerland, it should be noted, there is a strong tendency towards the common education of boy and girl, such as is now very usual in America. At Lausanne a girl who leaves her high school with a diploma may on that evidence continue her studies at the university. But to return to that Federal Polytechnic at Zürich. It remains as the substitute for the Federal University which was provided for by the Federal Constitution of 1874, and never brought to completion.

Zürich has its university, as has already been mentioned, an institution which dates from 1833, and nearly a third of its students are students of medicine. But the Polytechnic is the chief pride of Zürich, since

it is the only educational institution which is directly and solely controlled by the Federal Government. And the training it supplies is entirely for the man or woman who desires the instruction in applied science which shall give the brain and hand command over the materials that the world of nature affords.

Foreigners take advantage of that Polytechnic at Zürich, and the Swiss teachers in recent years have had nearly thirteen hundred pupils annually, and about a third of them have come from alien lands to sit at the feet of the born pædagogues.

The Swiss teacher, however, is by no means equally paid; or rather his pay varies according to the wealth and position of his canton. In some of the cantons he may earn anything between £105 and £160 a year. But the teacher in the peasant cantons, such as Graubunden and Valais, is paid sometimes but 300 francs a year. It must be remembered that while this works out at about five shillings a week, the cost of living is very much lower than in the towns, and in most cases the teacher is provided with his house and garden, which is some distance towards free food and lodging.

Should you wish to make a swift estimate of the value Switzerland puts upon education, you have but to compare the amounts spent upon schools and universities and the sum expended on the army.





You may regard the army as a national defence, for there is no longer any question of Swiss aggression in the territorial sense; the army, as I point out in another chapter, is national in the truest sense, a nation with a gun under the counter. But the Swiss, secure behind the mountain and the counter, have welcomed education as the real weapon of offence. They are the only people in Europe who have had the opportunity and the sense to balance their weapon of defence, which is their army, against their weapon of offence, which is their practical knowledge of all that pertains to the conduct of this earthly life.

Put the matter into cold figures, and it will be seen what relative value that little nation in arms sets upon the weapons of defence and the weapons of offence; upon the relative value of the military and the education allotment. I have taken an average of recent years, and I find that the sum spent on education—which is national offence—is about 33,000,000 francs, about £1,313,000 in our own coinage. On the other hand, the expenditure upon national defence works out at something like 28½ million francs. From this you may see what value the Swiss place upon education.

From this, too, you may see the reason why the Swiss governess is so popular; why the Swiss waiter makes his way; why the Swiss engineer

digs his tunnels and bridges his mountains and avoids his avalanches; why the Swiss man is always coming from the little country with the message of education.

They have the pædagogic instinct.

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE SWISS AS HOST

It is rather curious that the little nation which fought its way to freedom against the greater nations, pushing them back across its native mountains, should have in these later days earned the title of a nation of waiters. That the Swiss is a waiter is true enough. Yet it is by no means true that the Swiss man as a rule earns his living by tips from wealthy diners. The country is in fact a hive of industry. Roughly speaking, everybody works, man and woman and child, so soon as schooldays are past. Nor does the tourist who passes from hotel to hotel, seeing only waiters and guides and the other attendants upon luxurious travelling, realise the fierce, quiet struggle of a population to drag sustenance from a country which has few natural resources.

For example, the hurried tourist can seldom stop to note the dwelling of the Swiss peasant in the Alpine valleys, a dwelling far removed from such resources of civilisation as may be summed up in the word "shops." The Englishman who is accustomed to buy his necessities of life would be surprised at the skill

and energy wherewith the peasant lays tribute on an unwilling soil. He may hold his nose in passing a tiny farmhouse in an Alpine valley; he should remember that the peasant farmer has collected the drainings of dunghills, cow-houses, and pig-sties into a vat, and married them to his barren fields. Thousands of Swiss peasants are living the isolated life—so dear to the Boers of South Africa—in which food and clothing is drawn with sweat of brow from the soil and worked up in the home. The grain crops are wretched; but the grass is sweet in the pasturages, and the fortunate peasant on the lower slopes may get three crops in a year. In those Alpine valleys the Swiss peasant is the immediate conqueror and tribute-taker from Nature. He has his patches of wheat, of potatoes, of barley, of hemp, of flax, and if possible, of vines. His food is drawn from the produce of his own land—the crops and the flocks and the herds. His clothes are of homespun, from the wool of his sheep; his linen and the dresses of the women of his family are made from his own flax or hemp, frequently woven in the home. The timber he requires for his house or for firing is supplied from the commune or parish, either for nothing in virtue of his rights as a member of the commune and his claim on the common lands, or for a very small sum. His ready money is supplied by the sale of cheese, and occasionally, when the exploring tourist comes, by his services as a guide.







But the peasant farmer of the Alpine valley is a man apart—a man who has been in touch with the Educational System (which leaves no Swiss man uncaught), yet a man who has built a wall about his life. A man by no means an ignorant peasant, who has set himself to drag his livelihood from an unwilling soil. Now and again the tourist, losing his way, will come across one of those Swiss peasant farmers, and find the quiet confronter of Nature who supplies a glass of milk. Yet this man apart is a man who has been educated, a man who is face to face with the basic problems of life—food and shelter—a man four-square to the winds of Heaven.

There are other workers in the towns below those Alpine valleys, drawing their livelihood from the small industries that must be the fate of the dwellers in the country that has no mineral resources.

In all material aspects the Swiss should be regarded as the happiest people in Europe. The rich are not too rich, and the really poor do not present any problem to the Government. There is work for all who will work, and there is fair pay for the man or woman who does a fair day's work. Watchmaking is perhaps the most famous of Swiss industries apart from the management and service of hotels ; and for a couple of centuries Geneva has been the well-known centre of the manufacture of watches, jewellery, and musical-boxes. Geneva, indeed, has brought the art

of the making of beautiful watches and exquisite jewellery to something near perfection ; and the shop-windows form one of the most fascinating sights of the city. The artisan of Geneva is the aristocrat of his class ; he respects himself and his calling. The best of these artisans will not work on an employer's premises, but carry on their industry in their own homes.

The canton of Neuchâtel is even more important than Geneva in the watch-making industry. Daniel Jean Richard established it at Locle early in the eighteenth century, and in the course of a few years it spread to the neighbouring village of Chaux-de-Fonds, and thence to many a straggling village whose cottagers welcomed the chance of adding to the bare subsistence drawn from the soil. We have already seen with what enthusiasm Voltaire planted a watch-making colony at the gates of his retreat at Ferney. They work under pleasant conditions, these secluded artisans of Neuchâtel, Soleure, and Bern. At Chaux-de-Fonds, with a population of about 27,000, a large proportion of the inhabitants is engaged in the making of watches and clocks. Very largely the work is carried on in the home, and it is carefully specialised, each man devoting himself to turning out one particular portion of the machinery. The earnings of the makers of the simpler parts are about two and a half francs a day, while the skilled adjusters, finishers and





engravers may earn as much as ten francs. "The workmen are well-to-do," says Mr. Story, in the book from which I have before quoted, "living in neat little houses, set in the midst of gardens of from half an acre to an acre in extent. There is nothing of the slovenly slouchy look, so often characteristic of provincial artisans, about these men. They are bright, alert, intelligent, and bring out their French not only correctly, but with something of Parisian refinement and polish. One sees in these blue-bloused workmen what education and proper conditions of living can do to refine and elevate even the lowly sons of toil."

Throughout Switzerland we see one or other by-industry in progress, adding to the comfort and prosperity of the home; indeed the traveller, even along the main tourist routes, cannot avoid noticing the strenuous industry of the peasants. Off the main routes, when one comes to a humble Swiss dwelling in the Bernese Oberland, one is sure to find that the household is engaged in some one of the smaller industries that add the trimming of comfort to the necessities of life. In the Bernese Oberland it is usually wood-carving in its various forms, as is the case in the Black Forest. It was Christian Fisher who established the first school of wood-carving at Brienz, and the cottagers of neighbouring Meiringen took it up; it spread to the mountain villages, and

now these peasant artists supply Europe with toys, caskets, flowers, animals, forks, spoons, book-slides, chairs, tables—wood-carving of every description. Some years ago it was calculated that 25,000 people were engaged in this wood-carving business in the Bernese Oberland ; and now that the peasants have discovered the value of their indigenous red-stone and marbles, and are making polished and inlaid slabs for table tops, &c., the number of home-workers has doubtless largely increased.

Embroidery in East Switzerland takes the place of the watch and toy making of West Switzerland as a home industry, and the Swiss woman of Appenzell has a fine pre-eminence in the art. The canton of St. Gall is the headquarters of the art of embroidery. But the Appenzellerin maintains her supremacy. She works at home, and, when summer comes, in her garden, for it is the pride of the Swiss to have a garden. Appenzell is merely a large village of less than 5000 Roman Catholic dwellers in old wooden houses, planted in a green and fertile valley. And the woman of Appenzell is noted above all others for her skill and taste in the art of embroidery. And if you go to Appenzell in summer, you will see the women of the village seated before their embroidery frames in the shade and amid the flowers of their gardens. A large amount of embroidery is now turned out by machinery, and something like 50,000 persons







are engaged in its production. But the picturesque woman of Appenzell in her garden before her embroidery frame is still a type of the Swiss home industries.

Zürich is the centre of the Swiss silk industry, which the Huguenot refugees established in the seventeenth century, and though the business has declined from its former magnitude, it still occupies many thousands in the city itself and in the Zürich Oberland ; and the fierce little stream, the Aa, which comes incontestably first in every geographical index, drives so many silk mills that it is nicknamed the *Millionenbach*, or the *Millionaire Stream*.

Cotton-spinning in St. Gall, Appenzell, and Zürich, straw-plaiting in the cottages of Aargau, shoe-making in Soleure—these are a few of the quiet industries that the hosts of the world are quietly pursuing. And they provide wine as well from the pure juice of the grape. There are four cantons that produce the “Wine of the Country,” and in the upland hotel you will find it good enough to drink. Vaud, Zürich, Aargau are the first three, and the last and best is the wine that comes from Ticino. It is on the fringe of the real Italian sun, and gives thirty-two square miles of itself to the culture of the vine. You may taste white wines, gathered and pressed by peasants from the shores of Lake Neuchâtel, or from Visp (in Valais) to Montreux and Geneva. Your red wines

should come from the vine-lands about Schaffhausen. But when you reach your mountain hotel, and want the good red wine of the country for your stomach's sake, you should ask for the wine that has been trodden in the winepresses of Ticino.

Switzerland, as I have already said, is a business country; and with all its quiet home industries and careful organisation of its national defence, it never forgets its commanding position as the playground of Europe; it never forgets that its face is its fortune; it never forgets that though Nature has denied it such useful commodities as coal and iron, Nature has endowed it with beauty. Therefore it is a country of hotels. These hotels are the mere froth upon the activity of a strenuous national life. But from the outside point of view the Swiss is the Host of the World. He invites you to stay *en pension*.

A century ago he was much less hospitable, though the strangers were beginning to scale the mountains and demand the proper sustenance. Wordsworth, as we have seen, had been touring with his womenfolk about the Lake of Geneva. At about the same period, Buck Whaley, whose "Memoirs"—as of a half-mad Irishman—should be read and remembered, went to Switzerland. He had previously gone to Jerusalem and back for a bet of £15,000. Buck Whaley stayed at Schaffhausen for the night.



THE ICE-HARVEST



“Our supper,” he writes, “for two, consisted of milk porridge, four eggs, some middling kind of bread, and a pint of excellent wine. Our chamber and beds every way corresponded with this delicious fare. In the morning our conscientious host made no scruple of charging thirty-six livres for our supper and beds. The charge was truly exorbitant; yet to avoid any sort of altercation I threw a *louis* on the table, declaring that I would pay no more. But as he still persisted in demanding the full amount of his charge, I at length said to him, ‘Surely, my friend, there is justice to be had in this country! I insist upon going immediately to the magistrate.’ ‘You needn’t go far, then,’ said mine host dryly, ‘I am the magistrate; and if you once oblige me to assume the magisterial character, I shall make you pay double for your contumacy.’ In fact, it was the burgomaster of the town I had to deal with, and I was under the necessity of satisfying his rapacity as an innkeeper to escape his injustice as a magistrate.”

Switzerland had not yet begun to realise its most valuable asset; for though the shores of the Lake of Geneva—Zürich, Bern, Basel—were already, and had been for many years, the resort of the learned, the refuge of the too vivid writer, the retreat of the student, though there are few names of European note in the mid-eighteenth century that have not some connection with Switzerland, yet the hotel had not

been developed. There was nothing in Switzerland then corresponding to the carefully devised and well-managed coaching hostelries of England, those veritable "homes from home" to which Shenstone addressed his famous compliment. Indeed Switzerland was not very easy of approach in those days. A painful voyage and a no less painful jolting in an uncomfortable vehicle over abominable roads was the prospect of the ordinary searcher after adventure; and his entertainment, if he had no letters of introduction to the residents, was poor and dear. The famous men and women whose names spring to the memory with the mention of Switzerland in the eighteenth century either had their fixed dwelling there, or were entertained by the friends to whom they carried letters of introduction.

Gibbon at Lausanne suffered from the incursion of curious readers and travellers who had read Rousseau and desired to test his estimate of the beauties of wild nature—mountain scenery, the waterfall, the glacier. De Saussure had conquered Mont Blanc (and of course De Saussure should be greeted as the real founder of the Alpine Club and furthermore the founder of the Swiss hotel, though he was in his grave long before the Swiss hotel or the Alpine Club was dreamed of). De Saussure and Bourrit had changed the name—in the imagination of the world—of the "Montagne Maudite" to "the famous





*G. R. Radtke*

MONI BLANC FROM THE BRÉVENT



Mont Blanc." They had found the glory of the heights. And Gibbon, in his bosky retreat at Lausanne, found himself overwhelmed with "visitors to the glaciers."

The Napoleonic wars put a temporary stop to the incursion of Englishmen into Switzerland. But with the establishment of peace, and the reopening of the Continent, the waves of prosperity began again to deposit foreign gold in the little Republic. Byron did something for Switzerland, for he placed the sentimental attraction before his readers with the "Prisoner of Chillon." Napoleon did even more, by setting the example of a mountain-road, with a result that, as I have tried to indicate in the previous chapter, has turned Switzerland into a triumph of engineering, and carried the tourist in comfort to the very confines of possible danger. But Switzerland has had splendid luck in its advertisement agents—all of them disinterested admirers. The climbers have been the finest advertisers. To-day the climbers come from all nations. I should say that the Swiss landlord dates his splendid prosperity from the moment when Albert Smith made an ascent of Mont Blanc on August 12, 1851.

Albert Smith is one of the forgotten men to-day. He was born in 1816 and died in 1860. From the Merchant Taylors' School he passed to the Middlesex Hospital, to *Punch*, to the Lyceum Theatre, for which

he wrote such extravaganzas as "Aladdin" and "Valentine and Orson." He wrote comic songs for John Parry; and then—by some extraordinary inspiration—he invented Mont Blanc. About seven months after he had made the ascent, he produced at the Egyptian Hall an entertainment descriptive of the ascent, with interspersions concerning Continental life. Albert Smith and Mont Blanc became the talk of the town, and for more than six years Albert Smith was at the Egyptian Hall with his entertainment, and his central attraction was always Mont Blanc. He is buried at Brompton Cemetery, and "the mountain he invented," says the "Dictionary of National Biography," with an unusual touch of humour, should lie lightly upon his grave.

Albert Smith with his entertainments sent many men to the Alps, and the mention of the "Dictionary of National Biography" reminds one that the late Sir Leslie Stephen, the first editor of that work, was one of the finest of climbers, and consequently one of the real founders of the Swiss hotel, as he was for many years the heart and soul of the Alpine Club.

Switzerland, as I have said, was lucky in its advertising visitors—or perhaps it were better to say that the advertising visitors were lucky in being men of outstanding fame. Tyndall went with Huxley in 1857, and if you are interested in the Glory of the





Alps or in any Swiss hotel, you will have read Tyndall's "Glaciers of the Alps" at least; for Tyndall had not only the scientific curiosity, but the receptivity to catch the touch of idealism, the art of reproducing his impressions. In 1861 he conquered the Weisshorn, which he regarded as the noblest of all the Alps. "The impression it produced is in some measure due to the comparative isolation with which its cone juts into the heavens." He climbed with Benen and Wenger as his guides. And they conquered the height. "Over the peaks and through the valleys," writes Tyndall (in "Mountaineering in 1861"), "the sunbeams poured, unimpeded save by the mountains themselves, which in some cases drew their shadows in straight bars of darkness through the illuminated air. I had never before witnessed a scene which affected me like this. Benen once volunteered some information regarding its details, but I was unable to hear him. An influence seemed to proceed from it direct to the soul; the delight and exultation experienced were not those of Reason or of Knowledge, but of Being. I was part of it, and it of me, and in the transcendent glory of Nature, I entirely forget myself, as man. There was something incongruous, if not profane, in allowing the scientific faculty to interfere where silent worship was the reasonable service!"

It was in 1857 that the mountaineering fever

caught Leslie Stephen, and he, with Ruskin, must be counted among the great advertisers of the Alps. That mighty walker before the Lord, the organiser of the famous Sunday Tramps, wrote thus in one of his most delightful essays—the essay “In Praise of Walking.” “When long ago the Alps cast their spell upon me, it was woven in a great degree by the eloquence of ‘Modern Painters.’ I hoped to share Ruskin’s ecstasies in a reverent worship of Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn. The influence of any cult, however, depends upon the character of the worshipper, and I fear that in this case the charm operated rather perversely. It stimulated a passion for climbing which absorbed my energies and distracted me from the prophet’s loftier teaching. I might have followed him from the mountains to picture galleries, and spent among the stones of Venice hours which I devoted to attacking hitherto unascended peaks, and so losing my last chance of becoming an art critic. I became a fair judge of an Alpine guide, but I do not even know how to make a judicious allusion to Botticelli or Tintoretto. I can’t say I feel the smallest remorse. I had a good time, and at least escaped one temptation to talking nonsense.” Mr. Whympers, another of the great advertisers of the Alps whose name as a climber is inscribed on the roll of fame, spoke of Leslie Stephen (in the “Scrambles in the Alps”) as “the fleetest of foot of





THE MATTERHORN, FROM GRINDELWALD,



the whole Alpine brotherhood." And Mr. Frederick Greenwood, writing in the *Pilot* for February 27, 1904, thus describes the climber and first editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography." "Stephen walked from Alp to Alp like a pair of one-inch compasses over a large-sized map."

After the men who could climb and write came the crowds of mute inglorious tourists, bringing money into Switzerland and reaping enjoyment, for the Swiss man was as ready to receive a customer as he had been ready to receive and repel an enemy. The gratuitous advertisement has the debt of honour to pay to the men who by some turn of the wheel of chance found, clambered over, and loved Switzerland.

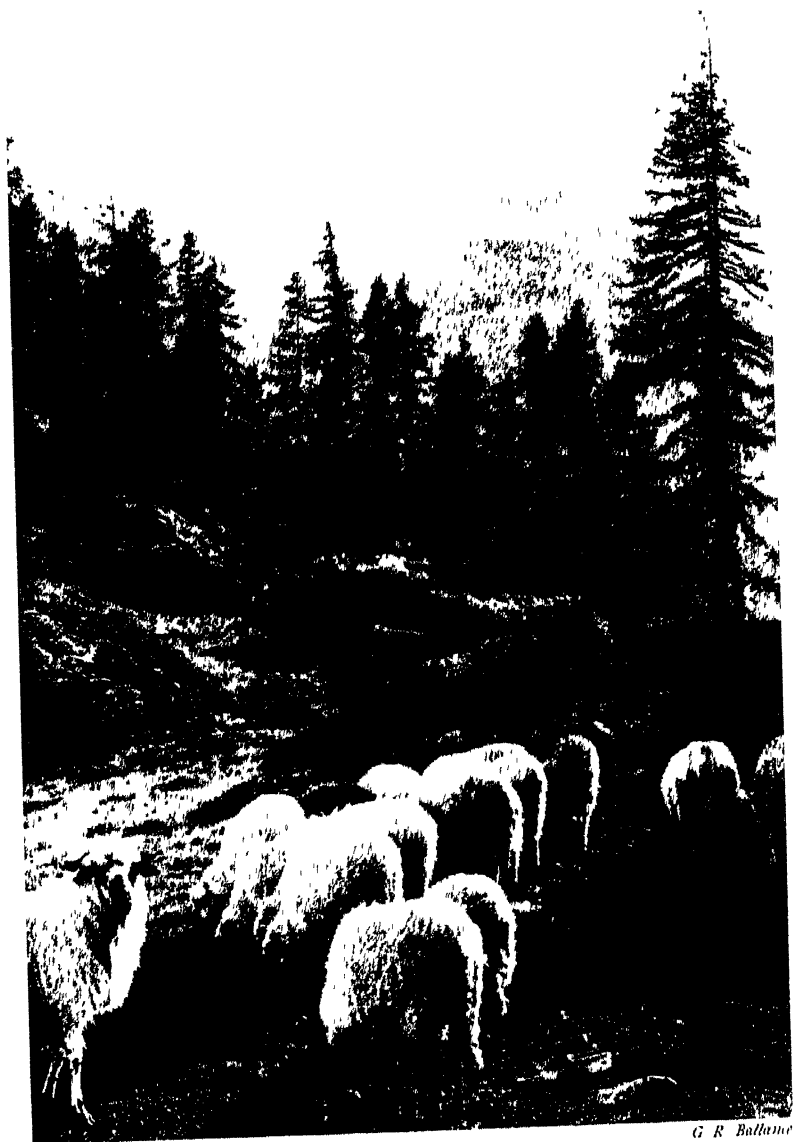
And the Swiss spread hands in hospitable welcome, seeing that this little centre of calm in the cyclone of politics was to be the playground, not only of Europe, but of the world.

To the average tourist the country is a country of hotels; and it is undeniably the country of the best hotels in the world. They are very careful, these Swiss, with an option on the mountains, to make their country pleasant for visitors.

In every centre of note there is a Verkehrs-Verein—a Travelling Bureau of hotel-keepers and others, who week by week discuss measures for the attraction of the wandering traveller. They draw out such

schedules as that of the cabs of Geneva. And month by month a meeting assembles at the Capital and talks over, and passes, various measures that will carry visitors safely and at the least possible expense from breakfast to the mountain top and dinner and bed to follow !

And everywhere the Swiss man has planted his hotel, even upon the most surprising heights, whither all supplies must be borne mysteriously and with great labour from some remote valley. But the engineer has built, and the hotel-keeper has devised, and the Swiss hotel-keeper has reached the triumph of domestic economy. He pervades the world—the Swiss who serves your domestic comfort. It would be difficult to find a city in the civilised world that has not a hotel managed by a man who is competent, courteous, quadrilingual, and trained somewhere in the country where four languages—French, German, Italian, English—meet. He may have been a waiter from a village in Ticino: But that is improbable. From that canton come waiters with the Italian language at heart and several others on tongue. They appear in all the cafés that the world provides, and their sisters, wives, or sweethearts are models. These mostly return to the far-away Alpine valley when the toil has brought the moderate competency, and the Italian waiter ends his days in comfort in some wind-kissed Alpine terrace set proudly as an eagle's nest



*G. R. Ballance*

## THE MATTERHORN



among the hills, or nestling sweetly in a valley with goats, sheep, mulberry trees, vines.

But there are others whose aim is different, whose aim is not the ending of life under a proper fig-tree, but the entertainment of the traveller, the making of a fortune by the scientific practice of domestic economy. In this respect the Swiss man is quite unequalled. In this particular service of humanity he spares no pains and has no pride of position. He is determined to learn the whole business.

It was when I was dining with the manager of one of the biggest London hotels that this curious quest of the Swiss man as host flashed across me. We were talking over the matter of tips, and the manager averred that if you threw the tip on the floor it would reach the right man in the end, for there was the common box, and the book with the scheduled shares.

"Fritz, bring the book," said the manager. Fritz brought the book; but my interest centred in Fritz—twenty years of age, next door to the head waiter, and son of the manager. He had been in the kitchen, after having experience in three languages; he had put on the waiter's evening dress at midday. But a few minutes' conversation with Fritz convinced me that one other Swiss hotel would in no long time be opened, and organised by a young man who had gone through the whole business.

The ordinary traveller sees little of the Swiss domestic life, though he may wonder that while the men are brawny and often handsome, the women are somewhat lacking in beauty. Still the Swiss woman is a hard worker in the home and on the farm, chained to domestic life ; and in the uplands the dwellings are so far apart that the meeting-place is the tavern, and the consequence a too generous consumption of beer by the men.

But the tavern suggested the hotel.

There are times and seasons when you may meet with the village dance. It is not so picturesque as in the Bavarian part of Tyrol, where the peasant dances are still alive and—literally—kicking ; the twirl of the girls and the heel-smack of the men, the hand-thump upon the floor, the leap—in vague imitation of the wooing of the poultry-yard. But the dance remains in Switzerland, dance and song in the tavern. Even Appenzell has put restrictions upon the village tavern dances, and has limited the number that may be given, and enacted that no girls under twenty shall attend them. Now and then you may see the wedding feast in some homely taverns—young men and maidens sitting over against one another on opposite sides of the room, the young men in their best obtainable costume and with their pipes, the young women in the dress of the district. A violin or two supplies the music, augmented by a zither—or



rather a hackbrett, which resembles a zither, and is played with two light sticks. When the instruments strike up, the young men make their tentative advances. It is most orderly and discreet. The girls merely turn and turn about, while the men go through the jumping and heel-thumping, and the audience supplies the hand-clapping and jödeling.

The inn is an ancient Swiss institution, and even before the Swiss man became the Host of the World, he had organised the inn as a meeting-place. Outside the largest towns the inn is the only place in which meetings of man and man, of young men and maiden, can be effected. This is due to the inaccessibility of the homes among the poorer classes. In the home company is seldom received, nor are any visits expected but from the nearest relatives. The Swiss peasant of the uplands still regards it as an insult if a man calls upon him at his home; there should be an appointment at the tavern to talk over the question with pipe and beer.

Here, perhaps, we have some suggestion of the hotel-habit; the instinct that has sent the Swiss waiter to all the corners of the globe, that has brought him back to organise a playground for Europe and the world. One may here find the explanation of the quadrilingual landlord who knows his house from the cellar to the cheapest bedroom on the top floor; of the congregation of landlords who meet periodically

to arrange tariffs ; of the engineers, schemers, financiers, and politicians who with skill and foresight pour the manure of foreign gold over the industries of their country. As a fighter the Swiss man has shown his ability to repel the invader. As a host to the paying guest he is supreme.

THE END

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- VII. FILIPPINO LIPPI (ascribed to)—1457 (?)—1504. THE VIRGIN IN ADORATION, after the Painting in tempera on Wooden Panel, purchased in 1903 by the Uffizi Gallery, Florence. Colour Surface,  $19\frac{1}{2} \times 15$  inches. 15s. net. [*April.*]
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- I. BERNARDINO LUINI—1475 (?)—1533. HEAD OF THE VIRGIN MARY, detail from the Fresco now in the Brera Palace, Milan. Size of Plate,  $27 \times 19$  inches; Colour Surface,  $13\frac{3}{4} \times 10\frac{1}{2}$  inches. 10s. 6d. net. [*Issued.*]
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- III. ALESSANDRO FILIPEPI, called BOTTICELLI—1447—1510. THE VIRGIN AND CHILD, after the Painting in tempera on Wooden Panel, now in the Museo Poldi-Pezzoli at Milan. Size of Plate,  $24\frac{1}{2} \times 17\frac{1}{2}$  inches; Colour Surface,  $13\frac{3}{4} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$  inches. 10s. 6d. net. [*Issued.*]
- IV. LEONARDO DA VINCI. THE LAST SUPPER, now reproduced from the original Fresco in S. Maria delle Grazie, Milan. Size of Plate,  $40\frac{1}{2} \times 27$  inches; Colour Surface,  $31\frac{1}{2} \times 16$  inches. 21s. net. [*Issued.*]

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